śrī guru gaurāṅgau jayataḥ

ŚRĪ-ŚRĪ KṚṢṆA BHĀVANĀMṚTA MAHĀKĀVYA

ETERNAL NECTAREAN MEDITATION ON ŚRĪ KṚṢṆA

Śrīla Viśvanātha Cakravartīpāda

Translated by Advaita dāsa

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INTRODUCTION

Śrīla Viśvanātha Cakravartī Ṭhākura was called 'the reincarnation of Śrīla Rūpa Gosvāmī' by his direct disciple and main commentator Śrī Kṛṣṇadeva Sārvabhauma, because he took the brilliant poetry of Śrī Rūpa, that was clearly the source of inspiration for all the successive Gauḍīya Vaiṣṇava Ācāryas, to a possibly even further stage of beauty and *rasa* (transcendental flavour). It is almost as if Śrī Rūpa, after his disappearance from the manifest plane, thought to himself: "I could have driven it (the *rasika* descriptions of Śrī-Śrī Rādhā Kṛṣṇa's pastimes) even further!", and then decided to descend as Śrīla Viśvanātha Cakravartī.

The opinions about the date of Viśvanātha Cakravartī's birth and demise differ strongly. Opinions about his birthdate vary from 1619 to 1664 AD and of his disappearance from 1689 to 1706. At any rate, he was born in a *brāhmaṇa* family in Bengal and was initiated in the *parivāra* (disciplic succession) of Śrīla Narottama Ṭhākura Mahāśaya. Śrī Narottama's disciple was Śrī Gaṅgā Nārāyaṇa Cakravartī, whose disciple was Śrī Kṛṣṇa Caraṇa Cakravartī, who was the initiating *guru* of Rādhā Ramaṇa Cakravartī. This Rādhā Ramaṇa Cakravartī was the initiating *guru* of Śrīla Viśvanātha Cakravartī.

Śrīla Viśvanātha Cakravartī is known as a very prolific writer and poet, a preacher of Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu's *sampradāya* (tradition) and the topmost *rasika* (devotee-connoisseur), specialised in the conjugal mellows of Lord Kṛṣṇa's pastimes. Few argue the fact that he was the most important Gauḍīya

Vaiṣṇava Ācārya and writer after the Six Gosvāmīs of Vraja. He is particulary well known for ousting the controversial scholar-*guru* Rūpa Kavirāja from the Gauḍīya *sampradāya* and establishing the Gauḍīya *sampradāya* as a spiritual community that was authorised to worship the deity of Rādhā-Govinda in Jayapura.

It is said that the leaders of the Rāmānandī-*sampradāya* asked the Gauḍīya priests of Govinda deva in Jayapura to which of the four established *sampradāyas* they belonged. When they replied that they belonged to the *sampradāya* of Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu, the Rāmānandī-leaders decided that they were not connected with a bona fide *sampradāya,* and deprived them of the right to serve the Deity. The Gauḍīya devotees then requested Śrīla Viśvanātha Cakravartī to help them get the service back, but Cakravartīpāda was bound to a vow never to leave the holy place of Rādhākuṇḍa, so he sent his two disciples Baladeva Vidyābhūṣaṇa and Śrī Kṛṣṇadeva Sārvabhauma to Galta (a village near Jayapura). Within seven days Śrīla Baladeva Vidyābhūṣaṇa then wrote an official Gauḍīya Vaiṣṇava-*bhāṣya* (commentary) on the Vedānta Sūtra (which is compulsory for any *sampradāya* that wants to be recognised as bona fide) named Govinda Bhāṣya, after which the Gauḍīya Sampradāya was officially recognised as a *sampradāya.* Some now consider the Gauḍīya Sampradāya as a fifth, extra *sampradāya*, while some — because of Baladeva Vidyābhūṣaṇa's presentation of a disciplic succession (*paramparā*) in his book Prameya Ratnāvalī — consider it as belonging to the sect of Madhvācārya.

Another story about Śrīla Viśvanātha Cakravartī is that some fanatic *svakīya-vādīs,* those who believe that Śrī Kṛṣṇa only enjoys conjugal affairs within marriage, became very angry with him for boldly preaching *parakīyā vāda*, the opinion that Kṛṣṇa mostly enjoys extra-marital affairs and they went out to kill him. While they were on their way to his abode, they met a beautiful young girl of about thirteen years old. They asked her: "Do you know where Viśvanātha Cakravartī lives?" The girl said: "I have no time to answer such questions now! I am on my way to Yāvaṭa, the abode of Rādhārāṇī's husband Abhimanyu, to bring Her flowers!" The men were shocked to hear about the existence of a husband of Rādhārāṇī's other than Śrī Kṛṣṇa. Just then Viśvanātha Cakravartī passed by and the *svakīyā vādīs* fell at his feet to beg forgiveness from him.

This book, Śrī Kṛṣṇa Bhāvanāmṛta Mahākāvya (The eternal, nectarean meditation on Śrī Kṛṣṇa) is the third and final elaboration on Śrīla Rūpa Gosvāmī's aphorisms on *aṣṭa-kāliyā līlā*, the eternally revolving eight-fold transcendental pastimes of Śrī-Śrī Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa, after Śrī Kṛṣṇa dāsa Kavirāja's "Govinda Līlāmṛta" and Śrī Kavi Karṇapura's "Kṛṣṇāhnika Kaumudī". These books have been composed to aid the devotees who wish to train their minds in *līlā smaraṇa*, remembrance of these transcendental pastimes in a scheduled way on a daily basis. Other beautiful works of Śrī Viśvanātha Cakravartī include :

* **Camatkāra Candrikā** — (A Moonbeam of Astonishment), describing four naughty meetings of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa.
* **Prema Sampuṭa** — (The Love Box) describing how Kṛṣṇa slyly manages to interview Śrī Rādhikā about Her love for Him.
* **Surata Kathāmṛta** —(Nectarean Erotic Conversations) which describes a romantic conversation of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa.
* **Vraja Rīti Cintāmaṇi** —(The divine Jewel of Vraja's customs), which describes the glories of Vraja's holy places.
* **Saṅkalpa Kalpadruma** — (A Desire Tree of Devotional Aspirations), 104 prayers for *mañjarī sevā* (service to Śrī Rādhikā as a spiritual maidservant).
* **Rāga Vartma Candrikā** — (A Moonbeam on the path of Sacred Passion), a short book which describes the path of *rāgānugā bhakti*, devotion following one's sacred passion.
* **Mādhurya Kādambinī** — (A Cloud bank of Sweetness), which discusses the symptoms of stagnation and advancement on the path of devotion.

* **Svapna Vilāsa** — A short work about Gaura *tattva* in the form of a loving conversation between Śrī-Śrī Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa.
* **Kṣanadā Gīta Cintāmaṇī** — A songbook for the night, following the monthly lunar calendar.
* **Ujjvala Nīlamaṇi Kiraṇa** — A summary of Śrīla Rūpa Gosvāmī's 'Ujjvala Nīlamaṇi'.
* **Bhakti Rasāmṛta Sindhu Bindu** — A summary of Śrīla Rūpa Gosvāmī's 'Bhakti Rasāmṛta Sindhu'.
* **Stavāmṛta Laharī** — (A Deluge of nectarean Prayers) A collection of prayers, like *Guruvaṣṭakam, Nikuñja Rahasya Stava, Śrī Rādhā-dhyāna, Anurāga Valli, Vṛndādevyaṣṭakam, Kṛṣṇakuṇḍāṣṭakam, Svarūpa Caritāṣṭakam, Rūpa Cintāmaṇi, Nandīśvarāṣṭakam, Gītāvalī* and many many more.
* **Commentaries** — *Sārārtha Darśinī* (on Śrīmad Bhāgavata) *Sārārtha Varṣiṇī* (on Bhagavad Gītā) *Bhakti Sāra Pradarśinī* (on Bhakti Rasāmṛta Sindhu), *Ānanda Candrikā* (on Ujjvala Nīlamaṇi), *Mantrārtha Dīpikā* (on the Kāma Gāyatrī Mantra), *Mahatī* (on Dāna Keli Kaumudī), *Vivṛti* (on Vidagdha Mādhava), *Sukha Vartinī* (on Ānanda Vṛndāvana Campū), and unfinished commentaries on Prema Bhakti Candrikā and Caitanya Caritāmṛta.

The readers may be struck by the intimacy of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's pastimes that are described in this book Śrī Kṛṣṇa Bhāvanāmṛta, but that should not be the cause of fear of becoming sexually agitated. The pastimes described here have absolutely nothing to do with the sexual affairs of couples in the mundane sphere. They are, rather, the completely transcendental (and thus purifying) exchange between the Supreme Personality of Godhead Śrī Kṛṣṇa and His internal pleasure potency Śrī Rādhikā. Śrī Śukadeva Muni declared in the final verse of the *rāsa pañcādhyāya* (the five chapters of Śrīmad Bhāgavata that deal with Śrī Kṛṣṇa's Rāsa-*līlā* :

vikrīḍitaṁ vraja vadhūbhir idaṁ ca viṣṇoḥ
śraddhānvitaṁ nu śṛṇuyed atha varṇayed yaḥ

bhaktiṁ paraṁ bhagavati pratilabhya kāmaṁ
hṛd-rogam āśvapahinoty acireṇa dhīraḥ

"Anyone who faithfully hears and describes the pastimes of Lord Viṣṇu (Kṛṣṇa) with the girls of Vraja will attain the highest devotion to God (the mood of the *gopīs*) and will swiftly become free from the heart's disease of lust." Faith means knowing that this is a transcendentally purifying topic, rather than the opposite. Still, these topics must of course be discussed in private with devotees who have the above mentioned faith.

The above authorised statement automatically leads to the conclusion that one need not be fully free from sexual desires in order to be qualified to read this book. Faith and love alone are sufficient.

This book 'Kṛṣṇa Bhāvanāmṛta' is subtitled '*mahākāvya'*, which means 'great Sanskrit Poem'. It was not altogether possible to perfectly reflect the brilliant poetic verses of Śrīla Viśvanātha Cakravartī in the English language. The literary approach to Sanskrit *kāvya* seems futile: the ideals, aims, subtleties, constructions and standards are so utterly different from English or any other western language, which simply lacks the vocabulary of transcendental *rasa*. Neither the literary nor the literal approach can convey the sensual impact of the poem, the sense-sound of the original; the compactness it achieved by compounding groups of words into monolithical units. *Kāvya* is untranslatable because it is not only *in* Sanskrit, it *is* Sanskrit.

CHAPTER ONE

Niśānta-līlā

Pastimes At Dawn - 3.36-6.00 a.m.

AUSPICIOUS INVOCATION

śrī kṛṣṇa caitanya ghanaṁ prapadye
sapadyapa dhvasta tamaḥ prapañcam
pañceṣu koṭy arbuda kāntidhārā
paramparāpyāyita sarva viśvam (1)

I take shelter of the Śrī Kṛṣṇa Caitanya cloud, that showers the whole world, making it drink the stream of His own luster, that is like billions of Cupids so fair, and who destroys the darkness of material existence. (Second meaning: "I take shelter of Śrī Kṛṣṇa (Yaśodā-nandana) who is full consciousness personified, who destroys the darkness of ignorance of anyone who takes shelter of Him, and whose heart-throbbing beauty, that exceeds that of millions of Cupids, inundates the entire universe".(Both interpretations stress the fact that only surrendered devotees can become freed from all material miseries and can be blessed with the sweet relish of the Lord's forms, qualities and pastimes. This Caitanya-cloud is a very amazing cloud, because although clouds usually create darkness, this cloud destroys the darkness, viz. the darkness of mundane ignorance.)

sanātanaṁ rūpam udīyuṣoḥ kṣitau hṛdād adhāno vraja kānaneśayoḥ
tat keli kalpāgama saṅgatīlitāḥ sadāli vīthīr anurāgiṇīr bhaje (2)

I worship Śrīla Sanātana and Śrīla Rūpa Gosvāmī, who brought the King and Queen of Vṛndāvana, Śrī-Śrī Rādhā Kṛṣṇa, out of their hearts into this world, who revealed Their pastimes from the Vedic literatures (such as Bṛhad Gautamīya Tantra and Krama Dīpikā), and who are followed by all the *anurāgī* (transcendentally passionate) devotees (with the external body). Second meaning: (With a mentally conceived spiritual body) I worship the passionate (*anurāginī*) girlfriends of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa, headed by Lalitā, who always keep the eternal (*sanātana*) forms (*rūpa*) of the Lord and Lady of the Vraja-forests within their hearts (by always meditating on Them), whose (wish-yielding) desire-tree of pastimes is being praised by The Divine Pair Themselves when They unite, and without whose assistence the pastimes of the Divine Pair's union cannot reach perfection.[1] Third meaning: Holding the eternal forms of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa within my heart I praise the bumblebees that sit in the Kalpavṛkṣa-trees of Vṛndāvana, singing *rāgas* like the Vasanta Rāga[2].

tayor mitha puṣpa-śarāji cāturī dhūrīṇatāvedanayā vivādinoḥ
śrāntiṁ svayaṁ kāpi nimantrya tat kṣaṇan nidrām upanīya
samādadhe kalim (3)

(Rasamayī Nāgarī) Śrī Rādhā and (Rasamaya Nāgara) Śrī Kṛṣṇa competed with Each other in erotic cleverness (in other words, They were very eager to show Each other how expert They both were in the battle of the flower archer Cupid), but Their fight ended when fatigue invited (Their *sakhī*) Nidrā-devī, the goddess of sleep, bringing her to Them. (In other words, Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa fell asleep, exhausted from Their loveplay.)

prati sva sevāvasare prabodhitā
sadātanābhyāsa juṣo'tha kiṅkarī

nidraiva rātryantam avetya tā jahau
saiva svayaṁ jāgarayaṁ cakāra kim (4)

Their maidservants, that were also sleeping, were accustomed to get up in time to do their service. Have they now automatically awoken, knowing that the night is over?

utthāya talpāc cakitekṣaṇāḥ kṣaṇān
utthānayor nāgara cakravartinau
svāpaṁ rahaḥ svāpam athāṅgam aṅganā
ālakṣya tuṣṇīm adhiśayyam āsata (5)

Getting up from bed, these maidservants looked around anxiously (afraid that they might have gotten up too late for their scheduled services). Seeing that the best of lovers (Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa) were still sleeping in solitude, they quietly sat up in their beds on the courtyard of the *nikuñja.*

papracchur anyonyam imām imānayā
rasaṁ parīhāsa bhṛtaṁ sa jṛmbhayā
girā cirāj jāgara mūḍha ghūrṇana sva
svākṣibhṛṅgī tati līḍha vakṣasaḥ (6)

(Jokingly weighing the amount of *rasa* relished, wondering: "Has the *rasa* come this far, or is there any more?") They yawned and jokingly inquired from each other about what had happened ("O *sakhīs*! Now you are sleeping, exhausted from your love games with the king of the *nikuñja*! Have you now awoken?"). With their bee-like eyes rolling because of staying up late at night, they relished the vision of (Hari's nail marks on) their breasts.

niśānta sevocita mālā vīṭikā kṛtyātta
citta atha kācid āha tāḥ
anaṅga baddhāṅga yuva dvayocchalat
saurabhya saulabhyavatī rasoccalā (7)

Some of these maidservants then began to perform their scheduled service at daybreak, stringing flowers and preparing betel leaves, while smelling the fragrance of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's bodies, that were bound together by Cupid. (One restless maidservant fearfully got up from her bed and told the other *kiṅkarīs*: "O *sakhīs*! Look! These two lovers, for Whom you are stringing flower garlands and preparing betel leaves, are bound up to Each other!")

jānīta jālādhvaragatāsya-padmāḥ sadmāntarālyaḥ svadṛśaḥ prahitya
kāntau nitāntātanu lāsya cuñcu dhinoti suptiḥ parirabhya kīdṛk (8)

With their lotus-like faces they looked through the slits in the wall of the grove-cottage how Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa were embraced by the goddess of sleep, exhausted of Their clever erotic dance. (This *kiṅkarī* said: "O friends! Place your eyes and your lotuslike faces at the windows of this playhouse! The assembly of sleep has become satisfied with the expert dancing of these two in the dance of Cupid and has now tightly embraced Them!")

itas tato nyasta maṇi pradīpan aphulla nīlotpala campakābhān
vidhatta etau sva mayūkha-vṛndair anāvṛtai maṇḍana mālya celaiḥ (9)

They saw that the jewelled lamps, that were standing here and there in the *kuñja,* shone like blue lotus flowers due to Kṛṣṇa's radiance and like golden Campaka flowers due to Śrī Rādhikā's radiance, as the bodies of the Divine Pair were no longer covered by any garlands or ornaments.

sakhyo'nayor naiva vicakṣaṇa ity akṣipya śṛṅgāradhur ālyasau kim
tat kalpitākalpa śataṁ nirasya svalakṣma lakṣair vidadhe vibhūṣām (10)

(Seeing Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa lying there without any clothes and ornaments on one *sakhī* excitedly told another:) "*Sakhi*! Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's *sakhīs* don't know how to dress and decorate

Them! Therefore, Their girlfriend *śṛṅgāradhu* (over-ornamentation) became angry, threw away Their clothes and ornaments and decorated Them with thousands of nail marks and so (making Them look even more beautiful)."

dvāveva saṁveṣṭya mithas tanu-dvayor
yat pīta nīlāṁśuka tām upeyayuḥ
tadātmabhūr eva nirāsyad etayoḥ
kiṁ paunar-uktyā vasane vidūrataḥ (11)

"Their complexions complement each other through Their embrace. Golden Rādhikā is dressed by Kṛṣṇa's blue complexion and blue Kṛṣṇa is dressed by Rādhikā's golden complexion. To avoid repetition of this pattern, the incorporal god Cupid removed Their blue and golden garments."

rādhāṅga-rājyaṁ madano yadā grahīt
tadaiva lajjāṁ nija raṣṭra pālikāṁ
śirokṣi vakṣaḥ sva niśāṁ nyavāsayat
tāṁ hā sa evādya nirasyati sma kim (12)

"(O *sakhi*!) When Cupid conquered the kingdom of Śrī Rādhikā's body, shyness became the protectress of the land, taking her position in Rādhikā's head, eyes, and breasts. Alas! Has she (shyness) now been exiled (from this kingdom)?"

yat kvāpy amuṁ naiva nibhālayāma
seyaṁ kim asya aparādhyatisma
kiṁvāsmad akṣṇāṁ sukha-bhoga hetur
mūrtaḥ śubhādṛṣṭa-bharo'bhyudeti

"If bashfulness cannot stay in any secret place in Śrī Rādhikā's body she must have committed some offense, or maybe she has appeared as Rādhikā's auspicious glances to delight our eyes?" (13)

sva pālitaṁ vastu tad edhayitvā tasmai samarpyāntaradhatna kiṁ vā
punaś ca tasyāḥ subhagī bhavatya yato bhaviṣyaty atulā samṛddhiḥ (14)

"Or maybe bashfulness disappeared, handing the kingdom over to Cupid after protecting it? By doing this she (this fortunate *lajjā-devī*) may get incomparible opulence (after awakening Rādhikā may become even more shy)."

sa kṛṣṇa-megha sthira cañcalālī vṛto'sti mādhurya rasair amūh kiṁ
āsnāpayat svārhaṇa kṛtya vṛttāḥ pratyarhaṇe nādita eva dhinvan (15)

(Seeing how ecstatic the *sakhīs* were to behold the sweetness of the Yugala Kiśora, one maidservant told them:) "Is the steady Kṛṣṇa-cloud showering the restless lightning-strikes that surround Him with sweet *rasa*? How amazing! The Lord rewards the maidservants even before they served Him!"

tāmbūla mālā vividhānulepanair aṅgāradhān
yāguru vaiśva dhūpaiḥ
kālocitais taiḥ pratipādyamānaiḥ
katikṣaṇāṁs tāṁ gamayāmvabhūvuḥ (16)

Elsewhere some maidservants prepared betelleaves, strung flowergarlands and made different kinds of ointments. They placed *aguru*-frankincense in their trays and spent some time rendering other scheduled services.

prabhañjanau rañjayituṁ nikuñja
rājau vyarājiṣṭa mudā tadānīm
manye prabudhya ślatha durbalāṅgo
drutaṁ prayātuṁ natarāṁ śaśāka (17)

Then a soft cool breeze blew for the pleasure of the Lord and Lady of the *nikuñja*. One maidservant (who was touched by this cool breeze) said: "*Sakhi*! I understand that the sleep of this soft breeze is also broken, and because of its drowsiness it blows only softly! His body is weakened!"

yā vṛkṣa-vallyo vyakasaṁs tadaiva tāś
cumbaṁs tadāmodabharair diśo daśa
prasāritai śvāsa-patha praveśitair
bhṛṅgāvalir jāgarayaṁ cakāra kim (18)

"This soft Malayan breeze pleases all the ten directions, filling them with the fragrance of the blooming flowers of the vines and trees that it kisses and carries around at the end of night, awakening the bumblebees that were sleeping (drunk of their honey) with this fragrance (within the laps of the flowers), that enters into their nostrils!"

tad guñjitai rañjita susvarair bhṛśaṁ
prabudhya vṛndā'tha vilokya sarvataḥ
sva nāthayo jāgaraṇe patattriṇau n
yayuṅkta kālajñatayā rayāditam (19)

Hearing the nice humming of those bees, Vṛndādevī woke up, looked around everywhere and then engaged her pet birds in awakening her Lord and Lady.

atha prabudhyaiva vidhūya pakṣān grīvāḥ samunnīya cukūjur uccaiḥ
yat kukkuṭāḥ pañca ṣabāramādau rādhā jajāgāra tad āpta vādhā (20)

On Vṛndā's order the roosters woke up, craned their necks and flapped their wings. They cooed about five or six times, thus awakening Śrī Rādhā, who became very disturbed.

kṛṣṇāṅga saṁśleṣa viśeṣa vādhinas tān eva matveti śaśāpa sā ruṣā
are paretāśu paretarāṭ puraṁ tatraiva kiṁ kūjata no padāyudhaḥ (21)

Seeing that the roosters stopped Her from embracing Kṛṣṇa, Śrī Rādhikā angrily cursed them, saying: "O roosters, quickly go and coo in hell! Why are you cooing here (you're not fit to stay in My Vṛndāvana, making such miserable sounds!)?"

viśliṣya kiñcit priya-vakṣasaḥ sā
tuṣṇīṁ sthitāṁs tān upalabhya sadyaḥ
saṁśliṣya kāntaṁ dara nidrayaiva
niṣeṣyamāṇā punar apyarājīt (22)

(Having already been put on alert by the roosters) Śrī Rādhikā slightly slackened Her embrace of Śrī Kṛṣṇa's chest. Hearing that the roosters had become silent, She thought that they had gone to hell, according to Her curse ("Now there's no more fear of the morning breaking!"). Then She tightened Her embrace of Her lover and fell asleep again.

tataḥ punas tān atha tiṭṭibhādīn utkūjata
prāhaḥ vidhūta tandrā
haṁ ho kṣamadhvaṁ śayituṁ kṣaṇaṁ me
datteti sā moṭayad aṅgam īṣat (23)

Then, when the Tiṭṭibhas and other birds began to sing, Śrī Rādhikā, whose sleep was broken again, said: "Haṁ ho! Excuse Me! Let me sleep a little longer!", and slightly stretched out Her body.

kādamba kāraṇḍava haṁsa sārasa
kapota śārī śuka keki kokilāḥ
jaguḥ kalaṁ kelivanī jala sthala
pracāriṇaḥ kṛṣṇa kathāmṛtopamam (24)

Then all the waterbirds like the Kādambas, Kāraṇḍavas, swans and cranes and the terrestrial birds like the pigeons, female and male parrots, peacocks and cuckoos awoke and began to sing nectarean songs about Kṛṣṇa.

prabudhya kāntau yugapad yathā rujaṁ
viśleṣajāmūhatur aṅga moṭanām
campeya nīlābja-dhanus tviṣau tathā
sāndropagūhana mudaṁ ca vakṣasoḥ (25)

Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa got up simultaneously and stretched out Their bodies, feeling afflicted by separation from Eachother's embrace. While stretching out, Śrī Rādhikā's body looked like a bow of Campaka-flowers and Kṛṣṇa's body resembled a bow of blue lotusflowers. Then They blissfully embraced Eachother again tightly.

dvāraṁ samunmucya manāg aranāvaṁ
śanaiḥ pada-nyāsa viśeṣa mañjulā
nirṇīta taj jāgaraṇārtha kiṅkarī-tatir
viśaṅkāṁ praviveśa veśma sā (26)

The maidservants understood that Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa had woken up and they fearlessly and silently opened the door of the *kuñja*-cottage, their anklebells jingling along with their charming footsteps as they entered.

tan manda mañjīra ravair avaidhita
tvarā bharottānumanā api priyā
paṣpanda evātitarāṁ priyasya yat
dorvallīm unmocayituṁ na sāśakat (27)

Hearing Her maidservants' softly jingling (lovely) anklebells, Śrī Rādhikā quickly wanted to get up from bed, but She was unable to do so, being tightly held by Kṛṣṇa's vine-like arms, so She remained lying on His chest, unable to move.

vṛndeṅgitajñaḥ sa vicakṣaṇaḥ śukaḥ
śuko yathā bhāgavatārtha kovidaḥ
dakṣa prabodhe jagatāṁ prabho rati
premāspadatvānupamaḥ samabhyadāt (28)

Just as Śukadeva expertly awakens the world from *māyā* by glorifying the Lord in an attractive way (by explaining the Bhāgavata Purāṇa) similarly the Śuka-parrots Dakṣa and Vicakṣaṇa awakened the Lord on Vṛndā's indication.

jaya smarāśeṣa vilāsa vaiduṣa
niṣṇāta gopījana locanāmṛta
prāṇa priyā premadhunī mataṅgaja sva
mādhurī plāvita loka saṁhate (29)
priyādharāsvāda sukhe nimajjasi
prabudhyase nety ucitaṁ rasāmbudhe
riraṁsutāyāṁ viriraṁsur eva te kiṁ
cādhuneyaṁ kṣaṇada kṣaṇāṁ dyati (30)

First Dakṣa sang: "O You who are expert in unlimited erotic plays! O You who are showering nectar on the *gopīs*' eyes! O mad elephant who swims in the love-river of His heart's beloved! O You who inundates all the worlds in His own sweetness! O ocean of *rasa*! Are You sleeping, immersed in the bliss of tasting Your lover's lips? That's not improper, but the night, who is called Kṣaṇadā (giver of only a moment of pleasure), and who facilitates Your love-festival, has now ended (and therefore he now accepts another meaning of his name, namely 'cleaver of festivals')."

jahīhi nidrāṁ ślathayopagūhanaṁ
vrajaṁ pratiṣṭhāsuraraṁ prabho bhava
prātar vabhūvānusara sva cāturīṁ p
racchanna kāmatvam athorarīkuru (31)

(The parrot Vicakṣaṇa sang:) "O Lord! Give up Your sleep, morning has broken! Be clever now and conceal Your desires! If not, then it will be seen by others! Slacken Your embrace of Your beloved and return to Vraja!"

jaya vrajānandana nanda cetaḥ
payodhi pīyūṣa-mayūkha deva
goṣṭheśvarī puṇya latā prasūna
prayāhi gehāya dhinu sva bandhūn (32)

"Glory to You, O joy of Vraja! O moon of the milk-ocean of king Nanda's heart! O flower on the vine of mother Yaśodā's piety! Go home and make Your friends happy! (What would happen if Nandarāja, because of his great attachment to You, would accidentally come and look for You here?)"

śārī śubhā sā'tha jagāda sūkṣmadhīḥ
śārī yathā devana sammata sthiti
jayeśvari svīya vilāsa saubhaga
śrī tarṣita śrī-mukha mukhya yauvate (33)
śeṣa'dhunā yad rati-vallabhasya
rājīva rājan madhupāna mattā
asāmpratam tat khalu sāmpratam te
prātas tato jāgarayāmy aham tvam (34)

Then the (female) Śārikā-parrots Śubhā and Sūkṣmadhī (who know the most intimate details of Śrī Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa's *rasika* pastimes) called Śrī Rādhikā. Śubhā said: "Glory to you, my Queen! The goddess of fortune and the most beautiful ladies of the world desire the beauty of Your face and Your pastimes (by beating the Bheri-drum of Your own great fortune You astonish all the ladies of the three worlds, all glories to You)! You became intoxicated by drinking the honey of Your lover's lotusface and now You are sleeping? That is not proper at this time of the morning, therefore I'm awakening You!"

tan māvilambhasva bhajasva nītim māhepayātmānam upehi goṣṭham
kā śikṣayet tvam api loka-rītim tvat to nutāḥ śikṣata eva sarvaḥ (35)

"Don't delay anymore and wake up! Follow the etiquette! Don't embarrass Yourself and go home! Who will teach

You some manners? You are the *śikṣā-guru* in good manners (surrender to Kṛṣṇa) for all the *gopīs!"*

kala kvaṇat kaṅkaṇa nūpura javād
atyucchalad gātra-yuga-cchabi chaṭam
vyastālakāgrāvali veṣṭanonnamaṭ
tāṭaṅka hāra dyuti dīpitānanam (36)
srastāṁśukānveṣaṇa saṁbhramoda
yād itas tato nyasta karābjam ujjvalam
śayotthitaṁ keli vilāsitos tayos trailokya
lakṣmīm iva sañcikāya tat (37)

Hearing this, the Loving Playful Couple sat up in bed, looking as beautiful as all that is beautiful in the three worlds. Their anklebells and sashes of bells jingled sweetly and the splendour of Their bodies shone brighter. Their faces were flanked by dishevelled locks of hair, illuminated by the splendour of Their earrings and necklaces, and Their lotuslike hands moved here and there, looking for Their clothes that had fallen off Them.

ghūrṇālasākṣaṁ ślatha sarva gātraṁ
visrasta keśaṁ rasika-dvayaṁ tat
bhugnopaveśaṁ skhalane kathañcid
anyonyam ālambanataṁ prapede (38)
parasparāṁsa-dvaya datta doryuga
nyastāṅga-bhāraṁ nata puṣṭa śobhitam
sanmoṭanād unmukham āsya
paṅkaja-dvayaṁ parikrāntim ivāyan mithaḥ (39)
tadaiva jṛmbhottha radāṁsu-jāla
māṇikya dīpair nirarājayat kim
sanidram unmudra dṛganta lakṣmī
rasajñayānyonya vilihyamānam (40)

For some time the two lovers hung against Eachother, Their eyes rolling of fatigue and Their hair dishevelled. They sat facing Eachother, supporting Their bodily weight on Each other's shoulders. They raised Their mouths as They yawned and stretched out Their bodies. It looked as if Their lotuslike faces were circumambulating eachother. With the rays of the lamps of Their pearllike teeth They performed the *ārati* (ceremony) of Eachother's faces, and with the tongue-like corners of Their beautiful, slightly opened eyes They relished Eachother's sweetness.

punar api ghana ghūrṇa śrī mukha-dvandva yogād
acaṭula bhuja vallī veṣṭaneneṣṭa bhājau
kṣaṇam api dayasuptyā śaṁ bhajāvetyatas tāv anṛju
kusuma talpe srasta gātrāv abhūtām (41)

Then again They enjoyed the joy of sleep for a while. With Their beautiful dizzy faces gazing at Eachother, They were lying in a tight embrace and Their bodies rolled off the uneven bed of flowers. (They looked indescribably beautiful as They lay like that, in the embrace of Eachothers' vine-like arms)

viraha vikalayā tac chāyayā dūnayā kiṁ
katham api dara labdhāśleṣayā nidrayā vā
uṣasi na ca vihātuṁ hanta śaktau khagās tauḥ
tad api vidadhurābhyāṁ viprayuktau svanantau

Neither the bed, nor Nidrādevī could leave Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa, as they were overcome by feelings of separation from Them (they felt that they had only felt Their embrace slightly, although They had been with them the whole night). Alas! Still the very hardhearted birds began to coo in the morning, separating Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa from them! (42)

Thus ends the first chapter of Śrīla Viśvanātha Cakravartī's "Kṛṣṇa Bhāvanāmṛta", entitled: 'Pastimes at dawn'.

[1] This book deals with *rāgānuga bhakti*, hence this verse requires an external explanation as well as an internal explanation. It is taught that externally the *rāgānuga*-devotee should physically consider him/herself to be a follower of Vraja-people like Rūpa and Sanātana Gosvāmī, and internally (in a mentally conceived spiritual body) he/she should be a follower of Vraja-people like Rūpa Mañjarī, and render service accordingly.

[2] With this explanation the commentator specifically reveals a desire to reside in Śrī Vṛndāvana.

CHAPTER TWO

Pastimes At Dawn (Continued)

jālād atho dṛk-śapharī tad ālayo
lāvaṇya-vaṇyā bhṛśam anvaśīlayan
krīṇanti yāḥ prāṇa parārdha koṭibhis
tayoḥ pramodottha ruci-cchaṭā-kaṇam (1)

The *sakhīs,* who purchase a mere drop of the luster of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's blissful erotic beauty with millions of hearts, made their fish-like eyes enter the latticed windows of the *nikuñja* and play in the flood of Their natural beauty there.

ūce viśākhā kalayāli kāntau niraṁśukāraṁśuka puñja mañju
vihāriṇāv apyatihāriṇau svair aṅgair anaṅgair alasau lasantau (2)
anaṅgadau keli-vaśād anaṅgadau nirañjanau hanta mitho nirañjanau
visrasta rāgādharatābhilakṣitau viprasta rāgādharatābhilakṣitau (3)

Viśākhā told Lalitā: "*Sakhi*! Look how beautiful the erotic signs on Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's bodies are! Although They are *nirāṁśuka* (without clothes) They are beautified with much *aṁśuka* (spiritual luster), and although They are *vihārī* (enjoyers, or: without necklaces) They are also *atihārī* (very beautiful). Although They are *anaṅgada* (without armlets) They are *anaṅgada* (giving erotic joy to Eachother). Although They are *nirañjana* (without eyeliner) They are *nirañjana* (very pleasing to Eachother). Their lipstick was washed away during Their playful absorption and Their playbed was messed up. Such are the signs of Their enjoyment!"

athāvabhāṣe lalitā'vadhāryatāṁ jayaḥ
smarājau katarāśrito dvayoḥ
vabhūva daṣṭādharayoḥ kaca graha
vyākṣipta mūrdhne nakhara kṣatorasoḥ (4)

Lalitā (laughed and) replied: "O *Sakhīs*! Last night these Two began Their love-fight by catching Each other's hair, biting Eachother's lips and scratching Each other's chests with the nails! I can't distinguish who was victorious in the battle of Cupid (therefore see for yourselves who is the winner: Śyāmasundara or Śrī Rādhā)!"

hṛdo'nurāgaṁ kucakuṅkuma chalan
nyadhatta rādhācyuta pāda-padmayoḥ
yāvadravāraktatarālako dadhau mūrdhnaiva
so'syāḥ padayos tam ujjvalam (5)

(Viśākhā said:) "Śrī Rādhikā's breast-*kuṅkuma* coloured Acyuta's feet with Her heart's passion (when She carefully held His feet at Her breasts last night) and Kṛṣṇa carried the passion of Her lotusfeet on His head in the form of Her glistening foot-lac".

itthaṁ kṣaṇaṁ tāvad alakṣitaṅgyo
nīcaiḥ svaraṁ tāvanuvarṇayantyaḥ
bhāgyaṁ svam evāti sabhājayantyo
mamajjur ānanda mahodadhau tāḥ (6)

In this way the *sakhīs* secretly described Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's love-affairs to each other with soft voices. They were immersed in an ocean of bliss, praising their own fortune.

athānuraktālyanumodanāñcita
mudā tayor aidhata rūpa mañjarī
saiva svayaṁ keli vilāsinor dvayos
thadātva ramyāpacitau paṭīyasī (7)

Through the blissful enjoyment of Lalitā and other loving girlfriends Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's luster (*rūpa mañjarī*) increased. Then the expert maidservant Rūpa Mañjarī appeared and beheld the loveliness of Their love-game.

tāmbūla yāvāñjana kuṅkuma dravaiḥ
śramāmbu jālais truṭitaiś ca bhūṣaṇaiḥ
itas tato vyasta tayā tadā dyutat
tat keli-talpaṁ ca yuva dvaya canat (8)

(With the permission of Bhānumati and others Śrī Rūpa Mañjarī approached and) She saw that this Youthful Pair looked most charming on Their playbed with Their broken ornaments scattered here and there and Their footlac, *pān*-spots, eyeliner and vermilion washed away by Their drops of perspiration (this made her bloom of joy).

pṛṣṭopadhānaṁ nidadhe kayācana
pyadhād athānyā mṛdulāṁśukena tau
pīyūṣa bāṭyarpitayasyayoḥ parā nirasya
ghūrṇaṁ vikasad dṛśau vyadhāt

(On Rūpa Mañjarī's order) One maidservant placed a pillow on Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's bed (thinking that They might want to sit up), one covered Their bodies with soft sheets (seeing that They were naked), and another one removed Their drowsiness and the rolling of Their eyes by serving Them a glass of awakening nectardrink, that caused Their eyes to blossom (open).

āsyendu yugmaṁ vikacākṣi paṅkajair
lolālaka vrāta madhuvratāñcitaiḥ
mitho yadā pūjayatāṁ tadā smaraḥ
sajyaṁ prabudhyaiva dadhe dhanur drutam (10)

When the blooming lotuslike eyes in Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's moonlike faces, that were surrounded by locks of blackbee-like hair, began to worship eachother, Cupid woke up and quickly fetched his bow.....(They became eager to make love again).

saṁyojyatāveva vidhu vidhūya kiṁ
śiteṣuṇaikena vidhāya kīlitau
syandāmṛtānyonya bhṛtauti rocitai
dhvāntogra pāśair asinod api kṣaṇam (11)

Cupid became angry at being overruled and pierced these two moons with a single arrow, making nectar ooze out of them and covering them with the dark ropes of Their curly locks for a while as Their faces were linked in an erotic tremor.

bahiḥ sakhī kaṅkaṇa kiṅkiṇī svanais
tadaiva daivād upalabdha jāgarā
kāntāmaṇi svānta niśāntam etyatau
hrīr eva devī katham apyamūmucat (12)

Hrī-*devī*, the goddess of bashfulness, was sleeping outside of the cottage at the end of night, but she was by chance awakened by the jingling bangles and anklebells of the approaching *sakhīs*, so she entered (the temple of) Kāntāmaṇi (Śrī Rādhikā, the jewel of lovers)'s heart and (with difficulty) made Her loosen Her embrace of Śrī Kṛṣṇa.

srastālakan veṣṭita hāra nāsālaṅkāra
tāṭaṅka-yugan athaitam
sva pāṇinotsārayituṁ vihastāṁ vīkṣyāha
kācit svayam ānavaktrā (13)
mitho nibadhyātanu samprahāriṇau
yuvāṁ priyāvapy avalokya rāginau
amī vyarudhyanta parasparaṁ balād
ekātma-bhāva api kuntalādayaḥ (14)

When Śrī Rādhikā became eager to untie the string of Her nose-ring and Her earrings from Her locks with Her own hands, one maidservant saw this, giggled and said: "O Loving Couple! The incorporal Cupid bound You up with the strings of Your mutual passion through Your hairs, earrings, nose rings etc. Now these ornaments want to oppose him by becoming entangled with each other, although they are One Soul!"

jānāmi yuṣmān api sādhu tuṣṇīṁ tat tiṣṭhateti prativādinīṁ tām
upetya tad granthi vimocanādau paṭīyasī sā sumukhīṁ siṣeva (15)

Hearing this, fair-faced Rādhikā became annoyed and said: "O you maidservants! I know you! Keep quiet!" Despite hearing this, the maidservants kept on giggling, expertly serving Her by untying the knots.

kācit prasūnāmbudarārdra vāsasā vyatyasta rāgāñjana yāvakādikam
mṛṣṭvā prati svekṣaṇa siddhaye tayor mukha-dvayaṁ
darpaṇatā nināya kim (16)
tāmbūla vīṭir nidadhe parāsminn ekā paṭimnā maṇi dīpa pālyā
tan maṅgalāratrikam āśu cakre nīrājayanty eva nijāsu lakṣaiḥ (17)
ādarśam ādarśayati sma kācit parāṅga nepathyam upājahāra
jahāra kācit śrama-bindu-jālaṁ śanaiḥ śanais tāv upavījayantī (18)

One maidservant slightly soaked a very soft and valuable cloth in rose-water and wiped the eyeliner, lipstick, footlac etc. from Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's faces, making them shine like mirrors. One maidservant placed betel leaves in Their mouths, another one quickly and expertly performed Their *maṅgala āratrika* with a jewelled lamp as if she waved around thousands of her hearts, other maidservants held mirrors before Them, some brought in body-ornaments and another one removed Their sweatdrops by softly fanning Them.

āsyāmbujaṁ me nikhilaṁ marandaṁ
pītvāpi daṣṭaṁ madhusūdanena
itthaṁ ciraṁ sasmitam aikṣataitann
adarpaṇaṁ sanmukhato nirāsa (19)

Seeing Kṛṣṇa's bitemarks on Her face as She looked in the mirror, Śrī Rādhikā smiled and thought: "Today Madhusūdana (the Kṛṣṇa-bee) has drunk all the nectar from My lotusface by biting Me." This made Her very happy, so She could not put the mirror away.

rūpāmṛtaṁ me trijagad vilakṣaṇaṁ
niḥsīma mādhuryam idaṁ ca yauvanam
adyaiva sāphalyam avāpa sarvathā
preyānupabhuṅktatamāṁ mudā yataḥ (20)

(The more She looked at Her own reflection in the mirror, the sweeter She found Hari's nailmarks on Her lotuslike face. This made Her laugh within Herself and think:) "Today My nectarean form, that is unrivalled in all the three worlds, and My boundless youthful sweetness have become successful by being most blissfully enjoyed by My beloved!"

saivaṁ vicintya kṣaṇam āha kāntaṁ
tad akṣi pītākhila mādhurīkā
svāntaṛ mudātyartha lasad dṛganta
lakṣmī vihārāyatan āsya-padmam (21)

While Śrī Rādhikā thought like that, Her lover drank all the nectar of Her sweetness with His eyes. This made Her feel unlimited bliss within and Śrī Kṛṣṇa's lotusface became the playground of Her beautiful sidelong glances.

bho bho vilāsin avadhehi yat tvayā

visrasta veśābharaṇāsmyahaṁ kṛtā
yāvad mad ālyo'nusaranti noṣasi
drutaṁ samadhitsasi tan na kiṁ punaḥ
sva cāturī sādhaya māṁ prasādhaya
prasādayānaṅgam abhīṣṭa daivatam
yo'sman mano-mandira vartyayaṁ
tvayā bahiṣkṛto lakṣmabhir ebhir eva yat

In an independent mood (*svādhīna bhartṛkā*) Śrī Rādhikā (repeatedly relished Kṛṣṇa's sweetness by glancing at Him and) said: "Bho bho Vilāsin (womanizer)! Have You messed up My dress and ornamentation? Why are You so complacent? Straighten everything out (as it was before) before My girlfriends return here and ridicule Me!" (22) "(O King of the shameless! Do You want to throw Me in an ocean of embarrassment by displaying Me like that to My girlfriends?) Pacify Cupid, the god of love (in order to apologize for the offense You committed to him by not bringing the deity back in the temple and not removing the signs of worship after the *pūjā*), by engaging Your cleverness in decorating Me! Place him back in the temples of Our minds by removing the spots of musk and vermilion from My body, after having taken him out by making these nail- and bitemarks on Me."

satyaṁ bravīṣyaṅgajam iṣṭa-devaṁ
tvad aṅga-pīṭhe prakaṭī bhavantam
yajāmi bhūṣāmbara gandha puṣpaṁ
srak candanādyair iti tāṁ sa uce (24)

(Rasika Mukuṭamaṇi) Kṛṣṇa replied: "You speak the truth! The worshipable incorporal Cupid became manifest on the surface of Your body! Let Me worship him with ornaments, scents, garments, flowers, garlands and sandalwoodpulp (applying them to Your body)!"

athāmunā kaṅkatikāṁ śanaiḥ śanair
vikarṣata bhānumatī karārpitām
kacāvali saṁskriyate sma mālatī
mālota veṇī racanā paṭīyasī (25)
kastūrikā candana kuṅkuma dravaiḥ
saṁbhasavitais tām anurāgá lekhayā
cakāra mālāñcita cāru citrakaṁ sa citra
cuñcar dhṛta navya vartikaḥ (26)
tāṭaṅka yugmena lavaṅga mañjarī
sampāditāpūrva rucā sa cāruṇī
anarca tasyāḥ śravaṇe navāñjanenānañja
kañja pratime tad akṣiṇī (27)
dadhāra hāraṁ ruci mañjarīlitaṁ
yadā tadoce priyayā madoddhuram
yā khaṇḍitā candana kañculī tvayā
vakṣojayas tāṁ na kutaś cikīrṣasi (28)

Kṛṣṇa then softly combed Rādhikā's (brilliant) hair (afraid that He might give pain to Her head) with a comb handed to Him by Bhānumatī (a maidservant) and expertly braided it with a garland of Mālatī-flowers. With a new pencil He painted pictures on Rādhikā's body with musk, sandal and vermilion. These charming pictures were as if made by lines of His passion. He hung beautiful earrings on Rādhikā's ears, handed to Him by Lavaṅga Mañjarī, and applied fresh eyeliner, prepared by Rāgalekhā Mañjarī, around Her lotuslike eyes. When He hung a nice necklace on Her chest (which was endowed with the bud of luster, *ruci mañjarī*), handed to Him by (a maidservant named) Ruci Mañjarī, Śrī Rādhikā proudly said: "Why do You put My necklace on before anointing My breasts with fresh sandalwood pulp after scratching off the old layer? You don't know how to dress Me! (You don't hang a necklace before first making a blouse of sandalwood pulp, that You don't know! You are falsely proud, claiming before the assembled *sakhīs* that You are accomplished in dressing Me!)"

alekhya karmaṇy ati garva dhāriṇīs
tās tā viśākhā prabhṛtir bhavat sakhīḥ
vismāpayāmy adya kuca-dvaye kṛtaiś
citra vicitrair iti tāṁ jagāda saḥ (29)

Kṛṣṇa proudly replied: "O Rādhe! I made wonderful pictures on Your breasts, astonishing even Viśākhā and Your other friends, that are very proud of their skill in making pictures!"

prasādhanārtha pratipādanonmukhaṁ
śrī rūpa līlā rati mañjarī mukhaḥ
stana-dvaya tulikayāṅkanan hari
pañceṣu pañceṣu śaravyatām agāt (30)
pāṇiś cakampe yadi vakra rekhāṁ
citraṁ vilumpann urasā muhuḥ saḥ
manye smarāgniṁ dhamati sma tasyāḥ
dhṛtīndanam dagdhumanā vidagdhaḥ (31)

Then Hari gave a wink with His eyes to the surrendered maidservants Śrī Rūpa Mañjarī, Līlā Mañjarī and Rati Mañjarī to bring their brushes. Then when He began to paint Śrī Rādhikā's breasts, the flower archer Cupid aimed his arrows at Him (so that He was pierced by all of Cupid's five arrows, like *stambhana,* stupor, *śoṣaṇa*, drying up and *sammohana*, enchantment, at once). Hari's hand began to shiver and the lines of the pictures He painted on Śrī Rādhikā's breasts became crooked and were practically wiped out by rubbing His own chest on them. The maidservants thought that clever Kṛṣṇa was kindling the firewood of Rādhikā's patience with the fire of lust by rubbing Her breasts like that.

kāmas tam avakalpa vaibhavaiḥ sadyo
vidhāyāniyatasyala sthitam
vimṛja saṁsṛja vikhaṇḍya khaṇḍaśas
tenaiva sollāsa ubhāvabhūṣayat (32)

Cupid did not think much of Kṛṣṇa's efforts in ornamenting His beloved and used his great powers to make the pictures fall from their positions, joyfully ornamenting both the Lovers with scattered and broken-up pieces of decoration. (This made Them both look indescribably beautiful)

dāsyaś ca tāḥ phulladṛśaṁ kṛtārthataṁ
mūrtāṁ cirāyābhilaṣantya eva tām
punā riraṁsu samavetya tau tato
miṣeṇa sarvā niragūhi kenacit (33)
gavākṣa lagnā mumude kṣaṇaṁ kṣaṇaṁ
tadaiva mamlau balabhi dṛśam gatā
dṛṣṭiḥ sakhīnāṁ taralatvam āśritā sa hṛdy
abhāt sādhaka-bhakta saṁhate (34)

The maidservants had the desires of their blooming eyes fulfilled with that vision of the Divine Couple in the *nikuñja*, and prayed that this fulfillment would remain for long. When they saw that Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa wanted to enjoy again, they somehow found excuses to leave that *kuñja*. Fixing their eyes at the latticed windows they experienced bliss at every second, but they became morose when they looked at the east where the sun was rising. (They helplessly cursed the sunrise, saying "Aho merciless Creator! Have you destroyed our greatest happiness by bringing the sunrise? Damn you!) The restless glances of these *sakhīs* are always manifest in the hearts of the practising devotees .

tat keli sīmanim asīma sauhṛdaṁ tāḥ
samvidānā nilayaṁ yadāviśan
tadaiva bhīruḥ sahasā priyoraso viśliṣya
talpād avarohaṇaṁ vyadhāt (35)
sva pakṣapātī kṛta kiṅkarī-gaṇā
bhrū-kuñcanenopaviveśa sāsane
saṁlāpa pīyūṣa piyāsayā haris tāsāṁ
mṛṣā svāpam uvāha tat kṣaṇāt (36)

Those *sakhīs*, whose affection knew no bounds, entered into the *kuñja*-cottage, knowing that Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa had finished Their loveplay. Seeing this, Śrī Rādhikā at once loosened Herself from Kṛṣṇa's embrace and got up from bed. (35) She obtained Her maidservants' loyalty by frowning Her eyebrows, and they all sat around Her. At once Śrī Hari pretended to be still asleep, being thirsty after the nectar of their prattling. (36)

sā prāha bho dhanyatamāḥ stha sakhyo
diṣṭyādya sakhyaṁ niravahi bāḍham
diṣṭyā punar darśana dānapātrī
kṛtyaiva māṁ kratum ivodayadhye (37)
niḥsārya gehād bhavatībhir uddhatā
naktaṁ samānīya vanaṁ kulāṅganam
satīvrata dhvaṁsini puṁsi hanta balāt
samarpyātaradhāyi tat kṣaṇāt (38)
rarakṣa māṁ puṇyatatiḥ purātanī na
tām ṛte'nyāgad atirasti kāpi me
yad asya pārśve'pi satītva viplutiṁ
naivānvabhūvaṁ rajanīṁ nayantyapi (39)
gopī sahasreṣu ratāvirāmato
bahvir niśā yāpayato'sya jāgaraiḥ
akṣṇor vasatyādyatatīṁ vibhāvarīṁ
yat supti devyopakṛtaṁ mamātulaṁ (40)

Śrī Rādhikā said: "Bho friends! You are most fortunate today to act as My friends! It's very fortunate that You have blessed Me with Your audience! Have you come here to purchase Me? O arrogant girls, I am a housewife! Have you brought Me here from My house into the forest, disappearing after forcibly handing Me over to this boy, who is expert in destroying the housewives' chastity?" (38) "Today you protected the old merit of My piety on the strenght of which I could lie down next to Him the whole night without having My chastity ravaged (therefore virtue is My only shelter!). O friends! Now Nidrā-devī (the goddess of sleep) lives in the eyes of Him whom I spent the night with! He is tired of staying up for many nights, making love with thousands of *gopīs*! In this way Nidrā-devī helped Me tremendously (so that Kṛṣṇa was unable to ravage My chastity)!"

yat te satītvaṁ prathitaṁ na veda kā
yad brahmacaryaṁ śrutayo'sya saṁjaguḥ
tad atra nirdūṣaṇā eva sādhu vāṁ
saṅgo'tiraṅgāya sakhī dṛśām abhūt (41)
sva brahmacarya vrata rakṣaṇārthaṁ
uptiṁ na devīm api saṁspṛśed yaḥ
anaṅga saṅgyeva tato bhavatyā
bhavaty asau satyam iti pratīmaḥ (42)

Lalitā said: "Sakhi! Who does not know Your famous chastity, and who does not know about Kṛṣṇa's adherence to celibacy? Even the *śrutis* (the Gopāla Tāpanī Upaniṣad) praise Kṛṣṇa as a *brahmacārī.* The eyes of the *sakhīs* are very pleased to see Your spotless association with Him. Kṛṣṇa does not even touch the goddess of sleep because He keeps His vow of celibacy (since this goddess is also a female, after all)! We can truly understand that He is Your *anaṅga saṅgī* (He does not touch Your body, or: He associates with You through Cupid)."

iti bruvāṇā lalitā viśākhayā proce
sakhi jñātam idaṁ mayākhilāṁ
dharmo'nayo śarma viśeṣa siddhaye
tato prayāge layam āpa sa svayaṁ (43)

After Lalitā said this, Viśākhā said: "Sakhi Lalite! I know it all! For the sake of getting happiness, Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa gave up Their bodies at the Kāmya Kūpa at Prayāga (or: They merged (*laya*) in the sacrifice (*yāga*) of Cupid (*atanu*)."

śarmaiva kiṁ tat kathaye'ticitrayā
pṛṣṭhāha sā yo'dhita dharma etayoḥ

satītva varṇitvam ihā ya medhito
vyadhād imau samprati samprayoginau (44)

Citrā said: "*Sakhi*! What is this benefit?" Viśākhā said: "After bathing in Prayāga Their virtue (as *satī*, chaste girl, and *brahmacārī*, chaste boy) was strengthened again, so now They are united again (or: They engaged Their purified minds in *yoga* again)".

yad bhāti vairāgya dhurādharodyan nairguṇya muktāmaya hāriṇīyaṁ
nirañjanodāra dṛgadya sadyaḥ satyaṁ tad eṣācyuta yoga-siddhā (45)

"We truly know that Śrī Rādhikā had attained the *acyuta yoga siddhi* (infallible mystic perfection, or: union with Acyuta, Kṛṣṇa) through *vairagya dhurādhara* (carrying the weight of renunciation, or: having the *pān*-colour removed from Her lips by Kṛṣṇa's kisses), *nairguṇya mukta hāriṇī* (liberation by transcending the modes of material nature, or: having Her *muktamālā*, pearl necklace, broken by Kṛṣṇa) and *nirañjanodāra dṛk* (objective transcendental vision, or: having Her eyeliner wiped away by Kṛṣṇa)."

pūrṇātmabhūtatva sukhānubhūtyai svādhīna māyāśrita yoga nidrāḥ
cakasty asāv apyaguṇātimukta mālāñcita śrīr ati siddhim āptaḥ (46)

"And Kṛṣṇa took shelter of His subservient Yoganidrā (mystic slumber, or feigned sleep) to experience His full *ātmabhūtva* (Selfborn nature, or: erotic experience). He is worshiped by transcendentalists for liberation (*atimuktā* or Mādhavī-flowers) as He sits on His *yoga āsana* (or on His bed of flowers in the *kuñja,* where He unites (*yoga*) with the *gopīs*) having attained *siddhi* (mystic perfection, or sexual satisfaction)."

asyāstu paśyāli hṛdaṁ varāntare svānanda
samvit pravarendulekhayā

yad dīpyate tena punarbhava kṣataṁ
manobhavat tāpaśamaś ca budhyatāṁ (47)

"But look, O friends, (of the Two) Rādhikā's *siddhi* is greater! There are wonderful moonbeams of Selfborn bliss shining on Her sky-like chest (or: Her chest is full of nailmarks) and She has destroyed (the chance of) rebirth (*punarbhava-kṣata* means either 'destruction of rebirth' or 'nailmarks') and mental affliction (*manobhava tāpa* means mental distress or erotic agitation)."

tadā nirodhāsaha romaharṣa vedāmbuvarṣa stimitāṅga yaṣṭeḥ
vyaktaṁ harer udbhid ura smitāsya pidhāna cāturyam apāstam āsīt (48)
utthāya sadyaḥ sa jagāda vakṣaḥ svaṁ darśayaṁstā ati śambhramena
haṁ ho mamāpi sva sukhaika samvic
citrendulekhā hṛdi paśyatās te (49)

As Hari heard this, His body became studded with goosepimples of ecstasy. Vainly trying to control His laughter, He was moistened by perspiration and smilingly He gave up His feigned sleep. Suddenly He got up and showed the *sakhīs* (Rādhā's nailmarks on) His chest, saying: "Haṁ ho! Look at the wonderful (Citrā means wonderful, or one *sakhī*) moonbeams (Indulekhā means moonbeam or one other *sakhī*) on My chest, that are the only source of My life and happiness! (I also have them!)"

āvṛtya cailena naman mukhaṁ punar
vibhugna cillītaṭam unmayya sā
brūte sma kiñcit svakarāmbujena tad
vakṣaḥ spṛśantīṁ pidadhe ca lakṣma tat (50)
citrendulekhe iha te yadi staḥ
syātāṁ na kasmal lalitā viśākhe
paśya tvadīyan parigṛhya tenduḥ
svīyān nakhāṅkāṁs tri guṇīkṛtān yaḥ (51)

(Kṛṣṇa behaved like a clown and laughed, showing the *sakhīs* His chest and the *sakhīs* could not control their laughter) Śrī Rādhikā lowered Her head and giggled, covering Her mouth with Her veil and looking at Kṛṣṇa with knitted eyebrows. Then She tried to conceal the nailmarks on Hari's chest by slightly touching it with Her lotuslike hand and saying: "O Lover! If these wonderful (Citrā) moonbeams (Indulekhā) are on Your chest, then why didn't Lalitā and Viśākhā (unlike Citrā and Indulekhā) also get a place there, although they are so qualified? They would accept Your nailmarks and repay You threefold (by scratching You three times as much)!"

tam āhur ālyaḥ svapato'khilaṁ n
iśāṁ vakṣaḥ kayā te nakharai vicitritām
iyaṁ tu sādhvīkula cakravartinī
svenaiva puṇyena virājate'vitā (52)

The *sakhīs* (who heard all these *rasika* discussions) then said to Kṛṣṇa: "O Rasika Sārvabhauma! We heard (from Śrī Rādhā) that You spent the whole night fast asleep! Which lady then has made these nailmarks on Your chest? (If You say: "It is the doing of Śrī Rādhā, then we say that this is impossible, for) Śrī Rādhikā is the Queen of all chaste girls, She could not have given up Her virtue by scratching another man's chest!"

āhaiṣa āṁ puṇya-balaiva sādhvī bhaved yadadyātanu saṁprahāre
jigāya mām apy abalāpi bālā valepavaty akṣuṇad apy uro me (53)

Kṛṣṇa said: "Yes, friends! Śrī Rādhikā's piety is very strong, therefore She defeated Me in last night's erotic battle, although She's just a weak girl! Look, She dug into My chest with Her nailweapons (very proudly to take out My mind and life-airs, that are situated inside)!"

kīdṛk tad eveti tadā tad ālibhiḥ pṛṣṭhaḥ
sa tāsām adharān payodharān

radair nakhair āśubalād vikhaṇḍayan
naivaṁ sakhī vo vyadhitetyabhāṣata (54)

The *sakhīs* asked Kṛṣṇa: "O Gallant! How did Śrī Rādhikā carve Your chest with Her nails?" Kṛṣṇa then showed them by biting their lips with His teeth and scratching their breasts with His nails (saying: "In this way your *sakhī* Rādhā has ripped My lips and scratched My chest!").

itthaṁ prage taṁ pariphulla padminī
śreṇī mukhāmanda maranda māditaṁ
vilokya vṛndā madhusūdanaṁ vane
mudaṁ bhiyaṁ cānumamajja vepitā (55)

Looking in this way at Madhusūdana (the Kṛṣṇa-bee), who was intoxicated from drinking the honey of the blooming lotusfaces of the *gopīs* in the forest in the morning, Vṛndā-devī was immersed in an ocean of bliss, but she trembled of fear also.

kāntā udīyur vikasan mukhendavo rātrir
gatā cāstam apāsta candrikā
vilāsa bhaṅgaḥ katham astu nāstu vā
kṣaṇaṁ hṛdaivati parām amarṣa sā (56)

The rays of the fullmoon-like faces of Śrī Rādhikā and the *gopīs* had risen and the moonlit night was over, so Vṛndā looked to see if Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's lovegames were over or not, being doubtful at heart (not knowing what to do. Because of the end of love-pastimes the night and the moon had left, but **because** of these lovepastimes she saw the faces of the *gopikās* as full moons, hence Vṛndā became doubtful).

tamāṁsya naśyann abhito yathā
yathā tadā prakāśas ca yathā yathaidata
tathā tathā hṛd rujam eva sānvabhūd
vrajasya rītiṁ śrutayo'pi no viduḥ (57)

It is said in the Vedas that as much as darkness is dispelled, that much knowledge is revealed and according to that the disease of the heart, lust, is destroyed. But Vṛndā experiences the opposite. She thinks that Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's passionate heartache (of upcoming separation) increases as the daylight comes. The customs of Vraja are not perceived even by the Vedas (and are quite contrary to them)!

tato balād vācayati sma kakkhatīṁ
tad bhīṣaṇaṁ kiñcana kakkhataṁ vacaḥ
prātas tayoḥ keli vilāsa śāntaye
yuktyantaraṁ hanta na jāghaṭīti yat (58)

Vṛndā saw no other way to break Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's loving fatigue but to engage the old she-monkey Kakkhaṭī in speaking some harsh words to force Them to separate. She thought: "Alas! There's no other way than this!"

satīr imāḥ kṛṣṇa kalaṅka-paṅkilāḥ karoṣi noṣasyapi yaj jihāsasi
phalaṁ tad asyāciram eva ditsati vrajād ihaiṣa jaṭilopasedusī (59)

Kakkhaṭī said: "O Kṛṣṇa! You contaminated these chaste girls with the mud of adultery and You will not even leave them alone in the morning-time! As a reaction to all this, Jaṭilā is now quickly coming here from Vraja!"

ākarṇya tābhir jaṭileti varṇa trayīṁ vivarṇatvam adhāri sadyaḥ
vilāsa ratnākaram udbhavantī śaṅkaiva tāsāṁ culukī cakāra (60)

Simply upon hearing the three syllables 'Ja-ṭi-lā' all the *gopīs* turned pale and their anxiety made the ocean of their loveplay diminish to a spoonful.

hā hanta sakhyaḥ kasyāmahe kiṁ kathaṁ niketaṁ nibhṛtaṁ vrajema
ityālapantyas tvarayā skhalantyaḥ kuñjālayād aṅganamīyuretāḥ (61)

The *gopīs* fearfully said: "O alas! Friends, what to do now? How can we secretly return home?" and stumbled out of the *kuñja*-cottage into the courtyard.

rātrir gatātyalpatarā sukha-prasūḥ hā kāla rātriḥ punar āgatātra yā
varṣīyasī duḥkatati prasūr balād āśāḥ phalantīḥ kavalīkaroti naḥ (62)

(Coming on the courtyard, Śrī Rādhikā said in sore distress:) "The night, that gave us just little pleasure, is over now, and the miserable Jaṭilā has come to devour the fruitful vines of our desires and to shower us with the flowers of misery!"

dāsyaś ca sakhyaś ca tadaiva kāścana
praviśya keli nilayaṁ punas tayoḥ
sragdhe phalāmṛtaṁ maṇḍanādīnyādur
dadhuś cāpi mudā parasparaṁ (63)

Some *sakhīs* and maidservants then entered the *kuñja*-cottage again to fetch Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's broken garlands, Their nectarean foodremnants and Their different ornaments and ecstatically divided them amongst eachother.

mitho'ṅga saṅgasya tadāpi kāntayor
jihāsutāditsu tayor abhūd raṇaḥ
ādyā yadā prāpa manāk parābhavaṁ
rādhāṁśagaḥ kṛṣṇa-bhujas tadā vabhau (64)

Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's desires to separate (out of fear) and to unite (out of desire) clashed and if the former (the desire to separate) was just slightly defeated, Kṛṣṇa's arm would go and beautify Rādhikā's shoulder.

vidyullatāliṅgita vāridāgamaḥ kṣitāvitau jaṅgamatām avāpa kiṁ
ity ullasantaś cukuvuḥ śikhaṇḍinas
tenāpi tā bhrānta-dṛśāḥ śaśaṅkire (65)

Seeing this (Kṛṣṇa placing His left arm on Śrī Rādhā's shoulder), the peacocks took Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa to be a lightningvine embraced by a moving monsooncloud on earth. They happily spread out their tailfeathers, danced (in front of Rādhā-Mādhava) and sang '*ke ka*'. The *sakhīs* and maidservants had the same illusory vision as them.

priyāsyam anvekatarāṁ tṛṣāturāṁ
haritsu satrāsam athā paraṁ dṛśaṁ
muhuḥ kirantau vrajataḥ sma tau
vrajaṁ pratyeka doḥ śleṣa viśeṣa bhāsino (66)

While Rādhikā and Kṛṣṇa thus proceeded to Vraja in Their embrace, They eagerly looked at Eachother's faces. They also fearfully looked in all directions, thinking: "Somebody's watching Us!"

rājñi pralīne'ruṇa dasyu daṇḍitais tāsāṁ suhṛdbhis timiraiḥ palāyite
dūra sthita sthāṇu vilokanākulā amaṁsataitāṁ jaratī-mayaṁ jagat (67)

The sunrise was like a thief that appeared when the king of the night, the moon, vanished, striking the darkness, the *gopīs*' friend, and making it flee. Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa became very upset when They saw a branchless tree in the distance, thinking it to be mother Jaṭilā. Indeed, They saw the whole world as if filled with Jaṭilās!

udeṣyataivoṣasi padma-bandhunā
pyavādhyataiṣā bata padminī-tatiḥ
iti smaran kiṁ nu viṣīdati sma sa
smaraḥ śaraṁ nau samadhitsad unmanāḥ (68)

At that time Cupid failed to shoot his darts (although this was a perfect opportunity, as Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa were in an embrace), because although the lotusflowers in his kingdom bloom up when the sun rises, he became worried and forgot to fix his darts during this sunrise which afflicted the lotuslike *gopīs.*

daivāt tad autsukya-bhaṭaṁ vijitya sā
śaṅkaṁ baliṣṭa vraja-vartma sīmani
preyo bhujo śleṣa-nidhiṁ vyapānudad
balena manye sudṛśo'ṁsa-deśataḥ (69)

The soldier of eagerness (who was very favorable and whose rule extends up to the outskirts of the *nikuñja*) was defeated by the soldier of fear when Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa reached the outskirts of Vraja, forcibly taking away the jewellike embrace of Kṛṣṇa's arm that fair-eyed Rādhikā had attained on Her shoulder.

ekādhvagāmitvam api sphuṭaṁ tayā tau
tarjayanty eva yadā nyaṣidhyata
tadā dṛśāṁ kātaratā mithas tayoḥ pura
sthitā prāṇasakhī rarodayat (70)

Powerful fear then admonished Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa, forbidding Them to even walk on the same path together. Their maidservants had to cry when they saw how pitifully They looked at Eachother then.

pṛthak padavyāṁ padam eva dhāsyato
vidhūyamānasya yugasya kāntayoḥ
bhavad viyoga prabhayāpidabhrayā
vidhūyamānā rucayo'bhavan kṣaṇāt (71)

Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's moonlike faces instantly lost their luster out of sorrow over having to separate as They were forced to walk on separate paths, like stars that lose their luster when they come before the moon. (Or: It is most astonishing, but when the stars of even the slightest separation begin to shine Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's moonlike faces begin to fade out! No one has ever heard before that two moons can become dimmed by the shining of the stars!)

yadā mithaḥ svānta maṇi pradīpān
pātrībhavantāv api jaglatus tau
tadā punar yoga-vidhau tayoḥ sa
premaiva sākṣāt pratibhūr vabhūva (72)

(Normally no one becomes sad after attaining a jewel, but) Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa became sad for having to separate after first attaining the jewels of Eachother's hearts, but Their pure love gave Them the guarantee for Their next meeting.

tayā viyuktaṁ nibhṛtaṁ vrajantaṁ vrajantam āliṅgya taruṇyarautsīt
apāra ruk kāpi yayāśru pūre tasyoṣṇatādhāyi dhiyaṁ dhayantyā (73)

Losing Śrī Rādhikā's company, Kṛṣṇa went alone to Vraja. At that time a young girl personifying unlimited pain obstructed Him by embracing Him (Kṛṣṇa, feeling great pain of separation, could not walk on anymore) and He shed warm tears of sorrow. (Or: Finding Kṛṣṇa alone on the road, a young girl endowed with unlimited lustre stopped Him and embraced Him while shedding warm tears.)

preyo viyogātibalād braṇa vrajaiḥ svāṅgaṁ
vidaṅtyā nakha keśaṁ āvṛtaṁ
jagāma ca prāha ca sāskhalat padaṁ
vilambamānāli karāvalambinī (74)

Śrī Rādhikā's body was studded upto Her hair and nails with blisters of severe separation and since She was delaying Her return home with stumbling gait, Her friends took Her along by the hand.

sakhyo'ñjasā kiṁ kuruthā samañjasaṁ
yan māṁ vipannāṁ nayatha vrajāntikaṁ
svaśrū niketāṁ dhatamādhutamādhurodhana
drohāturā hanta punar vidhāsyatha (75)

(Śrī Rādhikā said:) "O Friends! Alas! I'm dying from the pain of separation! How will you take Me to Vraja? Why engage in this calamity? Fate became My enemy, taking away My blissful union with Kṛṣṇa! How can you (also become My enemies now, although you are all dearer to Me than life and) lock Me up in My mother-in-law's house (thus throwing Me into a dark well)?" (Alas! Of whom shall I take shelter now? Who will protect Me now?)

niḥsārya gehāl lalite'dhunaiva māṁ
praveśayasyapy adhunaiva tat punaḥ
kṛṣṇāṅga saṅgāmṛta sindhu majjana
pralobhanaivādya vṛthā kṛtā tvayā (76)

"Lalite! You took me out of My home today (saying; O Rādhe! Come along and I will plunge You into the nectar-ocean of Kṛṣṇa's bodily association!) and made Me enter into it again on the same day! Why did you vainly make Me greedy to plunge into the nectarocean of Kṛṣṇa's company?" (Because She is the supreme goddess of *anurāga*, Śrī Rādhikā naturally thinks that She was deprived of Kṛṣṇa's association, although She spent the whole night with Him enjoying all kinds of pastimes with Him).

astācalaṁ yann adhunā vyaloki yaḥ sa
tigma-raśmiḥ sakhi pūrva parvataṁ
aboḍhum ākāṅkṣati kiṁ vibhāvarī
kha-puṣpatām adya tatī jagāma kim (77)

"*Sakhi*! The sun that I saw setting just now is yet again rising in the east! Now the night has become as illusory as a flower in the sky. Was there no night today?"

dhiṅ me śrutiṁ dhig rasanāṁ dṛśaṁ ca dhik sad
ātanautkaṇṭhyabhara jvarāturam
prapūrṇa pātuṁ lavam apy amuṣya yāḥ
sausvarya saurasya svarūpatāmṛta (78)

"Curses on My ears! Curses on My tongue! Curses on My eyes! They are always burning with the fever of erotic eagerness, unable to drink even a drop of the nectar of Kṛṣṇa's nice voice, nice taste and nice form!"

nirveda paddhatim apīpaṭhad eva pūrvaṁ yogo'dhunā
tu sarale bhavatīṁ viyogaḥ
ādyo'cyutāmṛtam adarśayad artham asyā
anyo'nubhāvayati hā-kaṭu kālakūṭam (79)

Lalitā said: "O naive girl! Today the *yoga* of nocturnal union with Kṛṣṇa recited the *nirveda*-manual (*nirveda* = impious acts like adultery that are forbidden by the Vedas) to You! Now Your separation is also reciting the *nirveda*-manual (here *nirveda* means lamentation) to You. The union made You taste the nectar of Acyuta('s words, lips and form) and the separation made You taste bitter poison! Alas!"

itthaṁ sakhīgiram api pratibodham eṣā
naivānurāga para bhāgavatī śaśāka
tābhir vṛtā vraja-janair avilokitaiva
veśma praviśya nija talpam athādhyatiṣṭhat (80)

Śrī Rādhikā, the Supreme Goddess of love for Kṛṣṇa, could not understand the words of Her girlfriends. Surrounded by them, She entered Her house without being seen by the people of Vraja and lay down on Her bed there.

Thus ends chapter two of 'Śrī Kṛṣṇa Bhāvanāmṛta Mahākāvya' of Śrīla Viśvanātha Cakravartī and thereby also the description of the Dawn-pastimes of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa. (3.36-6.

CHAPTER THREE

Prātaḥ-līlā

Morning Pastimes (6.00-8.24. a.m.)

Chapter three of Kṛṣṇa Bhāvanāmṛta describes how Śrī Rādhikā recollects Her pastimes with Śrī Kṛṣṇa of the previous night with Her girlfriends. This is called rasodgāra.

snānānulipta vapuṣaḥ pupuṣuḥ svabhāstan
nirmālya mālya vasanābharaṇena dāsyaḥ
prāsya svakāmam anuvṛttiratās tayor yāḥ
śrī rūpa mañjari-samāna guṇābhidhānāḥ (1)

When Śrī Rādhikā fell asleep, Her maidservants, that were all as qualified as their leader Śrīmatī Rūpa Mañjarī, and who had given up all their personal desires, nourished their own luster by bathing, anointing and decorating themselves with pure garlands and clothes (that were leftover by their mistress Śrī Rādhā).

tā vidyud udyuti jayi prapadaika rekhā
vaidagdhya eva kila mūrtibhṛtas tathāpi
yūtheśvarītvam api samyag arocayitvā
dāsyāmṛtābdhim anusasnur ajasram asyāḥ (2)

Each line on these *manjarīs*' toes defeats the bright splendour of lightning. They are cleverness personified and although they are qualified to be groupleaders of *gopīs* (*yūtheśvarīs*) they have no taste for this, but are always immersed in the nectar-ocean of Śrī Rādhikā's service.

svaśru purāntara gatottara pārśva varti
bhrājiṣṇu dhāma vara-śilpa kalaika dhāma
tātena vatsalatayā vṛṣabhānunaiva
nimārpitaṁ tad upamāpi tad eva nānyat (3)
sthūṇā praghāṇa paṭalāṅgaṇa toraṇālī
gopānasī vividha koṣṭha kapāṭa vedyaḥ
rājanti yatra maṇi-dīpa-tati pradīpta
vaicitrya nirmita janekṣaṇa citrabhāvāḥ (4)

King Vṛṣabhānu built a separate residence for his daughter Śrī Rādhikā north of Jaṭilā's inner chamber and had this residence decorated with different kinds of artful handicraft and an incomparibly beautiful elegant moontower. In this watchtower are pillars, terraces, roofs, a courtyard and different kinds of rooms, platforms and gates. The eyes of those who behold this building, that is illuminated by jewelled lamps and has many nice pictures, are astonished.

yatrendranīlamaṇi bhūr valabhī ghanābhā
haṁsālir apyupari rājati rājatī sā
ye vīkṣya bandhu ripu bhānabhṛto vitatya
saṅkocayanti śikhinaḥ sva śikhaṇḍa paṅktīḥ (5)

Above the cloud-like sapphire balconies on this moontower are rows of most charming silver swans. Looking at this bluish balcony the peacocks take it to be their friend the cloud and they spread out their feathers, but when they see the lines of silver swans, that are their enemies, on it, they contract their tailfeathers.

tatropadeśa śayanāsana bhūṣaṇādi
vedir vimṛjya parilipya viśodhya tās tāḥ

āstīrya raṅkavam upary upayukta muktam
ullocam unnata mudo militā babandhuḥ (6)
ekā mamārja maṇi kāñcana bhājanāni
kācit payaḥ samaya yogyam upānināya
citrāṁśukā pihita ratna catuṣkikāyām
alambanīyam adadhād aparopa barhana (7)

In the middle of this moontower is a room where Śrī Rādhikā's maidservants clean Her sittingplace, diningtable and bed, smearing them with sandalwoodpulp. When the water is dried up they spread out a soft rug made of the hairs of a Raṅku-deer and in topmost bliss they hang a canopy inset with pearls there. One maidservant cleaned the golden and jewelled vessels, another one fetched water which was fit for that time (cold in the summer and warm in the winter, Ed.), and another one placed a pillow on the jewelled bench which was covered with sheets of different colours.

pūrvedyur aṁśuka maṇīmaya bhūṣaṇāni
mṛṣṭāni yatra nihitāny atra sampuṭaṁ tat
uccair jhanat valaya rāji samudghaṭasya
kācij jagharṣa vidhu kuṅkuma candanāni (8)
anyā vyadhatta sumanāḥ sumanobhir eva
citraiḥ kirīṭa kaṭakāṅgada hāra kāñciḥ
jāti labaṅga khadirādibhirajyamānāḥ
kācid babandha surasāḥ phaṇivallī vīṭiḥ (9)

Another maidservant kept Rādhikā's clothes and jewelled ornaments of the previous day all in a box after cleaning them. Her bangles jingled loudly as she opened the box. Another maidservant began to crush camphor, vermilion and sandalwood. Another pure-hearted maidservant began to make bangles, crowns, garlands and sashes from flowers and another one lovingly made a tasty *pān* of catechu, nutmeg, cloves and other ingredients.

atrāntare prati-diśaṁ dadhi-manthanottha
rāvair āvarita mahīsura veda ghoṣaiḥ
hamvā-dhvani vyati vidhāna mitho'vadhāyi
dhenvāli tarṇakaghaṭā balad antarāyaiḥ (10)

Meanwhile the sounds of the churning of curd and of *brāhmaṇas* reciting the Vedas became audible everywhere in the village. The cows wanted to call their calves with their mooing, but they were outsounded by the *brāhmaṇas* (so the calves did not come to them. They thought to themselves: "O *brāhmaṇas*! You are reading the Vedas so loudly that our calves cannot hear us! Be quiet!" and began to bellow even louder. Hearing this, the *brāhmaṇas* were quiet for some time and then said: "O animals! Why do you stop us from reciting the Vedas?", and began to read more loudly in their own homes).

vṛndiṣṭa vandi janavṛnda vitāyamāna
śrī kṛṣṇa kīrti virudāli sudhā-taraṅgaiḥ
śārī śuka vrajakalaiḥ kalaviṅka keki
kolāhalaiḥ kramata eta samedhamānaiḥ (11)

The panegyrists sang waves of nectarean poetry (*virudāvalī*) describing Śrī Kṛṣṇa's glories and the male and female parrots, sparrows, peacocks and other birds increased the volume of their songs.

jāgratsu loka nicayeṣv atha vāsareti
kartavya-bhāvana pareṣvadhiśayyam eva
kṛṣṇekṣaṇa kṣaṇa satṛṣṇatayā purandhrī-vṛndeṣu
nanda gṛha sanditamānaseṣu (12)

Gradually all the people woke up, sat up in their beds and considered their duties for the day, while the elderly *gopīs* eagerly went to the house of Nanda, the king of Vraja, to see Kṛṣṇa.

nāptri mukhāmbuja vilokana jīvitāyāṁ
tatropasṛtya sahasā mukharābhidhāyām
vātsalya ratna paṭalībhūta peṭikāyāṁ
rādhe kva putri bhavasīti samāhvayantyām (13)

Mukharā, whose very life is the sight of her granddaughter Rādhikā's lotuslike face, and who is like a box full of jewels of parental affection, came in and called out: "O Rādhe! O My daughter! Where are You?"

eṣāsmi kiṁ kathayasīti tayā prabudhya
sadyaḥ sajṛmbhaṇa saghūrṇa dṛśekṣitāyam
śrī kṛṣṇa pītavasanaṁ tad urasya vekṣya
tasyānavekṣaṇam athāpy abhinītavatyām (14)

Śrī Rādhikā said: "O holy mother, here I am!", yawned and got up, looking at Mukharā with eyes rolling of sleep. When Mukharā saw Śrī Kṛṣṇa's yellow cloth on Śrī Rādhikā's chest, she pretended not to see it, in order not to embarrass Her.

prātur vabhūva tad api svapiṣi tvam adya nodyantam
ambara-maṇiṁ kim ihāvadhatse
snātvā tad etam abhipūjya kim apy aśāna hā te tanuṁ
prati-dinaṁ tanutām upaiti (15)

She said: "O Rādhe! Morning has broken! Why are You still sleeping? Don't You see that the sun is up already? Take Your bath and eat something before You go out to do Your *pūjā*! Alas! Your body is getting skinnier every day!"

ity aśru-bindubhir imām abhiṣicya pāṇi-mṛṣṭāṅgam
aṅka nihitām abhilālya tasyām
gopendra mandiram ati tvarayā gatāyāṁ
kṛṣṇekṣaṇotkalikayā kalikāntarāyām (16)

While saying this, Mukharā sprinkled Śrī Rādhikā with her loving teardrops. With her hand she carressed Her body and then she took Rādhikā on her lap to fondle Her before hurrying to the palace of the king of Vraja, being eager to see Kṛṣṇa.

ekaikaśo'tha militāsu sakhīṣu
sarvāsvanyonya hāsa parihāsa parāsu tāsu
suśliṣṭa maṇḍalatayaiva kṛtopaveśa
svarūḍha ratnamaṇi hema catuṣkikāsu (17)

Then, one by one, Śrī Rādhikā's friends came into the room and surrounded Her while She sat on Her jewel-studded golden sofa (reclining on pillows). They were laughing and joking with eachother (for although as Yūtheśvarīs they are able to have amorous meetings with Śrī Kṛṣṇa themselves they become more happy by hearing from Śrī Rādhikā about Her amorous meetings with Him).

śrī rādhikā milanam eva samasta harṣa
śasyaika varṣam iti maddhṛdi niścikāya
tat śyāmalaitya samaya samayābhivijña
śiṣṭa tayā suṣamayeva tadāsa tatra (18)

"The meeting with Śrī Rādhikā is certainly a shower of joy for the wheat of my heart!", these *sakhīs* thought. Śyāmalā-*sakhī,* who is aware of the proper time, came along with them and Śrī Rādhikā, who is beauty personified, embraced Her and offered Her a seat.

śyāme tvam eva adhunaiva vicintyamānā
man netra vartma gamitā vidhinā yathaiva
tadvat sa tarṣaviṭapī phalayiṣyate ced
adyaiva tarhi gaṇayanty api suprabhātam (19)

(Śrī Rādhikā, who out of great passion had forgotten Her nocturnal pastimes with Śrī Kṛṣṇa, said:) "Śyāme! Just as I was thinking of you, you came before My eyes by the favorable arrangement of Fate! O Sakhi! If the tree of My desires will now bear fruit, I will consider this a good morning!"

hantaiṣa santatam atīva samedhamānaḥ
śaśvat sakhībhir api sundari sicyamānaḥ
nādyāpi yat phalam adhād ayi ko'tra hetur
hā tat kadāti rabhasād avalokayiṣye (20)

"Alas, O beautiful one! That tree of My desires is constantly sprinkled by My girlfriends, and it's growing constantly, but still it did not bear fruit! How is it possible? O, when will I ever see these fruits?"

rādhe sa te na phalito yadi tat phaliṣyatyāśrur
yam asya phalam apy alasāṅgi buddhye
āsvādyamānan api saurabha māditāli
pratyāyayaty ananubhūtam iva svam uccaiḥ (21)

(Hearing these words) Śyāmala (smiled and) said: "Rādhe! If the tree of Your desires did not bear fruit yet, then don't worry! It will surely bear fruit! But, O exhausted girl, I understand that these fruits are most amazing! Although their fragrance is relishable by the bumblebees (*ali* means bee or *gopī*), they are always relished as if never tasted before!"

pakṣmāvalī bata yadīya rasena śoṇenārañji
kañjamukhi tan na tad apy apaśyaḥ
yat svādana vyatikarād adharo braṇitvam
āgāt tathāpi tad aho na kadāpy abhuktaḥ (22)

"How amazing! Can't You see those fruits that have reddened Your own eyelids (that are red of sleep or Kṛṣṇa's lipstick)? O lotusfaced One! Haven't You tasted these fruits that have bruised Your lips (Kṛṣṇa's bites) by repeatedly tasting them?"

(During Your union with Kṛṣṇa Your eyes were reddened by the *pān* that colors His lips and Your lips have been bitten, but because of Your constant passion You must have forgotten that!)

śyāme tvam apy alam alakṣita man nitānta
svāntabraṇā hasasi māṁ yad ato bravīmi
vidyud vihanti timiraṁ niśi yad dṛśos tat
sadyaḥ punar dvi-guṇayed iti bho pratīhi (23)

Śrī Rādhikā (the supreme goddess of *anurāga*) replied: "O Śyāme! I tell you, you're joking about Me because even you don't know My heartache! (But with your words you're reminding Me) Just as the lightning illuminates the cloudless night just once, first destroying the darkness and then disappearing again, making the darkness twice as dense as before, similarly after having seen Kṛṣṇa just once (in this lifetime), His disappearance doubles the misery of His absence!"

rādhe kalānidhir ayaṁ vidhinopanītas
tvāṁ santatāmṛta-mayair adhinot karāgraiḥ
yat tat kalāḥ svayam aho kucayor vibharṣi vidyun
nibhatva parivādam athāpi datse (24)

Śyāmalā said: "Rādhe! That moon (Kalānidhi means moon, or clever Kṛṣṇa) whom You compare with the lightning, was brought to You by Fate and pleased You with its nectarean rays (*karāgra* means rays or fingers). Now You personally carry its phases on Your breasts!"

śyāme sa me sakhi dadau na kalaṅkam eva
satyaṁ kalānidhir asāv iti vaḥ pratītaḥ
datte kadāpi mama dṛṣṭi cakorikā yair
jyotsnākaṇaṁ yad api tan na punar nikāmam (25)

Śrī Rādhikā said: "Sakhi Śyāme! He simply pollutes Me with His phases! You are right in calling Him Kalānidhi! If He ever gives a drop of moonlight to My Cakorabird-like eyes, then it is not much (what to speak of satisfying all of My senses!). He cannot fulfill My desires in this way!" (Note: The Cakora-bird lives only on nectar from the moon).

rādhe sphutaṁ vada bhavan-mukha-paṅkajottha
naktanta nehata sudhā dyudhunī vidhūya
tāpaṁ nimajjayatu māṁ svam anuprabhāte
kṛtyāntaraṁ mama kathaṁ tad ṛte susidhyet (26)

Śyāmalā said: "Rādhe! Tell us everything frankly! I am eager to have my affliction mitigated by bathing in the nectarean Gaṅgā-stream of stories about Your nocturnal pastimes with Kṛṣṇa, that flows from Your lotuslike mouth! How can I perform any activities without first tasting that nectar?" (Just as *sadācārīs* (clean and regulated people) do not perform any work before taking their morning bath, I can also not do any work without first hearing about Your nocturnal pastimes)

śyāme'dhikuñja nilayaṁ nava nīla kānti -
dhārā yadā svapayituṁ niśi māṁ pravṛttā
tarhyaiva pañca-śara sañcaya nāṭya raṅga -
bhūmiṁ ca kena ca kathañcana yāpitā'sam (27)

(When Śyāmalā thus asked Her to tell her of Her nocturnal pastimes, Śrī Rādhikā passionately continued Her comparison of Kṛṣṇa to the lightning and said): "Śyāmale! When a stream of fresh bluish luster began to shower Me in the *kuñja*-cottage tonight, then who took Me on the dancingstage of innumerable Cupids that were dancing there (who filled Me from tip to toe with all these erotic feelings)?"

tebhyas tataḥ kim api sabhyatayā naṭebhyo
hṛṣyantyadāṁ sva nikhilendriya vṛttimudrāḥ
kiṁ vāham apy anatam atra vicitram etat
smartuṁ na samprati sakhi prabhavāmi kiñcit (28)

"When I was pleased by seeing their dancing-performance I gave them all My sense-activities as a reward, as the audience. I cannot remember anymore (not even by concentrating Myself) what wonderful performance began on the stage then!"

rādhe sva pañca-śara koṭi naṭān api svair
nāṭyair vilakṣayati ko'pi vilāsa sindhuḥ
tam cāpy anātanad aho bhavatīṁ smarājau
tat sūtradhāra padavīm api bhos tad āgāt (29)

Śyāmalā said: "Rādhe! How amazing! You became the stage-manager of this erotic fight of that One ocean of pastimes who astonished millions of dancing Cupids with His own dancing! (How can You falsely claim to be just the audience? You are the stage-manager Yourself!)"

śyāme bravīṣi yad idaṁ yad avocyam anyā
yaś cānubhūtitatayaḥ kati vā niruktāḥ
tat sarvam etad api hanta kim indrajālaṁ
svapno nu vā bhrama-bharo manaso'thavā me (30)

Śrī Rādhikā said: "Śyāme! I experienced so many other things than just what you and I described! Alas! Is this all some magic trick, a dream or an illusion in the mind?" (For instance, the insatiable nature of union with Kṛṣṇa! It is just like being hungry and thirsty and then eating and drinking while you're dreaming. When you wake up afterwards you still feel hungry and thirsty anyway. Similarly, after enjoying with Kṛṣṇa at night and returning home in the morning it feels as if you have not enjoyed with Him at all, or at least you still yearn for Him just as much!")

rādhe yadāsya sarasīruha gandha evam
andhīkaroti kulajākulam āli dūrāt
tan madhv atīva surasaṁ sarasaṁ pibantyās
citta-bhramas tava madānn iti naiva citram (31)

(Hearing Śrī Rādhikā's doubtful words,) Śyāmalā (laughed and) said: "O Rādhe! You have drunk much more honey from the lotuslike face of He who blinds all the housewives from afar with the fragrance of His face, so this error of Your mind is not so surprising! (but it was not a magic trick or a dream)"

atrāntare madhurikā militātha pṛṣṭhā
tābhir jagāda madhuraṁ śṛṇutaitad ālyaḥ
kasyaicid eva kṛtaye vraja-raja veśma
prāptādya kautukam aho yad uṣasya paśyam (32)

Then Madhurikā (another *sakhī*) appeared. The *sakhīs* asked Her: "Sakhi, where do you come from?" Madhurikā replied: "I went to the house of the king of Vraja this morning for some duty. Listen to all the fun I saw going on there!"

bhoḥ kṛṣṇa kṛṣṇa nalinekṣaṇa jāgṛhīti
goṣṭheśvarī snutakucā'tmajam āhvayantīṁ
talpāntamena rabhasena vilokya kṛṣṇam
ānanda-vāṣpa pṛṣatarimam abhyaṣiñcat (33)

"When Queen Yaśodā (came to Kṛṣṇa's bedroom in the morning and) called out: "Bho, Kṛṣṇa! Kṛṣṇa! Get up, O lotus-eyed One!", she showered Him with her breastmilk and her tears of loving ecstasy, as she saw Him lying on the bed."

śayyotthitasya dara ghūrṇadṛśo'tha tasya
jṛmbhā visarpad uru saurabha māditālaiḥ
sammoṭanāti bhara tiryag udañcad āsya
padmaika pārśvacalita skhalitālakāle (34)

(When Kṛṣṇa heard His mother's words) He got up, His eyes slightly rolling out of drowsiness. The fragrance emanating from His mouth spread here and there when He yawned, causing the bumblebees to be intoxicated. While He stretched Himself out, His lotuslike face looked very beautiful, bent to one side upwards, making His curly locks fall loose downwards.

āpāda śīrṣam atha pāṇi-talābhimarṣe-
nāvyād ajo'ṅghrim iti mantram udāharantī
saṁrakṣya tūṇam akhilāṅgam athordhva dṛṣṭyā
kiñcit sakākubharam arthayate sma rājñī (35)
devādhideva bhavataiva cirāt suto'yaṁ
dattaḥ sva bandhujana jīvana tām upetaḥ
pālyo'pi nātha bhavataiva kṛpābhareṇa
svenaiva kām apacitaṁ tava vedmi kartum (36)

Queen Yaśodā caressed her son from tip to toe with her handpalms, pronouncing the *mantra* commencing with '*avyād ajo'ṅghri maṇimān*'1 to protect His whole body. She looked upwards, pitifully praying to the Lord: "O God of Gods! You mercifully gave me this son, who is the very life of His friends! O Lord! I do not know any way of worship to satisfy You! Show me Your causeless mercy by protecting my son!"

sā rohiṇī bhāgavatī mukharā kilimbā
kṛṣṇekṣaṇotka manasaḥ sahasā milantīḥ
dṛṣṭvā yathārham abhivādana bhāṣanadyai
sammānya putram api vandayate sma hṛṣṭā (37)

While Queen Yaśodā was praying like this, Rohiṇī, Paurṇamāsī, Mukharā and Kilimbā (Kṛṣṇa's wetnurse) suddenly arrived, all eager at heart to see Kṛṣṇa. Yaśodā gave them the proper respect and then told her son Kṛṣṇa to praise them also.

bow to

gāndharvike śṛṇu yad anyad abhūd vicitraṁ
nīlāṁśukaṁ svatanayorasi vīkṣyamāṇām
tām āha saiva bhagavaty ayi goṣṭha-rājñi
rāmāmbarena parivartitam asya vāsa (38)

(Madhurikā told this to the assembled *sakhīs* and now again addressed Śrī Rādhikā, saying:) "Listen, O Gāndharvike (Rādhikā), to another wonderful thing that happened! When the queen of Vraja saw Your blue cloth on her son's chest (and wondered why Kṛṣṇa had given up His usual yellow *dhotī* for this blue cloth), the holy mother Paurṇamāsī told her: "Just see, Kṛṣṇa exchanged clothes with Balarāma!"

tāṭaṅka gāruṇamāṇi pratibimba eva
gaṇḍe vibhāti tava mādhava śoṇaśociḥ
ityukta eva sa tayā nija pāṇinā taṁ
sadyo jagharṣa bhavadādhara rāga-bhāgam (39)

"Then, seeing the spots of Your *pān* on Kṛṣṇa's cheek (that got stuck on it after You kissed Him last night), Paurṇamāsī said: "O Mādhava! Has a ruby from Your earrings been reflected in Your emerald mirror-like cheek?" and wiped away the red spots of Your lipstick with her hand.

nārocanad yad aśanīyam adhipradoṣaṁ
ghūrṇāvaśādamayataḥ kṛśimānam āgat
tat sāmpratam kim api bhojaya
rohiṇītyā-diṣṭā tayā tad upadetum asau jagāma (40)

"Seeing Kṛṣṇa dizzily getting up from bed (exhausted from being up the whole night, making love with You), Yaśodā told Rohiṇī: "Sakhi Rohiṇi! Last evening Kṛṣṇa could not eat enough, that is why He is so thin and dizzy! Give Him something to eat now!" Hearing this, Rohiṇī went to get something to eat."

dāsopanīta maṇipīṭha kṛtopaveśas
tat kāritasya sarasīruha dhāvanādiḥ
tarhyaiva rāma baṭu sammilanāśrita śrīḥ
reje yathendu taḍid indu-ruci payoda (41)

"Then Kṛṣṇa sat down on a jewelled chair brought in by His servants who began their scheduled services like washing His lotuslike face. Then Balarāma and Madhumaṅgala arrived and sat on each side of Kṛṣṇa's chair, making Him look like a monsoon-cloud flanked by the moon and the lightning."

matsyaṇḍika surasam aindava saurabhāḍhyam
haiyaṅgavīnam atha rājata bhājanasthaṁ
vātsalyam eva kim u mūrtimatī jananyā
hṛt puṇḍarīka gatam aikṣiṣatāti hṛṣṭāḥ (42)

"When Rohiṇī brought Kṛṣṇa His fragrant butter mixed with ~~rock-candy~~ sugar and camphor on a silver tray it looked like the materialised motherly affection from her lotuslike heart. Everyone became very happy to see this."

rājñyātha te prati muhuḥ pariveśitena
tenaivatṛptim agaman maḍhumaṅgalas tu
ūce tataḥ kim api bhoktum apārayanna-
pyasmi kṣudhārtha iti sā tad adādamuṣmai (43)

"Mother Yaśodā repeatedly served this (butter and rock-candy) to Kṛṣṇa and His friends, but Madhumaṅgala told her: "Mother! I'm still hungry, although I have already eaten unlimited amounts of food!", so Mā Yaśodā gave him more."

gā dogdhum uddhura dhiyo'pi vṛthodhyamāste
gopa vabhūvur atha tarṇaka maṇḍalaś ca
cūṣanta eva na payaḥ kaṇa mātram āsām
āpīnato'dya yad avāpurato niṣeduḥ (44)
gāvas tavādhvani dhṛtāśrubhṛtākṣi yugmā
na prasravantyupagatān na lihanti vatsān
hamvādhvani dhvanita dig-balayā vilambam
soḍhuṁ darāpi na hi samprati śaknuvanti (45)

"(While the Queen of Vraja was attentively feeding the boys like this) A cowherdman came in and said: "O Kṛṣṇa (prince of cowherders)! The expert cowherders cannot milk the cows and the calves cannot drink even a drop of milk from the cows, being very morose! The cows are looking down the road for You to come with tearfilled eyes, not licking their calves, and filling the directions with their mooing, unable to tolerate another moment without You!"

ity eva kenacid upetya sa goduhokto
mātṛ nijāsya dara hāsya sudhābhiṣekaiḥ
svānanda saṁsibhir asau sukhayan mukhābjaṁ
tāmbūla rañjitam alaṁ kalayann udasthāt

"(Hearing these words) Kṛṣṇa gladdened His mother by sprinkling her with the nectar of His slightly smiling lotuslike face, indicating His own bliss. Chewing His *pān*, He got up to milk His cows." (46)

dohaṁ samāpya balabhadra sahānujas tvaṁ
mallājiraṁ vrajasi cet kuru mā vilambam
nirmañchanaṁ tava bhaje kṣaṇa mātram eva
sārddhaṁ vihṛtya sakhībhir drutam ehi bhoktum

"Mother Yaśodā then told Balarāma: "O Balabhadra, if You go to wrestle after milking the cows, then don't delay! I urge You, come back quickly for breakfast after playing with Your friends!"

śrutveti mātṛ giram āha harir na mātaḥ   pratyeṣi māṁ
yad amum eva vadasyathaivam
śiṣṭo'graṇīḥ punar amīṣvaham eka eva   no ced amuṣya
vaśatāṁ kim urīkariṣye (48)

"Hearing His mother's words, Hari said: "O mother! You are saying this (to My elder brother) because you don't trust Me! I am the only leader of all the cowherdboys, so why should I accept the control of My older brother?"

śiṣṭo yathā tvam asi vatsa nijātabālyam
ārabhya tat khalu vidanty akhilāḥ vrajānām
yāḥ svālayāpacaya vedanayā purāsāṁ
phutkartum āpur iha no katidheti soce (49)

"Mother Yaśodā replied: "O boy! All the older *gopīs* of Vraja know how You are the leader of the boys from Your very childhood! How many times didn't they complain to me about Your stealing things (like butter) from their homes in the (still recent) past?"

saudāminī-tati-vibhā-jayi-dāmanidyud
vibhrāji savya kara-korakitāravindaḥ
sa grāhita pramita kānaka dohanīko
mātrā tayā sakhi vayād adhikaṁ vireje (50)

"(Knowing how much her son enjoyed to milk the cows) Mother Yaśodā personally gave Kṛṣṇa a golden bucket for the milk in His right hand and a rope for tying the cows, that defeats the splendour of lightning, in His left hand. With that, O *sakhi*, Kṛṣṇa looks even more beautiful!"

stamberama vraja-viḍambi vilamba pāda
vinyāsa jhanjhaṇa jhaṇatkṛta kiṅkiṇīkaḥ
lolālakāli maṇi-kuṇḍala kānti veṇī
vīcībhara snapita vaktra sudhāṁśu bimbah (51)

Then Kṛṣṇa went out, walking more slowly than a mad elephant. His anklebells jingled, His moving curly locks were black (like the Yamunā-river) and His jewelled earrings were white (like the Gaṅgā-river). These waves of nectar sprinkled the globe of His moonlike face like the Triveṇī (the confluence of the Yamunā, Gaṅgā and Sarasvatī-rivers)."

pītottarīya capalelita keli nṛtya rājad
ghanāṅga kiraṇoccala nocchrita śrīḥ
preṅkholla hāra paridhi śrīta kaustubhodyad bhānuḥ
svanac caraṇa bhūṣaṇa cumbi dāmā

"Kṛṣṇa's yellow scarf danced on His chest like a restless lightning-strike dancing on a cloud, His pearl necklace started dancing of joy when it saw the Kaustubha-gem dancing on His chest, rising like the sun, and His flowergarland kissed His footornaments (thinking: "Although I am staying at Kṛṣṇa's chest I was not so fortunate as you footornaments to reside at His lotusfeet", this Vanamālā repeatedly kissed His lotusfeet)." (52)

niṣkramya ramyapurataḥ purato'bhigacchan
yacchan mudaṁ svajananī jana locanebhyaḥ
dāsaiḥ pradhāritam avārita rocir aśnaṁ
tāmbūla pulakam avāpa sa gopurāgram (53)

"When Kṛṣṇa thus went out of His charming house He gave great joy to the eyes of His mother and all those who cherished motherly love for Him. Sometimes He chewed a *pān* which was given to Him by His servants and His body was studded with goosepimples as He came to the towngate."

tad bāhya kuṭṭima taṭīm avalambamānaḥ
kā kutra kiṁ kuruta ity anusandhadhānaḥ
vyāpārayan nayanam aṭṭaghatāsu narma
preṣṭhair miladbhir abhitaḥ sa rarāja mitraiḥ (54)

"Kṛṣṇa sat down on a platform outside of the towngate, pretending to wait for His friends, trying to find out which young girl was doing what where. For this His eyes restlessly darted here and there. Then one by one His dear friends came there to meet Him and with them He looked especially beautiful."

tan nirmitānupada karṇa kathā rasajñasyāsyāmbuje
kim api yat smitam udvabhūva
tasyārtha jātam api kiṁ vivarītum īśe
ceto'lir eva tava sakhyanusandadhātu (55)

"O mistress! How can I describe the mild smile on the lotuslike face of Kṛṣṇa, who has such good taste, as He relished the soft words that His friends whispered in His ears at every step? How can I describe the meaning of these words? May Your bee-like mind always search for this! (don't be mistaking! They didn't discuss anything else but His pastimes with You!)"

uṣṇīṣa vakrima mahā madhurimṇi tasya
tat kālike kila na kasya mano nyamāṅkṣī
tatraiva śekharita kānaka sūtra jāle
rājan maṇi-dyuti-bharāḥ kim u varṇanīyāḥ (56)

"Whose mind will not be enchanted by the profuse sweetness of Kṛṣṇa's bent turban at that time? (As Kṛṣṇa was chewing betelleaves, listening to topics about You, His turban began to fall to one side. When the minds of the young girls of Vraja become immersed in this ocean of sweetness they forget everything else) The net of golden strings on top of that turban on which beautiful jewels are strung, is indescribable!"

taiḥ saurabhaiḥ prasṛmarair anu nūpurādi
dhvānair balena valabhīm adhirohitābhiḥ
gośālā vartmani calal lalanāvalībhir
netrāmbujaiḥ sa katidhā nahi pūjyate sma (57)

"Then Kṛṣṇa got up and went down the road to the barn. The anklebells on His feet jingled sweetly and His bodily fragrance, that pervaded all the directions, forcibly attracted the young housewives (that were engaged in their housework, out of their houses), who climbed the nearest watchtower from where they repeatedly worshipped Him with their lotuslike eyes."

tat tad vilāsavalitā suṣamā rasālā
preṣṭhasya sā madhurikā pariveṣyamānā
vaiśleṣika jvaram aśīśam adapyathāsyas
tene ca taṁ śataguṇaṁ tṛṣam edhayantī (58)

Śrī Rādhikā's fever of separation was extinguished for the time being by Madhurikā, who served Her the soothing Rasālā-drink2 of descriptions of Kṛṣṇa's beautiful play with His friends, but shortly after that the fever of Her thirst (desire to see Him) increased a hundred times again.

harṣonnatiḥ stimitatāṁ śravaso vyatānīt
tarṣottha saṁjvarabharas tu dṛśor viveṣa
ākasmikī nirupamā prativeśi sampat
tāpaṁ tanoti saha vāsabhṛtaṁ sadaiva (59)

The joy of Śrī Rādhikā's ears had increased, but the high fever of desire had now entered Her eyes. These eyes became envious of their neighbours' (the ears') incomparible wealth of Kṛṣṇa-nectar and became afflicted with sorrow.

prāhānurāga para bhāgavatī tataḥ sā
tā eva cārumukhi dhanyatamā ramaṇyaḥ
yaḥ khelayanti satataṁ sudṛśas tadīya
lāvaṇya keli jaladhau kaladhauta gātryaḥ (60)

Then Śrī Rādhikā, the Supreme Goddess of *anurāga* (constant passion) for Kṛṣṇa, told Madhurikā: "O fairfaced One! Most blessed are the girls of Vraja, whose fishlike eyes always play in the ocean of Kṛṣṇa's elegance and playfulness!"

janmaiva hanta kim abhūn mama gokule'smins
tan mādhurīṁ na yad urīkurute kadāpi
tat śyāmale'ti capale hṛdi leśamātrī
na sambhaved iha bhave dhṛtir ity avehi (61)

Then (as She moistened Herself with Her tears, She held Śyāmalā's hands and) She told Śyāmalā: "Sakhi! Why did I take birth in Gokula, and still could never relish (a drop of) Kṛṣṇa's sweetness? And even if I heard about it, My restless mind could not keep even a drop of it!"

śyāmāha yāmi lalite śṛṇu yāmi gehaṁ
sampraty amuṁ prati mamāstu girāṁ virāmaḥ
tvaṁ padminīṁ vraja purandara sadmanīmāṁ
kṛṣṇekṣaṇālini ṣamarpaya baddha tṛṣṇe (62)

(Understanding that Śrī Rādhikā's *anurāga* was reaching its summit) Śyāmalā said to Lalitā: "Lalite, listen, I'm going home now! Let my words rest now! Please offer this lotuslike girl to the thirsty bee-like eyes of Kṛṣṇa in the abode of the king of Vraja!"

priya viraha vihastāṁ srastadhīḥ sā tadānīṁ
kṣaṇam api yuga kalpaṁ kalpayantī vabhūva
yad akhilam api kṛtyaṁ kāritā kiṅkarībhiḥ
samaya vihitam eko'bhyāsa evātra hetuḥ (63)

When Śyāmalā went home, Śrī Rādhikā's mind got upset with feelings of separation from Kṛṣṇa, making Her experience a second to be like a millennium. When Her maidservants began their usual duties for Her bathing and ornamentation, She went through them (unconciously) as a mere custom.

atha nikhila sakhīnāṁ svālibhiḥ snāpitānāṁ
dhṛta samucita vastrālaṅkṛtīnāṁ tatiḥ sā
mathita śarad udañcad candrikā sindhu-jātāṁ
śriyam api nija pādāmbhojabhāsa vijigye (64)

Then all the *sakhīs* were also bathed, ornamented and dressed by their friends, so that even the beauty of their lotusfeet defeated that of the goddess of fortune, who was churned out of the Milkocean along with a spotless autumn moon.....

Thus ends chapter three of Śrīla Viśvanātha Cakravartī's "Śrī Kṛṣṇa Bhāvanāmṛta Mahākāvya", entitled "Śrī Rādhikā's Rasodgara".

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1 See Śrīmad Bhāgavata, 10.6.22.

2 Rasālā is a drink consisting of yoghurt, black pepper, sugar and other ingredients.

CHAPTER FOUR

Śrī Rādhikā's Bath, Dressing and Ornamentation

parijanair atha dhāvayituṁ mukhaṁ puraṭa jharjharikā parisāritaiḥ
samucitair udakair drutam āvṛta suvadanā̀ sadanāgrata āvabhau (1)

After this, the maidservants came and seated Śrī Rādhikā's on Her jewelled sofa before the house and brought golden jugs, filled with water which was cold in the summer and warm in the winter, to quickly wash Her beautiful mouth. (Śrī Rādhikā looked very beautiful when she was thus surrounded by Her maidservants.)

karatalād asakṛc culukīkṛtaṁ salilam ārada tālvanucālitam
cala kapola yugonnati mañjula dhvanibhṛtaṁ nibhṛtaṁ kṣipati sma sa

One maidservant poured water from her jug into her handpalm. As Śrī Rādhikā flushed Her closed mouth, moving the water back and forth from Her palate to Her teeth, Her cheeks were slightly puffed up. She spat the water out in secret, making a lovely sound. (2)

visṛmarānalakān kiratī śirasyupari
avyakarāṅguli ghaṭṭanaiḥ
alika gaṇḍa dṛgādy atha sāmita d
yutimitam timitaṁ trir adhīdhavat (3)

look even more beautiful with the signs of the removed ornaments on Her body, like an ornament free from spots.

dhavalam aplāvanocitam aṁśukam paridadhaty udagāc cakitekṣaṇa
rucira candrikayā vṛtatām agād acapalā capalā latikonnatā (11)

Then Śrī Rādhikā put on a white bathing-dress, looking around anxiously if anybody was watching. Thus She looked like a steady vine of lightning surrounded by the beautiful orb of the moon.

punar iyaṁ mṛdulāsana āsitā viruruce vidhuvat pariveṣṭitā
parijanaiḥ paridhitvamitaiḥ sadā napacitā pacitāvatiśeṣalaiḥ (12)

Then She sat down again on a soft seat, surrounded by Her girlfriends that are dedicated to Her with causeless love and that are expert in serving Her, like a beautiful moon surrounded by its orb.

kapaṭa nodinato rati mañjarī kṛta cara pratikarmaja bandhanāt
sapadi bālatatīyad amūmuce dūraṭano ratanod tad ati tviṣam (13)
viralitāṅguli kīrṇatamā imāḥ surabhi taila rasair abhiṣiñcati
karabha ghaṭṭana gharṣanato'ntara stimitatā mitatām akarod iyam (14)
adhiśiraḥ kara-kuṭmala kalpitair atha jhaṇad balayaṁ mṛdu mardanaiḥ
akṛta tāṁ dara-mīlita locanām atanukaṁ tanu kampanam āśritām (15)
mukha-vidhuṁ kaca santatam asavrajo
'ruṇad ato maṇi kaṅkatikāstrataḥ
laghu vikṛṣya nibadhya phalaṁ tad
utthitam alaṁ tam alambhayad eva sā (16)

Then Śrī Rati Mañjarī[1] took Śrī Rādhikā's *kapaṭa* (veil) off and opened Her *prati karma* (braid), displaying Her wonderful *bāla* (bunch of hair)[2]. She unraveled this hair with her fingers and sprinkled it with fragrant oil, gently pulling it from top to bottom and making it smoother by hitting it softly with the side

(After the inside of Her mouth was washed, one maidservant wanted to assist Śrī Rādhikā in washing the outiside of Her face, so) she removed Her locks from Her shoulders with the fingers of her left hand, placing them on Her head, and began to wash Her naturally smooth forehead, cheeks and eyes, making them shine unlimitedly.

viṭapikāṁ dyutaros tata rociṣaṁ
radahitāṁ nihitaṁ sva vayasyayā
mukulitāmbujatā bhajaṭāñjasā
mṛdutarena kareṇa sudṛg dadhe (4)
prati sarodita dolanam asvanad
balayam uccala kuṇḍalam etayā
vyadhita sā mṛjati radanaṁś cabiṁ
kaṇavad ucchalitāṁ lalitāṁ śritān (5)

One faireyed maiden handed Śrī Rādhikā a very beautiful twig of a desiretree, and Śrī Rādhikā took it in Her budding hands and began to brush Her teeth with it. At that time Her handstring (named Pahuci in Vraja) swung and Her bangles remained silent (despite the motions of Her hands), but Her earrings swung faster. While Her teeth were washed like this they looked as beautiful and charming as raindrops.

atha dadhe sudatī dhanur ākṛtiṁ
maṇimayīṁ rasanāpariṇe jinīm
mṛdula pāṇi yugāṅguli yugmagāṁ
sahacarikarato'daratosayah (6)
nava dalopamitāṁ rasanāṁ mṛjaty atha
tayā natakampita mastakam
mukham iyaṁ skhalitair alakair vṛtaṁ
vidadhatī dadhatī smitam āvabhau (7)

Another beautiful maiden handed Śrī Rādhikā a jewelled tongue-scraper which was shaped like a bow. Śrī Rādhikā held the scraper with Her tender thumbs and indexfingers and scraped Her youthful, (mango-) sproutlike tongue. Her head and eyes trembled and Her curly locks began to fall over Her beautiful face. This sight reminded the *sakhīs* of a most *rasika* moment (during Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's pastimes) and made them giggle. Śrī Rādhikā laughed along with them.

niraṇijad bahir antaram apyaraṁ
mukha-vidhor atha dhauta kara-dvayam
parijanārpita mañjula vāsasā jala-kaṇa
panayaṁ sanayaṁ vyadhāt (8)

After Śrī Rādhikā thus repeatedly washed Her moonlike face inside out, one *sakhī* washed Her hands and wiped the waterdrops from Her face with a soft white towel.

sahacari vidhṛte maṇi darpaṇe tad
abhinandana sākṣiṇi vīkṣya sā
smita sudhābhir adhāvayad ānanaṁ
priyatama kṣaṇa lakṣaṇa lakṣakam (9)

One maidservant blissfully held a jewelled mirror in front of Śrī Rādhikā's face to show Her that all the *pān*-spots had been brushed from Her teeth. Once again Śrī Rādhikā washed Her face with the nectar of Her smile as She beheld Her own face, that showed all the signs of Her Priyatama's love-festival, in the mirror.

parijanaiḥ pramadād avatārito
samucitābharaṇa prakare'pyabhāt
tad abhilakṣmabhir aṅgadhṛtair iyaṁ
vigata dūṣaṇa bhūṣaṇatāṁ gataiḥ (10)

The *sakhīs* came there in great bliss and removed all the unnecessary ornaments from Śrī Rādhikā's limbs, making Her of her hand. She softly massaged Śrī Rādhikā's head with her budlike hands that carried jingling bangles. Śrī Rādhikā's eyes opened slightly and Her body shivered of erotic bliss. When Rati Mañjarī combed Śrī Rādhikā's hair and bound it up, it looked as if the dense darkness of this hair blocked the shining of Her moonlike face, so she angrily punished the hair for this with the weapon of her jewelled comb.

kuca bhujādiṣu taila niṣecane vasanam udghaṭayantyavibhaḥ smitam
rahasi kiṅkarikālir athāpy adhac cakita locanatāṁ ca natāṅgyasau (17)

The maidservants secretly smiled when they saw the marks of Kṛṣṇa's nails and teeth on Śrī Rādhikā's breasts while they took off Her clothes to sprinkle Her breasts arms etc. with oils. Seeing this, Śrī Rādhikā's eyes became startled and She shyly lowered Her head (She covered Her breasts by crossing Her arms over them and thought: "Why are My maidservants giggling like that in private? Some must have seen Me in this condition!").

ghuṣṛṇa sīta karāmbuja reṇava
samuditāḥ stimitāḥ kusumāmbubhiḥ
malayaja drava miśraṇam ekayā
caturayā turayād upaninyire (18)
dyutibhir udyata vidyuta eva tai
lavaṇimāmṛta varṣitayā ghanān
apaghanan aparā udavartayan sva
nayanair naya naipuṇato'dhayan (19)

Then one very clever maidservant prepared an ointment of *kuṅkuma*, camphor, lotuspollen and sandal mixed with rose-water and another maidservant anointed Śrī Rādhikā's body, that looked like the lightning showered by a monsooncloud of nectarean elegance, with this unguent, expertly checking with her eyes if her service was done well.

surabhitām alakī drava lepanaiḥ
mṛdula pāṇitalālaghu gharṣaṇaiḥ
vyadhita kācana tac cikuraṁs tadā
rucira mārjana mārjana medurān (20)

Another maidservant massaged Śrī Rādhikā's hair with her handpalms, using myrobalan-shampoo mixed with other fragrant substances. With her calm movements she made this hair very smooth and beautiful.

atha puraḥ sphaṭikāplava vedikām
ṛtim atīm abhitaḥ parivāhinīm
ibha-gatir viśatī kurute sma tam sva
susamāñcana kāñcana kāntikām (21)

Śrī Rādhikā then sat down on a crystal bathingdais in front of Her, surrounded by Her attending maidservants. When She climbed on this dais with the elegant steps of an elephant, Her own luster (caused by Her now uncovered limbs) coloured the dais (and the surrounding four walls) golden.

upari tac chiraśo'mbubhir ekayā
ghaṭamukhāl laghu dhāratayārpitaiḥ
karatala dvayato mamṛje muhur
kaca-tatiḥ parayā parayā mudā (22)
ghana-rasokṣanato dara kuñcita
sumaralambita nīla patākikā
dyuti-bharam puraṭa dhvaja eva te
tanumiṣād atanod atanor nu kim (23)

As Śrī Rādhikā sat down, one maidservant (who sat on the low wall behind the dais) poured little streams of water over Her head and another maidservant most blissfully massaged Her hair with both her hands. In this way Śrī Rādhikā's body looked like Cupid's shining golden banner, and Her loosened hair looked like a slightly flapping blue flag hanging over it, sprinkled by the raincloud of the bathingwater.

kṛta mṛjeṣvakhilāvayaveṣu tām samucitāmbubhir unnata saurabhaiḥ
snapayituṁ muhur eva tad ālibhiḥ pravavṛte vavṛte ca jaya-svanaḥ (24)

When the maidservants had massaged all of Śrī Rādhikā's limbs with very fragrant water, the *sakhīs* commenced Her big shower while the maidservants surrounded Her and chanted : "Jaya! Jaya!"

harimaṇimayatāṁ cikurordhvagāṁ
vadana sannihitaṁ bahu ratnatām
karatalopari vaidrumatāṁ kuca dvayam
aho yad aho nava haimatām (25)

When the *sakhīs* thus showered Śrī Rādhikā with water from a crystal jug, Her hair was reflected in the jug like sapphires, Her face like different gems (the nose, eyes, lips etc.), Her handpalms like (red) corals and Her breasts like gold (while the *sakhīs* showered the water over Her *brahma-randhra* (the crown of Her head) Śrī Rādhikā covered Her face with Her hands, afraid that the water would flow into Her nose or Her mouth).

jaghana vāsasi puṣkara piṇḍatāṁ bhajad iva sphaṭikodaka bhājanam
vividha rūpakam ekam api śriyā tanusabhājana bhājanatāṁ yayau (26)

Śrī Rādhikā's buttocks, that were covered by a white cloth, looked like a waterball in the transparent crystal jug, attaining oneness in colour with it, but difference in form when the jug came close to Her body. (Aho! Blessed is Śrī Rādhikā's body! Even insignificant things become glorious by being in touch with it! Where is that cheap crystal jug, and where are all those jewels that are created from it by being reflected in Śrī Rādhikā's body?)

sthira taḍil latikā dhṛta mauktikāny udacinot
pṛṣad ambu mṛja miṣāt
varatano śarad abhra nibhāṁśukaiḥ
kara dhṛtaiḥ pramadāt pramadāvaliḥ (27)

When these blissful maidens rubbed the drops of water from Śrī Rādhikā's body after the shower, it looked as if pearl-fruits (the waterdrops) were wiped from a steady vine of lightning (Śrī Rādhikā's body) by a white autumnal cloud (the towel).

nirudakī kṛtaya'ṁśuka veṣṭanaṁ
kaca-tatir gamitāpi kayāpyabhāt
suranadīs tṛtayāpi kim u tviṣo
ravijayā vijayāya vitenire (28)

When one maidservant tied Śrī Rādhikā's hair in a cloth to squeeze out the water, it looked as if the Yamunā (the hair) was covered by the Gaṅgā (the towel), but still defeated that Gaṅgā by emerging from inside of it, extending her luster.

atha tayā nirapīḍyata sa laghu bhrami vaśād apa udgīrati muhuḥ
grasanataḥ kim u candrikayā'rudad ghanatamo visaro viṣa rociṣā (29)

This maidservant softly beat Śrī Rādhikā's hair with this towel to make the water drip out. It was as if dense darkness (the hair) was weeping, being swallowed by the moonbeams (the towel) that are white like lotus-stems.

parijahau rucirāṁśuka veṣṭitā dharatanuḥ sudṛg āplavanāmbaram
mama guṇaḥ surabhis tanu mānasa vitirasa tirasād imam ādade (30)

Śrī Rādhikā then dressed from Her waist down in a fine gown, dropping Her wet bathing dress on the ground. Mother earth (lovingly) accepted that dress (that fell on her) and attained its fragrance, thinking: "Fragrance is my quality (*puṇyo gandha pṛthivyāṁ,* B. Gītā) and beautiful-eyed Rādhikā's bathing dress has given me that quality with all the fragrant oils that touched it during Her bath!"

adhivitarditalaṁ lalanāmaṇiś cakita
dṛk dara kuñcita vigrahā
vyakirad aṅguli campaka korakaiḥ
śirasijān mukha sanmukha sannatān (31)

Śrī Rādhikā, the jewel of all ladies, whose body was slightly bent and whose eyes were startled, removed the hairs from Her beautiful face with Her fingers, that resembled the buds of golden Campaka-flowers.

kara-yuga kalitānta taṭa-dvayāmbara
varāhati nirdhuta kuntalā
ghana-rasa trasa reṇumayaṁ nabho
vyadhita sādhita sāra rucaścatāḥ (32)
sthira taḍid vratati nija śākhayor
vimala candrikayā kṛta sakhyayoḥ
yugamudasya muhuḥ prajahāra
kiṁ ghanatamo ṅatamojasitūnnatām (33)

Śrī Rādhikā held the towel with both Her hands (fearfully looking here and there, fearing that someone might be watching Her), striking Her washed hairlocks with it, filling the sky with waterdrops that flew here and there. This looked very beautiful, as if the two branches of a steady lightning-vine (Śrī Rādhikā's hands) had made friends with the spotless moonglow (the towel) to strike the dense darkness (the hair), making it splendidly bright (creating light) and bent down[3].

rucira kuñcana saṁvṛtam ūrdhvata
stanam adhaḥ prapadāvadhi lambi sā

paridadhe'ruṇa sūtra sitāntaram pravaram
ambaramañcita citravat (34)

Then Śrī Rādhikā was dressed in a petticoat with various pictures on it, that hung down to Her feet, with beautiful folds on the top, formed by a crimson string.

kanaka bindumatī navaśāṭikā ghanarucis
tad upary ati didyute
yad abhiveṣṭanam eva mukunda dṛṅ
niranurodhana rodhanamucyate (35)

On top of that She was dressed in a new cloud-blue *sārī* with golden spots on it (called Dāḍiyā in Vraja), seeing which Mukunda's eyes would be caught and obstructed.

aguru dhūma kulaṁ gurukeśa bhāk tad avaśeṣa rasaṁ lihad udyayau
svarati ṛdvi bhaven nahi kasya vā samahatā mahatām anusevayā (36)

The remaining water dripped from Svāminī's long hair-locks, making the *aguru*-smoke ascend from it to heaven. Aho! Who does not take part in the constant service of great souls?

vidhumukhīṁ bhṛśam ucchalitair vṛtām
dyutibhaṭaiḥ puraṭāsanam āśritām
paricaraty upagamya sudevyadhāt
sakalayā kalayā mahitā mudam (37)
adhiśiro'dhi samarpita saṅkucad vikasad
unmukha savya karodare
itara pāṇiga kaṅkatikā'grato dara
vikṛṣya vikṛṣya kacāny adhāt (38)

Then moon-faced Rādhikā, surrounded by the soldiers of Her bright luster, sat down on Her golden chair and the expert and artful Sudevī blissfully came up to Her, placed her left hand on the top of Her head and gently combed Her hair with a comb she held in her right hand. When she combed, she opened her left hand and otherwise she contracted it.

kanaka jāla vikīrṇa yaṁānujā salila-pūravaro vitano'pi kim
mukulita sphuṭitāṅ mukhe patan kavalito balitodayavaty abhūt (39)

It was as if the stream of the Yamunā was dragged by a golden net (the comb dragging the black hair), falling on the sometimes blooming, sometimes closed lotus-flower of Her face, as if swallowing it.

subhaga kaṅkatikā kalitā'likād uparitaḥ
prabhayaidhata rekhikā
lalita puccha-yugaṁ samayā śiras
tanutamā nutamārganibhātanoḥ (40)

With a beautiful comb Sudevī made the part in Śrī Rādhikā's hair above Her forehead. In this way Her two braids were divided by a narrow path in the form of a *rekhikā* (line of *sindūra*) that was praised by Cupid.

sapadi mūrtimatī kim u mādhurī suranadī hari hṛt kari kelaye
parijanākṣitaris tripathodayā smaradamī vahatir vahatisma sā (41)

The remembrance of this *rekhikā* destroys all sinful reactions. Is it sweetness personified, or is it the Gaṅgā where the elephant of Hari's heart can play? Or is it the triple pathway where the boats of Her friends' eyes are floating?

lalitayā'tha puraḥ sthitayā śiro-maṇir ihopari sādhutayā'rpitāḥ
viruruce kaca-santatasāvalāvina ivodayito dayito yathā (42)
tamabhitaḥ spṛśati nava mauktikāvalir abhād adhirekham api sthitā
uḍuṭati ravim āpa vihāya kiṁ hima-ruciṁ parito'paritoṣataḥ (43)

Lalitā stood in front of Śrī Rādhikā, placing a beautiful crestjewel (named Śis-phula in Vraja) on Her shining head, that rose like the sun on the dense darkness of Her hair, that is very dear to him. (If someone says: "Why doesn't this sun-like crest-jewel destroy the darkness of Rādhikā's hair just as the sun destroys the darkness in the sky?", then the answer is: "The sun in the sky is *timirāri*, the enemy of darkness, and this (crestjewel-)sun is the friend of darkness; that's why the darkness embraces him!") All around this crestjewel were strings of new pearls that touched the part with the *rekhā*. It looked as if the stars got cold and displeased from serving the moon and therefore began to serve the sun, to get some warmth.

vinihitālaka cumbita mauktikātanu
dhanu sadṛśī na lalāṭikā
sacala śaibala budbuda pālyasau
mukhasudhā sarasaḥ sarasac chabeḥ (44)

The ornament which is placed where the part reaches the forehead is named *lalāṭikā*. Its pearls looked like Cupid's bow and kissed Śrī Rādhikā's curly locks. It looked as if the moss (hair) on a lake of nectar (the face) was kissed by foam (the pearls).

milita tat tad upāntima sūtravaty
atha sudevy atha puṣpa vicitritā
kaca-tatiḥ sudṛśo vara veṇy abhūt
madhuramāprasṛtaṁ prasṛtaṁ yayā (45)

"Sudevī bound beautiful-eyed Rādhikā's hair with the pearl-string that was attached to Her crestjewel, and with the pearlless ends of Her *lalāṭikā* and made Her braid, that fell down to Her thighs without letting any hair out, decorating it with different sweet flowers that came out here and there.

vidhur agān mukhatāṁ tapasāvaman nija kalaṅka kalāṅkim ihoddhataḥ
iyam amīlita veṇir abhūd gatā caraṇa lambitatāṁ vitatāṁśubhiḥ (46)

It looked as if the moon threw out all of its spots after performing penances and had attained the position of Śrī Rādhikā's spotless moonlike face. The thrown-out spots hung down as Her braid, that touched Her feet out of gratitude (towards Karuṇāmayi Rādhikā, for accepting them as Her braid. Although the braid reached only until Rādhikā's thighs, the hands of this braid still wanted to touch Her feet out of shame).

vividha rocira yoji tad agrataḥ
kanaka hīraka mauktika citritā
mṛdula paṭṭa lasac camarī-tatiḥ
vikaca sārasa sārasabhā sabhā (47)
hari manoratha kalpalatordhvato
yam avarohamadhatta tad agrataḥ
vijitam indrapurām madano'sinod
vara rucāmara cāmaram eva kim (48)

At the end of this braid Sudevī hung a lotusflower made of various wonderful diamonds, pearls and gold (named Fondanā in Vraja) on a soft silken string. Thus Śrī Rādhikā looked like the wishyielding vine of Hari's desires, having a *jaṭā* (hanging root, like those of a Banyan-tree) on top in the form of Her braid, and a tail at the end which was brought by Cupid after he conquered the abode of Indra. (In other words, if a king finds any tree or vine other than a Banyan-tree which has hanging roots they hang a whisk on the end of this hanging root, understanding that there must be a treasure under that tree. Since there is a whisk hanging on Rādhikā's braid Cupid is making it known that under this dangling braid there is a great treasure. Under Śrī Rādhikā's feet is a great treasure to be attained by Her worshipers.)

kim u sudevy ayi devy asi bandhada
dṛḍham abadhyata bālatatir yataḥ
brutam imaṁ harir eva vimokṣyati
sva rati-lakṣaṇataḥ kṣaṇatāḥ kṣaṇāt (49)

Lalitā jokingly told Sudevī: "O Sudevi! Are you Bandhada-devī (Māyādevī, who binds all the conditioned souls, or: the goddess who binds the braid), who firmly binds all the *bālas* (living beings, or Śrī Rādhikā's hair)? Only Hari can give *mokṣa* (to those living beings, or: only He can open Śrī Rādhikā's braid) whenever He feels like it (by giving the experience of His *rati*, devotion - to the devotees, and sexual satisfaction - to Śrī Rādhikā)!"

idam abhāṣata savya karaṁ dadhaty
adhiśiro lalitāsyam udasya sā
tilakayanty alikaṁ dhṛta vartike-tarakarā
rakarāji mṛgīdṛśāḥ (50)
mada yutāgurava drava maṇḍalāntara
lasat tanu nāgaja paṅkajām
vyalikhad aindava candana bindu-yuṅ
madhura citraka citrakam āśu sā (51)

After saying this, Lalitā placed her left hand on fawn-eyed Śrī Rādhikā's head, slightly lifting Her head and holding a cup of musk in her right hand. With a pencil she mixed that musk with *aguru* and made a circle on Śrī Rādhikā's forehead with this mixture. In the middle of this circle she drew an eight-petalled lotus with *sindūra* and in that circle she swiftly made sweet pictures (*tilaka*) with spots of sandalwoodpaste and camphor.

apahṛtāṁ vijitāt kim umāpateḥ
śaśikalām alikaṁ vyadhitātmabhūḥ
iha punaḥ kalitāṅga viśeṣakam śuci-rasaṁ
cira-sambhṛtam ādadhe (52)

(Beholding this *tilaka*, it seems as if) Cupid defeated Lord Śiva and took the moonbeam from His forehead, using it to make Śrī Rādhikā's halfmoon-crest forehead, where he carried his erotic *rasa* since long.

puraṭa paṭṭavare'laka mātṛkākṣaravṛtaṁ
mara-yantram idaṁ vabhau
kim uruvarṇam anuśrita saubhagam
priyatam ādara modara kārmaṇam (53)

Śrī Rādhikā's forehead looked like a golden slab covered by Her curly locks that were like magic syllables written on that slab, and was beautified by the multicoloured *smara yantra* (Cupid's instrument) *tilaka* that controls and gladdens Her Priyatama.

sarasamānagathaindava
vartikā kalitayā'ñjana rekhikayā'kṣiṇī
sapadi pakṣma nikuñcana mādhurim
rasanayā sanayā lihatāṁ katham (54)

Then Lalitā applied eyeliner mixed with camphor around Śrī Rādhikā's eyes from a cup. How can any poet's tongue relish (lick) the sweetness of Śrī Rādhikā's curved eyelids then?

kiraṇa-mālini na prabhuteti tat priyatame naline yad ime tamaḥ
sva mahasā vṛṇuter va tad apy aho ruciratā ciratāvalataitayoḥ (55)

Seeing Śrī Rādhikā's lotuslike eyes with eyeliner on it seems as if the enemy of the sun, dense darkness had thought: "In this way the power of the sun will fade!", and surrounded the friends of the sun, the lotusflowers (eyes) as the eyeliner. But how amazing! Despite this, the luster of these lotuslike eyes simply continues forever!"

satṛṣatāv agamādayam arpitaḥ sapadi kṛṣṇaruci drava eva vām
iti jagāda dṛśau kuṭila bhruvaḥ smitamukhī lalitā lalitākṣaram (56)

(Pretending to speak with Śrī Rādhikā's anointed eyes Lalitā jokingly told Śrī Rādhikā: "O Eyes! If you ask me: "Why are you smearing us, the best of all limbs, with this dirty ink, while you adorn all the other limbs of Rādhikā with gems and pearls?", then I will tell you:) "I know how much you yearn for black substances (you yearn to look at Kṛṣṇa), therefore I have offered you this black substance." Hearing these *lalitākṣara* (lovely syllables) from smiling faced Lalitā, Śrī Rādhikā angrily knitted Her eyebrows.

sapharike ruci rāñjana rañjite
ayi bhaviṣyati kṛṣṇa ghanodgame
sapadi nṛtya gatiṁ tanutaṁ madān
madhura-bhāva kalāva kalāghavām (57)

(Lalitā again told Śrī Rādhā's eyes:) "O nicely anointed fish-like eyes! Now that the black Kṛṣṇa-cloud will arise You should dance skillfully, sweetly and blissfully (not caring about anyone)!"

iti tayā hasitā hasitāṁśu mukhyājani yā mama dṛṅ nahi lāsikā
bhavad apāṅga naṭa pravarādana dhyayana śālitayā'li tayā'tra kim (58)

Hearing these jokes, moonfaced Rādhikā said: "Lalite! How can My eyes become dancers unless your glances, that are the best of dancers, teach them? (There's no need to praise My bungling eyes!)"

vividha ratnayujā'rcana nāsikā śikharam āśu tayā varamuktayā
urasi sābharaṇoḍuri bindunā sva ramaṇī ramaṇīyatayā dadhe (59)
dyuti nṛpaḥ sa tadā'bharaṇac chalad puraṭa paṅkaja paṭṭa varāsanaḥ
nikhila durvasa dṛṅ nagare harer adhicakara sadā rasadāspade (60)

Then Lalitā swiftly placed Śrī Rādhikā's nose-pearl, that was inset with different jewels (that resembled white flowers used for Her worship), on Her nose. In this way it looked as if the moon took his wife the star on his chest as an ornament. These pearl ornaments were like an effulgent king sitting on a golden lotus throne, giving great joy to Hari's city-like eyes, controlling them, although they are otherwise hard to control.

lavaṇima vratater nava bījim ity avaci cīṣutayākṣi vilāsinoḥ
muhur ihaiva bhavat kim aghadviṣā prahitayo hitayor atilolatā (61)
vicakilojvala vartula koraka smara-śaras tila-puṣpa niṣaṅgataḥ
prasṛta eva mukunda dhṛte pariplavakaro'vakarojjhita eṣṭa kim (62)

Are Kṛṣṇa's two playful eyes thirsty after Śrī Rādhikā's nose pearl, thinking it to be the seed of a vine of elegance, having been sent there by Him? Or are they Cupid's round bud-like arrows (the pearls) that were coming out of a quiver of sesame flowers (the nose) showing their great opulence in order to destroy Mukunda's patience?

madhurimāmṛta yug baḍiśaṁ tvam
asy ayi vibhūṣaṇa dṛk śapharaṁ hare
jhaṭiti karṣam adād iti tat tayā nijagade
jagad edhita saubhagam (63)

Lalitā jokingly said (to the most fortunate nose-ornaments in the world): "O nose-pearl! You are a globule (bait) with sweet nectar that adorns Hari's fish-like eyes! Quickly attract Him, so that the world can announce Your good fortune!"

grasati yas tv anurāga samudra bhūḥ
kulabhuvāṁ dhṛti bhī-mati sampuṭam
baḍiśam apy abhikarṣatu vā sa sāspadam
ado damado bhuvi tasya kaḥ (64)

Then Viśākhā said: "Lalite! Those fish-like eyes of Hari, that live in the ocean of constant passion (*anurāga*) even swallow the baskets of the housewives' patience and fear, and they will also swallow this globule. (O Lalite! It is just opposite to what you said!) There is no one in the world who can defeat Hari's fish-like eyes!"

iti sakhī yagavāg amṛta pibanty api
naṭad bhrukuṭi sphuṭam āha sā
ayi kṛṣe sa yuvāṁ ca parasparam
bhavatha karmatayā matayā sthitaḥ (65)

Hearing these nectarean words of Her friends, Śrī Rādhikā frowned Her eyebrows and said: "(O Lalite! O Viśākhe!) Why don't you engage in mutual *kṛṣa* (attraction or cultivation)? You can attract Kṛṣṇa and Kṛṣṇa can attract you!"

upari cakrikayoḥ saśalākayor yugam
adho maṇi-kuṇḍalayor dvayaṁ
śravaṇayor avataṁsita kundayor
vyādhita śodhita śocir ivāṁśukaiḥ (66)

After that, Lalitā hung hoop-earrings, that shone like clean garments, around Śrī Rādhikā's ears that were adorned with Kunda-flowers with jewelled earrings hanging under them.

kim atanu druma pallava tallajāv
avibhṛtāṁ vibhṛtān dyuti śīdhubhiḥ
maṇimaya stavakān stavakāryagha
dviṣa dala pramada pramadapradān (67)

Are these the best two sprouts of Cupid's tree, that give joy to the Kṛṣṇa-bee, bearing beautiful clusters full of jewels and honey, or are they Śrī Rādhikā's hoop-earrings?

makarike likhatī mṛdu gaṇḍayor makara
ketanam āhvayad eva sā
yam adharāruṇa pallavam arpayan
rasamaye samaye harir arcayet (68)
makarayor vara kuṇḍalatābhṛtor
aghahara śruti-sevi-yugaṁ tayoḥ
makarike svayam eva patisyatām
rasakalā sakalā saphalā'stu vām (69)

Lalitā then painted Makara-fishes on Śrī Rādhikā's soft cheeks that will surely call Makara Ketu (Cupid), saying: "Please come, sit here and Hari will worship you during the most romantic time (of loveplay), offering His red, sproutlike lips to you!" Then Lalitā jokingly told Śrī Rādhikā on the pretext of addressing the Makarī-pictures: "O Makarikās (female Makara-fishes)! When Kṛṣṇa's Makara-earrings fall on you, you must accept them as your husbands! Then all your arts will have become successful! They are *aghahara śruti sevi* (Aghahara is Kṛṣṇa, or destroying all sins, and *śruti-sevi* means: they hang under Kṛṣṇa's ears, or: they are served by the Vedas. You will become very fortunate with such a husband!)."

śravaṇa hīrakaṇe pratibimbite nava kapola sudhā sarasor ime
caṭula lājidhiyā vivṛtānane kim udite mudite bhavatur jaḍe (70)

(When beholding the face on which Lalitā has painted two Makarī-fishes it seems that:) The diamonds that hung on Śrī Rādhikā's ears on the fresh nectarlake of Her cheeks, being reflected there, looked like barleycorns and the Makarī-fishes on Her cheeks opened their mouths to eat them. Have they now become stunned of bliss when these diamonds arose?

iti sakhī gaditā'ha sudṛn mama
tvacapale sarase mṛdule ime
na hi tayoḥ sadṛśau sakhi mā tanu
tvam iha tat sahasā sahasā giraḥ (71)

Hearing Lalitā's joking words, faireyed Rādhikā said: "*Sakhi*! These Makarī-fishes of mine are motionless and soft, they cannever be compared to the dry, restless Makara-earrings on Kṛṣṇa's ears! Why are you joking like this?"

nija bhujaṅgada kuṇḍalakorasi praṇayi śāyaya kuṇḍalayor yugam
kaṭhinayo kaṭhine nanu lolatāpy aramet paramebhyatayā tayoḥ (72)

"Keep Kṛṣṇa's snake-like earrings lying on the hard chest of Your snake-like armlets, thus they will attain the jewel of women (Śrī Rādhikā's armlets), becoming most wealthy and giving up their restlessness! (Anyone who attains good association will become free from faults and endowed with all virtues)"

cibuka madhyam abhūn mada bindu-
yuk svakara saṁhṛta bāndhavam eva kim
timira ḍimbakam aṅkataṭe svayam
sadayatodayato vidhur agrahīt (73)

When Lalitā put a muskdrop on Śrī Rādhikā's chin, it looked as if the moon, removing the darkness with its rays, mercifully kept this child of darkness on his own chest (the chin).

madhurimābdhi bhavāsya sudhānidhau
yad iha kṛṣṇa-ruciḥ pṛśato'ṅkitaḥ
tad avagamya sa kṛṣṇa imaṁ nijaṁ
sarasayaṁ rasayan rasayen muhuḥ (74)

(Again Lalitā jokingly said:) "This blue drop is like the full moon rising from an ocean of sweetness. Seeing this, Kṛṣṇa will consider it to be a seal declaring it to be His, and He will personally come to rejoice in experiencing its flavour again and again!"

kanaka ketaka patra puṭīkalā piśuna koṇa-yugā nava bimbabhṛt
vyaraci yā'tmabhuvā'tra kim ābhayā'tiśayitaḥ śayita stanayo'linaḥ (75)

It seemed as if Cupid had made a leafcup (Śrī Rādhikā's chin) with artistically made golden (two-cornered) Ketakī-leaves, placing Bimbafruits (Śrī Rādhikā's lips) above them and laying a beautiful baby blackbee (the muskdrop) under it.

sitakarāguru candana kuṅkumais tanutaracchada pallava ballayaḥ
varatanoḥ stanayor atha citrayā rucira citratayā'tra tayāṅkitā (76)
madana cakravarau vinimajya kiṁ kalita śaibalakau sahasotthitauḥ
rasa sarasy uru khelayitā yayaur bakaripu karipuṣkara dor bhavet (77)

Then Citrā-devī made pictures of beautiful tenderleafed vines on fairlimbed Rādhikā's breasts with camphor, *aguru, kuṅkuma* and sandalwoodpulp. Then these breasts resembled Cupid's Cakravāka-birds, that were covered by moss (the musk-pictures), coming out of a pond of *rasa* (Śrī Rādhikā's divine body) after having first been immersed in it (before She reached adolescence). When the mad Kṛṣṇa-elephant sees this, He wants to play with them with His trunk (arms).

sapadi campakavallikayaikataḥ parata aindava lekhikayā bhujau
maṇimayāṅgadinau racitau yathā sitavidhūta vidhū viṣa tallajau (78)

Campakalatā and Indulekhā then placed two jewelled armlets on Śrī Rādhikā's arms, dividing these arms like the full moon cutting two lotusstems in two.

anumime svabhṛte sudṛśe dadāsy ātulam angam ihāṅgada kasyacit
itaratā'nṛtam asya bhavādyasity anusado nu sadoṣatayocyase (79)
hari-dṛśaṁ gatam etad anaṅgadam sakhi
tad aṅgadam apy acirad bhavet
ati vicitritayā paramārtha dṛk bhavati no'vatino kim udāratām (80)

(On the pretext of addressing the armlets the *sakhīs* jokingly told Śrī Rādhikā:) "O armlets! If you don't bring someone's matchless body here to offer to She who wears You, all the people will find fault in you and your name *aṅgada* (= giver of the body, or: armlet) will not be accomplished! (Only the other meaning of the word *aṅgada*, he who cuts the body in two, will be accomplished) (Hearing Campakalatā's joking words, Indurekhā said:) *Sakhi*! If these armlets appear before Hari's eyes they will immediately be *anaṅgada* (giving erotic bliss), fulfilling our highest desires in a very wonderful way! (Because when Hari becomes lusty after seeing these armlets He will give His body to She who wears them; there will be *raho-līlā* and we will have our greatest desires fulfilled by seeing that; therefore praise those armlets with a blissful heart and do not falsely blame them, calling them *aṅgachedī*, cutters of the body!) Who can be more generous than that?"

iti sakhī-dvaya narma dara-smitā
nata-dṛg āha kim aṅgada vārtayā
yad iha vo'ṅgacaye'ṅgadatā hareḥ
sphuṭam anaṅgadatā gadatāpyabhūt (81)

Hearing these jokes of Her friends, Śrī Rādhikā smiled slightly, shyly lowered Her eyes and said: "Allright friends, no need to elaborate on these armlets anymore! Your ~~limbs have~~ the three qualities of *aṅgadatva* (ability to give one's body) *anaṅgadatva* (ability to incite erotic bliss) and *agadatva* (giving medicine against lusty affliction), that are also seen in Hari and the armlets!"

nidadhatur valabhin maṇi-kalpitāḥ savayasau maṇi mañjula cūlikāḥ
kanaka citrita rekhikayāñcitā adhikalāvi kalāvikalāḥ samāḥ (82)
nakha marāla sutair apasāritāpyuparigair ati lālasayaiva kim
kamalakaṇṭham upāśrayatāsitot-pala-
dala bhramarā bhramarāvaliḥ (83)

Then the *sakhīs* hung charming sapphire bangles inset with lines of gold, that please the ears with their sweet jingling (at certain times), on Śrī Rādhikā's wrists. These bangles looked like blackbees being chased away by the baby-swan-like nails on Her lotuslike hands. Now they are fearfully embracing the necks of these lotuslike wrists, that give mercifully shelter to them, thinking them to be blue lotusflowers (otherwise they would have chased them away also)!

balaya kaṅkaṇa dambhata eva sā
priya-vapur vasana dyuti mālikāḥ
sva maṇi-bandha gatā akarod iyam
japa-kṛtāṁ prakṛtiḥ prakṛti stutā (84)

Śrī Rādhikā's bracelets and bangles represent a *japa-mālā* of Kṛṣṇa's bluish complexion and His golden dress. She naturally praises Kṛṣṇa in this way, doing *japa* of 'blue' and 'gold'. (It is natural for a person who does *japa* to keep the the *japamālā* around the wrists out of great attachment to the beloved deity).

hari cakoraka bandhana hetave madana śākunikāsita pāśatām
amṛta vallari pallava mūlagaḥ pratisaro'ti sarocirasāvagāt (85)

Just as a hunter spreads out his net to catch birds, Śrī Rādhikā's (black) handstring (named Pahuci in Vraja) looked like a net spread out by the hunter Cupid from the roots of the leaves on the nectar-vine of Śrī Rādhikā's hands to catch the Cakora-bird named Hari.

karadaleṣu dhṛtā vabhur ūrmikās
trayam ṛte varam atra tu dakṣiṇam
kim u nakhendubhir abja yuge
śrite nava vale vadhale'py uḍumaṇḍalī (86)

Śrī Rādhikā wears jewelled rings on each finger, except for on the thumb, index- and middlefinger of Her right hand. It seems as if Her moonlike nails have taken shelter of Her lotuslike hands. Usually the moon and the lotusflower cannot be seen together, but on Śrī Rādhikā's lotuslike hands the nails perk like moons and Her fingerrings shine like stars surrounding these moons. (One may ask: "Why does the moon take shelter of his rival, the lotus?" The answer is: "Śrī Rādhikā bestowed more fortune on the lotushands than on the moon-like nails, therefore it is as if the moon-like nails fearfully take shelter of these lotushands, recognizing their prominent power. Seeing this, the star-like fingerrings, that are like the wives of the moon-like nails, surround Śrī Rādhikā's fingers, that are like the petals of Her lotuslike hands.)

upari paryyuta mañjula mauktikam
mṛdutamaṁ kucayor api dhāyakam
aruṇa kañcukam āśu viśākhayā
vinihitaṁ nihitaṁ hariṇī dṛśe (87)
hari vaśīkṛti kautukināṁ varaḥ kim
ayam antarato bahir udgataḥ
hṛd avanāv anurāgo-bhaṭo'tanon
nijabalaṁ javalaṅghita dharmabhūḥ (88)

Then Viśākhā swiftly placed a very soft, crimson blouse embroidered with charming pearls on fawn-eyed Rādhikā's breasts. The cups of this blouse have the tendency to break religious principles. They are soldiers of passion that protrude from Śrī Rādhikā's heart, showing their might in subduing Lord Hari on the earth of the heart!

maṇisaraiḥ salalāntika kaṇṭhataḥ samucita kamalambibhir uccalaiḥ
abhimatai sudṛśo'pi tayārpitaiḥ kuca-vibhā ca vibhāgaśa edhitā (89)
kanaka kambu viniḥsṛtayā'tanuḥ suranadī salilāmala dhārayā
abhiṣiṣeca śiva pratimā-dvayaṁ kim aghasaṁhati saṁhati hetave (90)

The jewels that hung from fair-eyed Rādhikā's necklace, that was hung there by Viśākhā, looked very beautiful and divided Her breasts. It looked as if Cupid, to apologise for his offenses to Lord Śiva, (or to destroy Kṛṣṇa's patience, as Aghasaṁhati also means Kṛṣṇa), poured spotless Gaṅgā-water (the pearls on the necklace) over two Śiva-*liṅgas* (Śrī Rādhikā's two breasts) with a golden conchshell (Śrī Rādhikā's neck).

hṛdaya viṣṇupade padakaṁ dhruvaṁ
mukuravaddhari dhāma dhurādharam
nyadhita sā bhuvi yasya mahārghyatā
sadṛśatoparamā paramā bhavet (91)

After this, Viśākhā placed a Dhruva (steady) medal, that was as clear as a mirror and that could reflect Hari's form (*haridhāma dhurādhara*) on Śrī Rādhikā's chest, that was Viṣṇupada (the place assigned to Kṛṣṇa) as a great oblation to the earth, just as the Dhruva-star and the Haridhāma (the form of Lord Viṣṇu) dwell in the Viṣṇupada (sky).

jaghana mūrdhani tuṅgima vidyayā
tatam anahyata sārasataṁ rasāt
mahakṛtā mahatā madanena kim
nija gṛhe jagṛhe maṇi toraṇam (92)
trivali vīci samucchalanac chabi
cchurita nābhi-sarovara rodhasi
smara madān madhura svanitaiṣṭa
kim sarasa sārasa sāra tarāvaliḥ (93)

The (little) bells that Tuṅgavidyā (passionately) hung around Śrī Rādhikā's buttocks looked like jewelled gates with which Cupid locks off his own home. (And if someone asks: Why should have Cupid have a jewelled festival-gate in front of his house every day?, then the answer is: Rich people have festivals almost always. When one sees these small bells bound to

Rādhikā's buttocks one thinks:) Are these bells like *rasika* cranebirds that are overcome by lust, and that show their opulence by sweetly singing on the shore of Śrī Rādhikā's like-like navel, that is filled with the waves of Her three-lined belly, that enhance the lustre of these cranes?

nyadhita raṅga ratī maṇi nūpure
rucira haṁsakalāṅghri sarojayo
atha tad aṅguliṣu pravarormikā
dhvani-yutā niyutārghyamaṇīlitāḥ (94)
madhurimaiva tadhad vividhābhidhaḥ
sva saphalīkṛtaye padayor luthan
raṇa raṇetyaparān api tad guṇān
sukṛtinaḥ kṛtinaḥ kiṁ atuṣṭuvat (95)

Then Raṅgadevī hung jewelled anklebells with nice *haṁsaka*-ornaments on Śrī Rādhikā's lotusfeet and sweetly jingling golden and jewelled rings on Her toes. Sweetness itself rolled at Śrī Rādhikā's feet to make itself successful in different ways. Did it appear as Śrī Rādhikā's foot-ornaments to engage other fortunate and wise souls to praise the glories of these lotusfeet, making sounds like '*raṇa raṇa*'?

nakha śikhāṅghri talādy uru śoṇimāpy ahaha yāvaka rañjitatām agāt
bhavati kiṁ dara dīpaja rociṣā dinakṛto na kṛto manujair mahaḥ (96)

Someone may ask: "Śrī Rādhikā's nails and footsoles are naturally reddish, why (do these very expert *sakhīs*) bother smearing red footlac on them?" Then the answer is: "Are there no people worshipping the radiant sun with a tiny wick?"

sva dayitaṁ nalinaṁ padatāṁ nayan
yad aruṇo'pyabhajat tad alaktatām
paramahaṁsakayor avadhūtayos
tad abhavan naṭanaṁ naṭa nanditam (97)

That sunlike footlac has merged with his beloved lotus-flowers, taking shelter of Śrī Rādhikā's footsoles. Seeing this, the *paramahaṁsas* (anklebells, or a class of learned wise men) and *avadhūtas* (they who are shaking, or a class of mystics), learned sages who desire this kind of liberation, dance in ecstasy. They have attained a higher bliss than even liberation on Śrī Rādhikā's footsoles! (They think: "We are desiring *brahma-sāyujya*-liberation by entering the sunglobe, who is the crownjewel of the wise, and now we have attained *sāyujya* with his beloved lotus flowers in the form of Śrī Rādhā's feet. In this way we have attained a bliss even higher than the bliss of liberation!")

aham ayogya iti tvayi mā śucis tam anurāgy asi yāvaka saubhagam
hari lalāṭa talālaka rañjanāt śubhavato bhavato bhavitā'dhikam (98)

The *sakhīs* (Lalitā) said: "O Footlac! Don't lament, thinking: 'I'm unqualified!' The (red) colour of your passion reaches as far as Hari's forehead and His locks (when He places Śrī Rādhikā's feet on His head), increasing their beauty!"

iti sakhī vacasā paruṣeva tām vidhura dhīr api sā kuṭilekṣaṇa
bhṛśam atarjad abhūd prabalojasotkalikayā'likayā yad upāsitā (99)

Hearing these words of Her friends, Śrī Rādhikā (whose *sthāyi-bhāva* was *anurāga*) pretended to be angry. Her eyes became crooked and She anxiously chastised these *sakhīs*. (If someone asks: "Why is Śrī Rādhikā chastising Her friends while they are serving Her *rasa-kathā*?" Then the answer is: "The *sakhī* of Her own powerful eagerness is controlling Her completely, and thus She cannot even tolerate the *rasa-kathā* of Her other *sakhīs*!")

nija guṇaṁ para mūrdhani yat kṣiyanty upahasaty ayi tat tvayi yujyate
tvam api kiṁ pramade na hasiṣyase
yadi januḥ samayā sa mayāpyata (100)

She said: "*Sakhi*! Let Me joke about you when you colour someone else's head with the lac from your footsoles! If I ever get that chance, I would also ridicule you! Why are you so silly to joke about Me without reason?" (O Lalite! You have become very proud because of attaining all mentioned qualities, that's why you're mocking an unfortunate girl like Me! But you have no reason to mock Me at all, because I have never seen Kṛṣṇa in this lifetime[4]. If, by some stroke of good fortune, I ever get to see Him and I see Him committing *grāmya-dharma* (making love) with you, then I will also ridicule you like that!")

yam anulepa madād rasa mañjarī malayajendu madādi jam ādarāt
sātanu sāhajikātula saurabhā-vali-bhṛto nibhṛto'ñjali kiṅkaraḥ (101)

Rasa Mañjarī then carefully anointed Śrī Rādhikā's body with sandalwoodpulp, camphor, *kuṅkuma* and musk etc. But the king of Śrī Rādhikā's natural bodily fragrance accepted this unguent as a mere servant! (Although there was no real need for the unguents, Rasa Mañjarī applied them anyway out of her great service-attitude)

pravara muktamuro'nvita muktaka srajam adād atha keli saroruham
kara saroruhi yat tulasī rasād urubhayor ubhayos tad abhūd ṛtā (102)

Tulasī Mañjarī hung an Atimukta (Mādhavī)-flowergarland around Śrī Rādhikā's neck and placed Her playlotus in Her lotuslike hand, making both the garland and the playlotus very sweet.(Now there were two kinds of *muktās* on Rādhikā's chest, Her pearl (*muktā*)-necklace and Her Mādhavī-flowergarland, and there were now two lotuses also - Her lotushands and the lotus in Her hand).

vinihito laghu raṅgana mālayā maṇimayo mukuraḥ sudṛśo'grataḥ
tanumaholiḍivāgamayahitām dyutidharābharaṇābharaṇāvalīm (103)

Raṅganamālā placed a jewelled mirror that reflected Her effulgently ornamented body, in front of fair-eyed Rādhikā's face. (By accepting Rādhikā's reflection the mirror had made two ornamented bodies of Rādhikā instead of one)

sva madhurāṅga-tati dyuti vīkṣanonnata
camatkṛti cumbitadhīr hṛdā
abhidadhe vṛṣabhanu-sutā nija
priyatamāyata mānasa vīci vit (104)
ananubhūtacaraḥ kuta āgato
madhurimodadhir eṣa vapuṣy abhūt
katham imaṁ sa dhayan madhusūdano
rasam aho samaho dhṛtim āśrayet (105)

Seeing Her own sweet effulgent limbs in this mirror, astonishment kissed Śrī Rādhikā's mind and heart, and the daughter of Vṛṣabhānu, knowing the waves of Her Priyatama's thoughts, thought to Herself: "Where has this unique ocean of My bodily sweetness come from? How will the *rasika* (relisher) bee Madhusūdana keep calm when He attains this festival of *rasa*?"

rucikaṇīm amṛjaṁ mama yaḥ kadāpy
anubhavān praviśet pramadāmbudhau
priyatamaḥ sa imāṁ suṣamāṁ
yadānubhavitā bhavitā kim u sa ksaṇaḥ (106)

"If He sees the drops of My unpolished luster, My Priyatama will enter into an ocean of bliss! When will that moment come that He can see this beauty?"

kim adhunā tad anīkṣaṇa durbhago'py
udayate chabirāśirasau bahiḥ
bhavati yo viphalo'bhavaro'pi'ko'dhimahi
taṁ mahitaṁ nahi śocati (107)

"Why should that unfortunate luster appear in such abundance without being seen by My Priyatama now? Would anybody in this world whose wealth is wasted not lament over that?"

iti dhṛti-cyuti nīvṛti sa'sinoru
sahasā sahasā sahasāsyayā
priya didṛkṣatayā'likayāś cita prasabhayā
sabhayā sabhayāpyabhūt (108)

As Śrī Rādhikā thought like this, Her blooming girlfriend 'desire to see Kṛṣṇa personified' suddenly arrested Her and forcibly took Her to the domain called 'loss of patience' (it was as if this girlfriend said: "O Rādhe! If You think to Yourself: "I'm a married girl, I must remain calm", then I will abandon You!"). But Śrī Rādhikā became afraid that the assembly of elders would notice it, so She restrained Herself.

atrāntare vrajapurādhipayā'napāya
vātsalya kalpalatayā'tirayān nidiṣṭa
āgatya kundalatikāntikam etad akṣibhṛṅga
pramodakṛtaye kṛtinī vyarājīt (109)

Then Kundalatikā came from Nandīśvara on the order of the Queen of Vraja (Yaśodā) who is like a desirevine of parental affection, just to give joy to Śrī Rādhikā's beelike eyes.

anyonya darśana samudgamana smitāḍhya
śāstānuyoga rabhasonnati sīdhu vṛṣṭiḥ
sadyo vabhūva yata eva tadā tadāli-vṛndaṁ
nananda sama sauhṛda hṛdya rociḥ (110)

The *sakhīs*, who are all equal to Śrī Rādhikā in affection, kindness and luster, all became ecstatic when they experienced the nectar-shower of Rādhikā's and Kundalatā's meeting, their exchange of smiles and their inquiry about eachothers' welfare.

Thus ends the fourth chapter of Śrīla Viśvanātha Cakravartī's "Kṛṣṇa Bhāvanāmṛta Mahākāvya", dealing with Śrī Rādhikā's bath, dressing and ornamentation.

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[1] Śrī Rādhikā's very dear maidservant, or Śrīla Raghunātha dāsa Gosvāmī.

[2] This can also mean that Rati Mañjarī (the sprout of love of God in the heart) removes the *kapaṭa* (*māyā*) from the *bālas* (conditioned souls) and liberates them from *prati karma* (all reactions to fruitive activities).

[3] A Vaiṣṇava has the same quality: Even if he is defeated and he must bown down he looks splendid

[4] This statement shows the limit of *anurāga*, Ed.

CHAPTER FIVE

Śrī Rādhikā Goes To Nandīśvara To Cook For Kṛṣṇa

vrajapura parameśvarī prasādaṁ mayi
sakhi vakti tavodayo hyakasmāt
na śiśira rucinā vinaiva pūrvāṁ
diśam adhirātri sameti kāpi lakṣmīḥ (1)
tad aham anumime nideśa dambhāt
kim api kṛpāmṛtaṁ eva sā vyatārīt
yad idam anupalabhya yan mamātmā svam
api sakhedam avaityanātmanīnam (2)

(Śrī Rādhikā got up to welcome Kundalatā and told her): "*Sakhi*! By Vrajeśvarī's grace you have quickly come here! Your arrival is as indescribably beautiful as the moonrise in the east at nightfall! I understand that Queen Yaśodā showers Me with the nectar of mercy by giving this order! If I had not gotten this order (to cook for Kṛṣṇa) My mind would be so sad that it would have been better for Me to leave My body!"

ajani rasavatī vidhāpanārtha rasavati
te gatir ity avaimi nūnam
atha kim itarathā javādayasīḥ prathamito
'nunayanty amūṁ madāryām (3)

"O Rasavati (humorous girl, or good cook)! I see you have come to take Me there for cooking, but first go to My superiors and ask them for permission and then quickly come back!"

iti sudṛg uditāmṛtaṁ pibantī smita subhagaṁ nijagāda kundavallī
tad ayi sakhi vidhehi tatra yātrām akṛta vilambam itaḥ sahālivṛnda (4)

Drinking the nectar of faireyed Rādhikā's words, Kundalatā blissfully smiled and said: "*Sakhi*! You know it all, so don't delay and come along with me and take Your friends along!"

kim iha gurujanāvaler anujña grahaṇa
vidhāv aṇu-mātram asti kaṣṭam
yad atula dhana dhenu dhānya varṣair
akṛta vaśāṁ svayam eva tāṁ vrajeśā (5)

"*Sakhi*! Don't worry about Your superiors! There won't be the slightest difficulty to get their permission, because Vrajeśvarī Yaśodā controls them with a matchless shower of wealth of barley and cows!"

nirupadhi parama priyo'nu koṭer api nikhilasya janasya goṣṭha bhājaḥ
vrajapati tanayaḥ samīhate yat param iha vipratipattir asti kasya (6)

"And all the people of Vraja are unconditionally favorable to Kṛṣṇa, the prince of Vraja, who is dearer to them than millions of lives, so there's no fear of them either!"

sakhi kim api na veda tat savitrī tad atula rocaka vastu saṁjighṛkṣu
ucitam anucitaṁ svalābha hānī nija parabhāvabhidā yaśo'yaśo vā (7)

"*Sakhi*! Queen Yaśodā (Savitrī) is eager to collect incomparibly tasty things to cook for Kṛṣṇa, not considering personal gain or loss, fame or infamy, her own purpose or that of others! (In other words, even if it is immoral or forbidden for You to go to her house to cook, Vrajeśvarī would not care and take You to her house anyway to cook for Kṛṣṇa)"

pacasi yad api yaś ca tasya bhoktā sa ca tiṣyaty amṛtaṁ sadaiva divyam
iti nikhila pureṣv ati prasiddhis tava kaṁ na camatkaroti bāḍham (8)

"*Sakhi*! Whatever you cook belittles the nectar from heaven! This is known throughout Vraja! Who is not astonished by Your skill in cooking?"

yad avadhi kalayāṁvabhūva sā tvāṁ
munivara-datta varāṁ varāmbujākṣi
tad avadhi tava pāṇi saṁskṛtānnāśana
iratiṁ kvacanāhni nāsya cakre (9)

"O Lotuseyed girl! Ever since Durvāsā Muni bestowed his blessings on You (that whatever You cook will increase the eater's strenght, bliss and longevity) not one day has passed that Vrajeśvarī did not ask You to cook for her son!"

jayati ati ghora daitya yūthaṁ
mṛdula tanuḥ sva parāvubhūyum eṣaḥ
tvad amala kara pakka bhakta bhūkter a
param iyaṁ manute na hetum atra (10)

"Yaśodā thinks there is no other reason that her tender boy defeated all those horrible demons than because of eating the food which is prepared by Your spotless hands!"

śṛṇu param ayi tat tvam atra rādhe
yad avagataṁ sahasāntaraṁ mayāsyāḥ
prati dinam avalokanaṁ vinā te śaśimukhi
khidyati sā yathā sva sūnoḥ (11)

"O Moonfaced One! Listen! Knowing Vrajeśvarī's heart, I tell You: "Every day she is as much afflicted by separation from You as she is by separation from her son!"

sutam anur abhidadhe'vadhehi vijñe
sakhi tad idaṁ na vadasya ayuktam ittham
api tu kulavatītivādabhājāṁ sphuṭam
aparāṅgana gāmityuyuktam (12)
sa ca kula-lalanā sva lampaṭatvaṁ
kṣaṇam api naiva dadhāti devaras te
iti nahi nahi tatra me yiyāsety atha
sudṛśaṁ punar āha kundavallī (13)
sa tu mama sakhi devaro varoru
sphurati ruceva tathā yathābhyadas tvaṁ
tvayi tu ciram alampaṭī bhaviṣyaty ayi
mayi viśvasīhi prakāmam ehi (14)

(Although She was inwardly very happy on hearing Kundalatā's words, She pretended not to agree, so) Premamayī Śrī Rādhikā replied: "*Sakhi* Kundalate! What you said is not unjust, but, O wise girl! It's no right for girls reputed for their chastity to go to other people's yards! And your cousin-in-law Kṛṣṇa is a debauchee with the housewives at every moment, so I don't want to go to His house!" Hearing this, Kundalatā told fair-eyed Rādhikā: "O nicely-thighed One! My cousin is not like you just said! You call Him a debauchee because He is so good looking, but with You He will be *alampaṭī* (a decent boy, or: *alam* = useless, and *paṭī* = garments, viz. He will consider Your clothes to be useless and take them off! I will take care of it that He will stick to You just like a dress!). Just trust me and come with me!"

samucitam idam eva kṛṣṇa sadmāntikam
api vetsy aparāṅganāṁ yad etat
ayam api puru vepatevaloky apy ayi
bhavatīm aparāṅganāṁ vijānan (15)

"What to speak of Kṛṣṇa's yard, You consider even Your own yard an *aparāṅganā* (=own yard, or other's yard)! That is proper for a housewife like You and Kṛṣṇa shivers (of erotic bliss), knowing You to be *aparāṅganā* (someone else's wife, or: His own wife, *a+para*)."

atha punar api sāha sahasāt tvaṁ
virama na yāmi haṭhaṁ na yāhi vijñe
kula varatanu dharma saṁjihāsādhvanikam
udattapadā madād bhaveyaṁ (16)

Hearing this, Śrī Rādhikā replied: "Stop joking, O wise one! I'm not going there, stop your waywardness! Don't force Me! I have My honour not to leave the path of chaste housewives' duties and virtue!" (Or: Stop laughing! What if anybody hears that I'm going with you? You don't have to force Me! You understood My words, I was only pretending to be unwilling to go with you in order to cheat My superiors, You know how eager I am to go there! Don't think that I'm proud of My reputation as a chaste housewife! I have cast it far away by allowing Kṛṣṇa to ravage My chastity!")

natanu sakhi tad artham arthanandragabhinaṣitaṁ
tava setsyati prakāmam
vraja kuru na vilambam atra yat te
munivara eva vabhūva so'nukūla (17)

(Understanding Śrī Rādhikā's purpose) Kundalatā replied: "*Sakhi* Rādhe! You don't have to ask me to protect Your virtue as a housewife! That will surely be accomplished! You are helped by the blessing of Durvāsā Muni, the best of *munis*. Nothing inauspicious can happen to You! So don't delay and go to Vraja (Kṛṣṇa's abode Nandīśvara)!" (Or: Rādhe! Don't desire anymore ravaging of Your chastity! Your desires will surely be fulfilled by going to Nandīśvara, so don't delay!)

iti vihāsita bhāji tatra tasyām
avadata sā sahasopasṛtya vṛddhā

tvam asi mama sadā pratīta-pātrīty
ayi sati kundalate piṅtā tvayīyāṁ (18)
anucitam idam eva yat satīnāṁ
padam api bhārtṛ-gṛhāt kvacāpi yānaṁ
kim uta punar atīva lampaṭatva
prathanavato bakadviṣaṁ samīpe (19)
tad api yad iha gantam eva rādhe
nipuna dhiyāpi mayā nidhisyase tvaṁ
tad api nikhilā vedi paurṇamāsī
vacana-tater avilaṅghyataivataiva hetuḥ (20)

Hearing Rādhikā's and Kundalatā's joking discussion (from a hidden place), Jaṭilā (Śrī Rādhikā's old mother-in-law) suddenly appeared and (interpreting Her words only to mean that She was unwilling to go to Nandīśvara) said: "O chaste Kundalate! You are always the object of my confidence, therefore I am placing My daughter-in-law Śrī Rādhikā in your hands!" Then She told Śrī Rādhikā: "O Rādhe! Although it is improper for a chaste girl to put even one step out of her husband's house, especially to go to the house of that great womaniser Bakadviṣa (Kṛṣṇa), still, as an expert woman, I tell You to go there, because the words of Paurṇamāsī, who knows everything, cannot be disobeyed!"

vrajapati gṛhiṇī giraṁ cirābhyarthana
inayānunayānubaddha mūlām
kati nirasitum atra śaknumas tat tava
bhagavān harir eva rakṣitās tu (21)

"I can also not refuse the repeated humble requests of the wife of the king of Vraja, so I'm sending You to her home, but don't worry! The Supreme Lord Hari will protect You!"

avati jagad idaṁ svadharma-pālīḥ
kim iha satīḥ na jahāti lokanāthaḥ

iti kila bhavatīṁ tadāya pāṇau
sumukhi samarpya nirākulā bhaveyam (22)

"O fairfaced girl! The Lord of the world, Śrī Hari, protects the whole universe. He will not desert chaste girls like You, who stick to their principles! By handing You over to His hands I became free from anxiety!"

iti guru jaratī girā samudyat smitalava
saṁvṛti paśalāḥ sakhīḥ svāḥ
vikasad asita netrakoṇa-bhaṅgyā kim api
migadya vabhūva sāpi tūṣṇīm (23)

Hearing old Jaṭilā's words (and understanding their deeper meaning), Śrī Rādhikā fell silent and covered up the ocean of laughter that swelled within Her, looking at Her friends with the movements of the corners of Her big blue eyes.

śranabhimatim atīva tat puraḥ sā muhur abhinītavatī tayānunīta
hṛdi vidhim anukūla mānamantī calitavatī lalitādibhiḥ sakhībhiḥ (24)

Śrī Rādhikā pretended to be unwilling to go while She was in Jaṭilā's presence, but She actually considered Fate to be favorable to Her, because Jaṭilā was so eager to send Her to Nandīśvara. Offering Her humble obeisances unto Fate, She then set off with Her friends like Lalitā.

atha nija bhavanād viniryatī sā tanu
vasanābharaṇa cchabi cchaṭābhiḥ
vyadhita maṇi vicitra śātakaumbhīṁ
pura-viśikhāṁ surabhīkṛtākhilāśā (25)

As She went out of the door and walked through town, Śrī Rādhikā made the narrow alleys shine like gold and jewels with the reflection of Her effulgent body, clothes and ornaments, and Her nice fragrance pervaded all the directions.

jana-nivaha gatāgati pravṛttau dara
vimukhī saraṇaiḥ śritaika pārśvā
avanata dṛg avācakāsya padmopari
pariguṇṭhana mādhurī prapede (26)

Śrī Rādhikā was slightly averse to the people that were coming and going down the road. She lowered Her eyes and covered Her lotuslike face with Her veil, remaining on one side of the road. In this way She looked very sweet.

kvacana ca pathi nirjane kadācit sphuṭam itaretara vāg vilāsa raṅgaiḥ
yadi calati tadā kutaḥ kva yāmītyapi na hi vedanāgocarī karoti (27)

But when She travelled on a lonely path, Śrī Rādhikā forgot where She went or where She came from out of ecstasy, and engaged in frivolous talks.

sakhi nija purato vidūram āgā vrajapati sadma samīpa varti vṛttam
tad ayi nayana cāṭakābhilāṣaḥ phalati tavāśviti samprati pratīhi (28)

The *sakhīs* then said: "Rādhe! We are far from Your village now and we're approaching the abode of the king of Vraja! Will the desires of Your Cāṭaka-bird-like eyes be fulfilled now?"

iti nigadita mātrataḥ svasakhyā sapadi
sa vepathu jāḍya viplutāṅgīm
prasabham abhidadhāra cetayantī
kim api jagāda ca taṁ tadaiva kaundī (29)
sumukhi kim adhunaiva viklavābhūr
nayana-pathāmilite'pi kṛṣṇacandre
avagamam akhilaṁ satītvam āptaṁ
tava savayaḥ sadā eva yat pramāṇam (30)
dhṛtim iha hṛdi dhartum īśiṣe no
yad api tad apyabale kṣaṇaṁ dadhīkhāḥ
giri-vara-yuga-bhara-dhāraṇāya yat te
giridhara eva mayādya yojanīyaḥ (31)

Hearing these words of Her friends, Rādhikā (perceived Kṛṣṇa and) was overwhelmed by ecstatic symptoms like goosepimples and inertia. Seeing that this obstructed Her progress on the road, Kundalatā told Her: "O fairfaced One! Did You become so afflicted because Kṛṣṇacandra did not cross the path of Your eyes? I am aware of Your chastity and Your friends can testify it! O Abale (weak girl)! Still You are unable to keep Your heart at ease? You must control Yourself for a while! (And if You say: "I am having difficulty in carrying these two heavy mountains (breasts) on My chest, so I can also not bear the burden of patience anymore!", then listen:) I will engage Giridhārī (who is trained in carrying mountains like Govardhana) in carrying the two excellent and heavy mountains on Your chest! (He will be glad to help You)!"

giridhara diśa eva śaṅkayā yājani vidhur
ādya sakhī mahā-satīyam
parivadasi balād imām avijñe tad api
niyokṣyasi ha punas tam asyām (32)
tvayi muhur iyam arpitāryayā yad
tad ucitam eva vidhatsase'dya bhadram
svam iva sakhi paraṁ janaṁ na viddhīty
uditavatī lalitā punas tayoce (33)

Hearing this, Lalitā said: "O ignorant Kundalate! Our very chaste friend is very much afraid of the direction where Giridhari dwells. Alas! Why are you slandering Rādhikā so strongly and why do you want to engage Kṛṣṇa in Śrī Rādhā's service like this? Mother Jaṭilā has entrusted this girl to you, do you think you're doing the right thing now? You don't recognise anyone as your equal!"

alam alam anayā girā vidūre kalayaḥ puraḥ pura-toraṇopakaṇṭhe
sphaṭika ghaṭita ratna citritāsthānyabhinava
kuṭṭimagaṁ hṛd eka kāmyam (34)

Kundalatā said: "*Sakhi*! There's no need for anymore useless talk! Look at the only One You desire in Your heart, sitting on a new terrace (called Chatri in Vraja) under that jewel-studded crystal shelter (called Āṅthā in Vraja) near the town-gate!"

sarasam uṣasi dugdha naicikīkaḥ sahasavayaḥ kṛtamala raṅgakeliḥ
avagata bhavad āli yānavārtā kṣubhita hṛd āgata eṣa bhāti paśya (35)

"Look! After milking His cows and wrestling with His friends, Kṛṣṇa now looks out with an anxious heart for You and Your friends to come, knowing that You will come."

vrajapura lalanākulonmadiṣṇu
karaṇa-patu-cchabi maṇḍalopagūdaḥ
madhurima dhurayaiva kiṁ tribhaṅgi
kṛta tanur ucchaladāma māditālīḥ (36)

"*Sakhi*! Carefully look at the aura of Your lover's luster, that maddens all the housewives of Vraja and that embraces His body! Is He standing in this threefold bending form because He cannot carry the weight of His own abundant sweetness? Intoxicated bees buzz around His swinging garland of forest-flowers!"

śrita mṛdutara gaṇḍa kuṇḍalādhyā
panapara tāṇḍava paṇḍitākṣi yugmaḥ
pavana dhuta paṭāṅga gaura nīla
dyuti-laharī stimitī kṛtākhilāśāḥ (37)

"The Makara-earrings that swing on Kṛṣṇa's very soft cheeks are expert in teaching His eyes how to dance and He pleases all directions with the luster of His golden cloth that is swung by the (soft) wind and with the bluish waves of His bodily luster (the luster of the *dhoṭī* is like the light Gaṅgā and the luster of His body is like the dark Yamunā. Together they form a confluence like Prayāga, which fulfills the desires of all those who bathe in it)!"

priyasakha bhuja śirṣṇa rājad udyat
kari-kara nindaka dhāma vāma bāhuḥ
nija ruci vijitābja ghūrṇanaika
vyasanavaśetara pāṇir eṣa īṣṭe (38)

"Your Beloved places His left arm, that defies the beauty of an elephant's trunk, on the shoulder of His dear friend (Subala), expertly twirling His playlotus, that belittles His own luster, around in His right hand to subdue all the *gopīs* (O *sakhi*! Which girl would not be overwhelmed after seeing such a sweet appearance?)."

iti giram atha rūpa mādhurī tāṁ yadi
caṣakī kṛta karṇa netra yugma
apibada dara mohatas tadā tat prasṛmara
saurabham āśv abodhayat tām (39)
pulaka-nivaha kampa sampad aśru
śruti kalilāpi dhṛtiṁ dadhaty avādīt
sakhi kim aparam asti vartma pādau
na mama puraś calato'sya kiṁ karomi (40)

When Śrī Rādhikā drank these nectarean words through the cups of Her ears and drank the nectar of His form through the cups of Her eyes She became completely enchanted (She fainted from the effects of these two kinds of nectar) but when Kṛṣṇa's fragrance streamed in and out of Her nostrils She regained consciousness. She began to shiver and Her body became studded with goosepimples and sprinkled with tears of ecstasy. Calmly (pretending that She was shivering and crying out of fear of the debauch Kṛṣṇa) She said: "*Sakhi*! Is there no other way to enter into Nandīśvara? My feet cannot walk any further. What shall I do?"

guru paravaśataiva doṣa dūrīkaraṇa
paṭus tava kiṁ bhiyā hriyā vā
sapadi savayaseti bodhyamānā laghu laghu
gantum iyeṣa sā tad agre (41)

Lalitā (accepting the external meaning of Rādhikā's words) said: "O Rādhe! Because You act on the order of Your superiors there will be no fault in You, so don't be shy or afraid! It's not Your fault if You walk past this debauchee! (If You do not walk past Him You will disobey the orders of Your superiors, so give up Your shyness and fear!)" Being addressed like this, Śrī Rādhikā slowly walked on before Kṛṣṇa.

kim idam iti parasparāvalokocchalita mahā madhurimṇiyat tayos tāḥ
svam atula tarasi nyamajjayann ālaya iti varṇayituṁ na gīr apīṣṭe (42)

When (*anurāgiṇī*) Rādhā and (*anurāgī*) Kṛṣṇa saw Eachother They thought: "What is this?". Their bodies emitted waves of great sweetness that inundated the *sakhīs*. Even Sarasvatī cannot describe this shower of sweetness!

aghadamana cakora candrikās tāḥ
śaśi-vadanāpi papau muhuḥ pipāṣuḥ
giridhara mudiroparīha cātaky anurasaṁ
pravavarṣa seti citram (43)

How amazing! Śrī Rādhikā's moonlike face drank the nectarean rays of the Cakora-bird Kṛṣṇa (although usually the Cakora-bird drinks the nectar of the moon), and the Cātakī-bird Rādhikā showered the Giridhārī-cloud with rains of erotic *rasa* (although the cloud usually showers the Cātaka-bird).

atha nija nija murdhna savya hastonnamana kalā
kalitāvaguṇṭhanās tāḥ
apanata nayanāñcalī vilīḍha priya
caraṇābje sudhā yayus tad agrāt (44)

Then the *gopīs* cleverly covered their faces with their veils with their left hands, relishing the nectar of Priyatama's lotuslike feet with their lowered eyes as they walked on carefully.

hari api parivṛtya tan nitámba dyuti
nihitekṣaṇa paṅkajo'vatasthe
varatanutatir apy atītya tad gopuram
avaguṇṭhanam īṣad asyati sma (45)

As Śrī Rādhikā and Her girlfriends passed by through the towngate, their veils slightly slipped off their heads and Hari cast His lotuslike eyes on their effulgent buttocks.

sakhi bhavad avaloka jāta harṣaṁ sapadi
sa campaka-mālayā baṭus tam
sukhinam akṛta yat tad iṅgitajñā bhavasi
na vetyuditāha sā sva sakhyā (46)

One *sakhī* (Tuṅgavidyā) told Śrī Rādhikā: "When Hari saw You passing by He became very happy and Madhumaṅgala hung a garland of Campaka-flowers around His neck. Did You see that? Do You understand this hint?" (Kṛṣṇa will wear You like a golden garland around His neck by embracing You. Madhumaṅgala told Him: "O Friend! Just be patient for a while! The golden Campaka-garland named Rādhā will soon beautify Your broad chest!")

tvam asi khalu yathā tathānvamāsīr
nija dṛśīr yatase parā vidhitsuḥ
iti dara vikasat smitā bhramad bhrūs
tvaritam avāpa mahā purāntaraṁ sā (47)

(Hearing these naughty words, Śrī Rādhikā said:) "*Sakhi*! Do you think that everybody is like you? Do you want to make every girl a Campaka-garland around Kṛṣṇa's neck?" In this way She passed through the big gate, slightly smiling and frowning Her eyebrows at Her girlfriend.

sphaṭika ghaṭita kuḍyamīḍya bharmojjvala
paṭalaṁ pavikīlakaṁ kabāṭam
maṇimaya lalanā dhṛta pradīpa vratati
naga dvijarāji rājitad vā (48)
dyumaṇi kiraṇa dīpta ratna-kumbha
dhvaja naṭa keki vṛtāgra pauraṭāṭṭam
suravara pura ninda yatra śandaṁ
vilasati mandira-vṛndam indirāḍhyam (49)

The walls of Nandīśvara are made of crystal, the roofs and gates of gold and jewels and the bolts of these gates of diamonds. Female statues made of jewels carry the chandeliers and birds of jewels sit up in jewelled trees that are entwined by vines made of jewels. The sunrays are reflected in the jewelled pots hanging over the veranda and many artificial peacocks are dancing on the flags on top of these pots. The abode of king Nanda defeats the abode of heaven king Indra in blissfulness and is full of regal opulence.

dhanada kakubhi rāmavāsa-dhāma
vrajapati-koṣagṛhaṁ diśi pratīcyāṁ
hari hariti haris tad iṣṭa-devo maṇi-bhavane
paripūjyate dvijendraiḥ (50)
śayana sadanam asti dakṣiṇāśām anu
hari nīla balad balabhy aghāreḥ
api nikhila vidikṣu tat tad antaḥ
pura sarasī-taṭa niṣkuṭāḥ sphuranti (51)

On the northern side of the palace is Balarāma's room, on the western side king Nanda's storehouse and on the eastern side the jewelled temple of king Nanda's *iṣṭa-deva* (favorite deity)

Lord Hari (Lakṣmī-Nārāyaṇa, or Śālagrāma) which was worshipped by the best *brāhmaṇas*. On the south is Kṛṣṇa's bedroom with its matchless sapphire balcony, then there are inner chambers (*antaḥ purāḥ*) in all directions (in the north-east is Balarāma's *antaḥ pura*, in the south-east the *antaḥ pura* of Lakṣmī-Nārāyaṇa, in the south-western corner is Śrī Kṛṣṇa's *antaḥ pura* and in the north-western corner is Śrī Nanda Mahārāja's inner chamber) and on all sides of the town-pond there are many groves. (The water of the pond as well as the fruits and flowers that grow on the trees in the surrounding gardens are all used for the service of Lakṣmī-Nārāyaṇa)

atha samupaseduṣīṁ sakhībhir hari
jananī nija veśma bhāsayantī
amanuta bhuvana trayaika lakṣmī
muditavatīṁ muditā'rka-mitra putrīm (52)

Hari's mother saw Śrī Rādhikā and Her friends enter into her abode and she happily considered this daughter of the sun (Vṛṣabhānu) the goddess of beauty of all the three worlds, illuminating her home.

savinayam atha sā pador namantīṁ
drutam upaguhya śirasya jighrad etāḥ
nayana pṛṣata vṛṣṭi mātra pūrṇa
pramada sudhā-sarid āplutāṁ ca cakre (53)

When Śrī Rādhikā humbly bowed down to her, mother Yaśodā quickly lifted Her up and embraced Her, smelled Her head (kisssed Her face) and showered Her with Her loving tears, inundating Her in a river of blissful nectar (How amazing! The nectar-river of bliss that emanated from Śrī Rādhikā's loving heart was filled up by the teardrops of Mother Yaśodā, who was fondling Her!).

śaśimukhi śaradāṁ śataṁ jayaivaṁ
sukhaya mano nayane mamety uditvā
anayata sumanoharās tad ālīḥ
śamatula vatsalatā latā natāḥ sā (54)

(Overwhelmed by feeling of affection) Mother Yaśodā blessed Śrī Rādhikā, saying: "O Moonfaced One! Glory to You! May You give joy to my mind's eyes for a hundred years!" The mind of mother Yaśodā, who is a matchless vine of parental affection, was also enchanted by Rādhikā's girlfriends, whom she also blessed like this.

madhura mṛdula modakādi kiñcit
samaṁ upaveśya sakhījanai balāt tam
druta hṛdaya dhaniṣṭhayā'śayitvā
bhṛśam upalālya nināya pāka-śālām (55)

Yaśodā, whose heart melted with affection, saw that Śrī Rādhikā and Her friends were shy when she had some sweet soft savouries brought and served to them by Dhaniṣṭhā. After fondling Śrī Rādhikā, she brought Her to the kitchen.

sarasija-mukhi kīrtidaika kīrte pacana-kalā caturā kṛtāsi dhātrā
tad ayi rasavatāṁ praviśya pākaṁ kuru lalitādi sakhī kṛteti kṛtyam (56)
tvam iha kila ramaiva bhāsase yat kirasi pure mama dṛṣṭim etayaiva
bhavati vividha sampadāti pūrṇānyakhila gṛhāṇi sadāśviti pratīhi (57)
tad iha vividha temanopayogi śrutam atha dṛṣṭam avaiṣi yadyad atyaṁ
tad akhilam avalokya vastu jātāṁ sapadi
gṛhāṇa dhaniṣṭhayaiva tebhyaḥ (58)

She said: "O Lotusfaced girl! O bestower of fame to mother Kīrtidā! The Creator made You so expert in cooking! Please come in my kitchen and cook, engaging Your friends like Lalitā etc.! I have plenty of all ingredients You may need in my house. Since You, being the goddess of fortune Herself, cast Your glances on My home, there is all wealth and opulence! Whatever different ingredients for cooking You have seen or heard of are all in my house! Go inside with Dhaniṣṭhā and take whatever You need!"

sarasam iti nidiśya yātavatyam tanaya sāmanayanāplavai hetoḥ
prati niyata kṛtau sakhīṣu lagna svanucarikāsvapi sevanodyatāsu (59)

Saying this, Yaśodā went to get her son to bathe Him. The *sakhīs* got absorbed in their own duties and the maidservants served Śrī Rādhikā by fanning Her and so on.

kara padam avanijya pāka-kṛtyānanuguṇa
maṇḍana mukta kaṇṭha pāṇiḥ
haladhara jananīṁ praṇamya rādhā
surabhi mahānasam āvabhau viśantī (60)

Śrī Rādhikā washed Her hands and feet and took off all ornaments (like rings) and necklaces that might disturb Her while cooking (handing them to Her maidservants). Offering Her obeisances unto Rohiṇī, Haladhara's mother, She entered into the nicely smelling kitchen.

pacana-caturātaratāsi jāte pacamanasā
tava bhāti yadyathā tat
apacam aham iyantam eva kālaṁ tava
gurubhāram apācikīrṣur eva (61)

Rohiṇī said: "O daughter, You are an expert cook! (I knew that You would come, but) Still I cooked something to lessen the heavy burden of Your duty. Now You may cook what You like!"

avanata mukhapaṅkajā tayā sā drutam upaguhya suteva lālyamānā
sita vasana śamāstṛtāṁ catuṣkim anusutapaveśitā balena (62)

Hearing this, Śrī Rādhikā shyly lowered Her lotuslike face, but Rohiṇī embraced Her as if She was her own daughter and fondled Her, forcibly seating Her on a dais covered with a white sheet that stood just before the stove.

aguru sarala devadāru dāru-jvalana
pariśrita cullikācayāgre
nihita vividha pātra-rāji
rājad bahuvidha temana sādhu sādhanārtham (63)

The fire burned on cedar- and aloewood. Next to that was a pile of different vegetables, cut and put into different pots, ready to be put in the cookingpot for making a nice preparation.

jvalana kalata pātra dhāraṇonnaty
avanati mūrcchana darvi cālanādyaiḥ
trivali kuca bhujāṁ sa kampa celoccalana
vaśād upādi yas tad ado'syaḥ (64)

Sometimes Rādhikā checked if the fire was burning well, sometimes She added some wood to the fire, sometimes She took some wood off when the fire was burning too hard, sometimes She held a plate in Her hands with uncooked ingredients in them, ready to throw them into the cookingpot, lowering and raising this plate. and sometimes She lifted the lid to see if it was cooking nicely and stirred the preparation, while adding spices to it, making Her three-lined belly, breasts and arms vibrate along with Her garments.

madhurima bharam acyutaḥ svasaudha
sphurita gavākṣa dhṛtekṣaṇaḥ pibaṁs tam
madana madam udañcitaṁ vivṛṇvan
kim api jagāda paṭur baṭuṁ miṣeṇa (65)

Acyuta came from His room and looked through the window of the kitchen to relish the sweetness of this scene with His eyes. Intoxicated by desire He said something to Madhumaṅgala, just to attract Śrī Rādhikā with the sound of His voice.

sumadhuratara kaṇṭhadhvānam ātma priyāyāḥ
śruti caṣaka yugānta veśayitvaikatānaṁ
pacana vidhiṣu cetas tac cakarṣaiva tebhyas
tad api nikama pākṣīt sādhu sābhyasta vidya (66)

When this very sweet sound entered the cups of Śrī Rādhikā's ears, it forcibly took Her mind off Her cookingwork. But nevertheless She managed to cook very nicely (because She was so expert in cooking She could do it even inattentively).

sarabhasam iti kṛtya vyāpṛtiṁ vyañjayantīs
tata ita upayāntīḥ svāḥ giraḥ śrotu-kāmāḥ
laghu laghu nija diśyapy akṣi-koṇaṁ kṣipantīḥ svam
abhilaṣitamaddāveda yat tat sakhīḥ saḥ

The *sakhīs*, that were eager to hear Kṛṣṇa's ascertainment of a meetingplace with Priyājī, walked here and there in His vicinity, casting sly meaningful glances at Him. Kṛṣṇa, knowing that the time was right, clearly expressed His desires to them (to have Śrī Rādhā after She finished cooking).

Thus ends the fifth chapter of Śrīla Viśvanātha Cakravartī's "Kṛṣṇa Bhāvanāmṛta Mahākāvya", entitled: Śrī Rādhikā goes to Nandīśvara to cook for Kṛṣṇa.

CHAPTER SIX

Breakfast and Other Pastimes

dhārādhara vapu nārāyaṇo'smān sa prasīdatu
ityevādhypāyān kiñcit sa navyaṁ śuka-śāvakaḥ (1)

(When Śrī Kṛṣṇacandra saw His *preyasī-vṛnda mukuṭamaṇi sva jīvana sarvasva* (crownjewel of beloveds and the very possession of His heart) Śrī Rāḍhikā thus cooking for Him in the kitchen He became very agitated and He became very eager to hear the Śrī Rādhikā *nāma kīrtana*, but since this was impossible in His parental home He engaged a young parrot in performing this *kīrtana* on the pretext of teaching him recital. He made the parrot sit on His arm, which was like a sapphire rod, and carressed him with His soft lotuslike hand. Feeding him ripe pomegranate-seeds, that resembled His own gem-like teeth, He said: "O King of parrots! Recite!

dhārādhara vapu nārāyaṇo'smān sa prasīdatu

"May Lord Nārāyana, whose body resembles a ~~mountain~~ cloud [dhārādhara] (*dhārādhara* means ~~mountain~~ cloud (water-bearer) and contains twice the syllables *rā* and *dhā*) be merciful to us!" But this young parrot could not remember so many syllables at once, so he repeated the verse in an interrupted manner. Karuṇānidhi (the ocean of compassion) Śrī Kṛṣṇa carressed the young parrot again with His leaf-like hand and said: "Allright, if you cannot recite the complete verse then just say *dhārādhārā*!" Then the young parrot began to repeat the sweet, inarticulate syllables *dhārā dhārā rādhā rādhā rādhā rādhā*.

tatrāpi dhārādhareti dhārayann apaṭhan muhuḥ
lālayan dāḍima-bījānyāśayan nantarāntarā (2)

After this, that parrot repeatedly said *dhārādhara* (meaning to say Rādhā Rādhā), for which Kṛṣṇa fondled him and rewarded him with pomegranateseeds. (Kṛṣṇa then joined him in saying *dhārā dhārā dhā rā dhā rā)*

baṭum āha bhavān kvāgāt prātaḥ samprati lakṣitaḥ
sakhe na khelā madrākṣīr malla raṅgājire'dya naḥ (3)
prasarpa sarpotsarpādi kauśalaṁ kauśalam tu ke
yad akāri mayādhārī dāru paryaṅka riṅgaṇaṁ (4)
citravyāyām avaividhyaṁ mitra-vṛndābhinanditaṁ
tena pratyekamātena ekenājir virājinī (5)
utthāpanāvapātādyai jaṅgha jānūru veṣṭanaiḥ
pragaṇḍa caṇḍāsphoṭais tad bāhu bāhavya yodhayaṁ (6)

Kṛṣṇa then asked Madhumaṅgala: "Friend, why didn't I see you this morning? Where did you go? (I saw you now again after such a long time!) You didn't see us wrestling on the wrestling-yard today! I have seen people so expert in wrestling ~~games~~ techniques like *prasarpa, sarpa* and *utsarpa*, but who in the world is as expert as Me? I balance on wooden rods, my friends praise Me for My skill in different kinds of athletics, and I wrestle alone with each one of them! I lift them (taking the shape of a turtle) and let them down again, holding them with My thighs, knees and shanks! I strongly flap My arms and wrestle with My arms as well!"

baṭur āha paṭur yāti mādṛśo na dṛśoḥ padaṁ
adrākṣyo yad adhītiṁ cet tvāṁ sā vyasmāpayiṣyata (7)

Madhumaṅgala replied: "Friend! You may not have seen such an expert fighter like me, but if You knew what I have learned today, You would be astonished!"

kim adhyagīṣṭā bhoḥ jyotiḥ kutas tad bhāgurer guroḥ
phala kiṁ tasya sārvajñyaṁ brūhi tan me manogataṁ (8)
bravīmi sarvam etad te kṣaṇad evātra ko vidhiḥ
adhunātena lagnānusāreṇa gaṇanaiva hi (9)

Bho! Kṛṣṇa asked: "What did you study?" Madhumaṅgala said: "Astrology!" Kṛṣṇa: "From whom?" Madhumaṅgala: "From Bhāguri Muni's teacher!" Kṛṣṇa: "What is the benefit?" of it? Madhumaṅgala: "Omniscience." Kṛṣṇa: "Tell Me then, what is on My mind?" Madhumaṅgala: "Can I say what is on Your mind in such a short time, You think?" Kṛṣṇa: "Then tell Me how you will know?" Madhumaṅgala: "I can check Your zodiacal sign at this moment!"

ity uktvāṅguli parvatta gaṇano'thāṅkitāvaniḥ
muhur vibhāvya khaṁ paśyan kampayan śīrṣam āha taṁ (10)
eko'drir asti tasyāgre ramyā kācid upatyakā
tasyāṁ saro-dvayaṁ lagnaṁ tatra haṁsīm upāgatāṁ (11)
didhīrṣasi tvaṁ khelārthaṁ sā sva yūthena pālitā
nādatte tvat kara-grahaṁ tvaṁ ca tatrātisāgrahaḥ (12)
vividhaṁ miṣamādatse tatra sā na pramādyati
ity evam ujjvala jyotir vidā jñāpi mayā sakhe (13)

Saying this, Madhumaṅgala marked Kṛṣṇa's chart in the sand with his fingertips, constantly shaking his head and looking at the sky. He said: "See, on the slope of a charming hill there are two ponds on which a golden hamsī swan is swimming. You want to catch that swan to play with her, but she's protected by her flock and does not accept Your stretched-out hand, and although you try it so eagerly by different tricks and means, she cannot be enchanted. O friend, thus I'm aware of everything, being a brilliant astrologer!"

kṛṣṇa prāha mahāvijna jñātam eva manogataṁ
labhyate vā na vā haṁsī sā’dyaitad api gaṇyatāṁ (14)

Kṛṣṇa said: “O great scholar, you’ve understood My mind! Will I be able to get that swan today or not? Look carefully in the stars!”

kṣaṇaṁ sa tūṣṇīṁ bhūyākhyad īkṣitaṁ tatra kāraṇaṁ
śākhāṁ kāñcīd vivarṇāgrām āśrityaikatra tiṣṭatā (15)
tat pakṣapāta vaicitrīṁ paśyatālakṣitaṁ tvayā
sāsyāl labhya sukhenaivaṁ haṁsī vaṁśī hṛtāntarā (16)

Madhumaṅgala was silent for a while and then said: “O Kṛṣṇa! I studied the stars for a means for You to catch that swan. You should take shelter of some colourless (*vivarṇa*) branch (*śākhā*), remain there and enchant that swan, stealing her heart with the playing of Your flute, looking at the wonderful flapping of her wings. Then You will be able to catch Her most blissfully. (After all, Your flutesong can enchant even the birds and the animals!”) “ (pun: You must take shelter of Her friend (*pakṣapāta* = flapping wings, or friend) *Vi* (*varṇa* = syllable, or colour) *śākhā* (= branch, or Viśākhā-*sakhī*), who stays at one place. With Your flute playing You will easily be able to attract Śrī Rādhikā.”)

nirddhāritam idam dehi śīghraṁ me paritoṣikaṁ
yāvat śramas tavetsyeva gaṇane graha cālane (17)

“Now that I ascertained this You must reward me! You must reward me as much as I tried to look into the planets for You! (You know how much effort I went through flapping my hands and counting on my fingers!)”

tataḥ kāraka-bījais tat karau sa samapūrayat
tānyaśnann abravīt kṛṣṇaṁ baṭuḥ pīnābaṭuḥ paṭuḥ (18)
bho vayasya vayasyatra savayasy api mayy aho
samakāri samaḥ sampraty ādaro bhavatā kutaḥ (19)

(Hearing this, Śrī Kṛṣṇa said: "O king of astrologers! Accept this reward!" And Baṭu stretched out his hand). Kṛṣṇa filled up his hands with pomegranate seeds and broad-shouldered Madhumaṅgala ate them, saying: "O friend, do You take a *savayas* (friend) like me to be a *vayas* (bird), that You give me this birdfood? Do You think that we (*brāhmaṇas* and birds) are the same?"

eṣa yan nāma-paṭhati tvaṁ tat prāpaka vedabhāk
yuvayor dvijayos tasmād ādaro'rhati tulyatāṁ (20)

Kṛṣṇa replied: "Both you *brāhmaṇas* and the birds recite the Vedas through which Lord Nārāyaṇa is attainable, and both are called *dvija* (twice-born), so you deserve equal treatment!" (*brāhmaṇas* are first born from the mother, then by *upavit saṁskāra*, and birds are first born from the mother and then from the egg) (pun: "You know how I can attain She, whose name has been recited by this bird (*dvija*, or the parrot mentioned in verses 1 and 2, so you and the parrot are equally worshipable)

kiṁ ca vidvāṁs tvam ekaṁ tat karakaṁ ca gṛhāṇa me
iti tad dattam ādāyā hṛṣyat sa prāha cāśiṣaḥ (21)
mahyaṁ viprāya yad adas tam ekaṁ karakaṁ tataḥ
bhāvitedya kara-prāptam abhīṣṭaṁ karaka-dvayaṁ (22)

"But more than the birds, you are also a scholar, so here, take a whole pomegranate!" Receiving this gift, Madhumangala blissfully blessed Kṛṣṇa, saying: "Since You gave a whole pomegranate to a *brāhmaṇa* like me, I bless You that You will receive two pomegranates (Śrī Rādhikā's breasts) in Your hands today!"

priyā dvijālīḥ santarpya sakhe svalapanāmṛtaiḥ
bhojaya svasti te'dhyāhni bhāvinī sukha saṅgati (23)

"O friend! Today You offered Your nectarean words to Your dear (*priya*) *brāhmaṇas* (*dvijāli*), so today You will meet with all blissfulness! (Or: Today You will give the nectar of Your lips (kisses) to the teeth (*dvijālī*) of Your dear one (*priyā* Rādhikā). You will be blissfully united with Her later today.")

vatsa kiṁ kuruṣe kṛṣṇa māvilambasva sāṁpratam
āhi nirvyūḍham annādi bhuṅkṣvā mā śītalī kuru (24)
iti procya vrajeśvaryā niyuktais tatra kiṅkaraiḥ
abhyaṅgodvartana snāna mārjanādyair asevi saḥ (25)

Mother Yaśodā then called out: "Kṛṣṇa! My boy, what are You doing? Don't be late! Take Your bath! Your meal is ready, don't let it go cold!" and engaged her servants in massaging, rubbing and bathing Him.

tatra tatrāti dakṣāṇām api premnaiva sākulā
avicakṣaṇatāmāviś cakre teṣāṁ kadācana (26)
tataś ca tat tat sarvaṁ sā śikṣayanty eva tān svayaṁ
niṣidhyato'pi putrasya cakre sneha drutāntarā (27)
paugaṇḍa spṛg ivādyapi stanyaṁ vismartum akṣamaḥ
suto'yam eta hyodṛṣṭa januṣo'tyanta bālikā (28)
iti śuddhāśayā tatra tatra taḥ kiṅkarīr api
nidiṣya karhicid yāti vyagrā sā bahu karmaṣu (29)

If mother Yaśodā, who was filled with loving anxiety, ever found any imperfection in the work of Kṛṣṇa's servants, even if they were expert, she personally took over from them to teach them by example, even though everyone forbade her to do this. Sometimes she engaged Śrī Rādhikā's maidservants in all this work, although Kṛṣṇa was already in His teens, but mother Yaśodā, out of pure affection, forgot about this. She only knew: "Kṛṣṇa is my son, He cannot even forget my breastmilk, and these *mañjarīs* are still very small! (I've seen them taking birth only yesterday, what's the harm?)" So she left them alone, being eager to do her many other duties.

pacyamāno'tha paktyavyo pakke'nna vyañjanādike
smṛte payasi dadhyādi vikāre modakādike (30)
anusaṁhita putrāti-rocaka dravya saṅgahe
ekaṁ mano'syaḥ sarvatra carann aśrāntim abhyagāt (31)

Although mother Yaśodā's mind was absorbed in thoughts of how to collect the rice and vegetables that were to be cooked, were cooking or were already cooked, and about the sweet rice, milk and savouries and all the other very tasty preparations made from yoghurt and so, to be served to her son, she nevertheless ran around tirelessly with a fixed mind.

snātaḥ parihitānarghya taḍit pītāmbara-dvayaḥ
muhur mārjita dhūpottha dhūma śobhita kuntalaḥ (32)
kaṅkatī śodhita prota jātika cikurāvaliḥ
vellitālaka vallyālabāla juṭāga śambhukaḥ (33)

After Kṛṣṇa was bathed, He was dressed in a lightning-coloured yellow *dhotī* by His servants, who repeatedly rubbed His hair and dried it off with aloe-perfume. They combed it and placed Jāti-flowers in it that served like a basin for the vines of His curly locks of hair, that defeated Lord Śiva's matted locks in beauty.

mukhendu rājatākhyāyi kāśmīra tilakālikaḥ
gaṇḍendu savya tarala kuṇḍala dyu-maṇi-dvayaḥ (34)

The Kāśmīra (saffron)-*tilaka* that a servantboy painted on Kṛṣṇa's forehead made this forehead known as the monarch of His moonlike face, and the earrings he hung in His earlobes swung on His two moonlike cheeks like two suns.

cala doḥ sthira keyūra dyuti cāk-cikya cāpalaḥ
sthiroraś cala hārāli sthairya yuṅ madhurīdhuraḥ (35)

The brilliant, motionless armlets one servantboy placed on Kṛṣṇa's arms took over the restlessness of these glossy arms (as if making friends with them), and the restlessly swinging necklace he hung on His neck attained peace on His motionless chest that was endowed with an abundance of sweetness (enchanting the hearts of everyone).

koṭīndu sūrya vijayi kaustubhārcita kaṇṭha-bhūḥ
kundadāmāti saubhāgya vāñchārtī-kṛta yauvataḥ (36)

One servantboy placed the Kaustubha-gem, that defeated the luster of millions of moons and suns on Kṛṣṇa's neck, and a garland of Kunda-flowers whose great ~~beauty~~ luck was desired by the young girls, was hung on His chest. (Note: Garlands are considered female, that's why the girls are jealous)

bhūṣācirarcitāścarya varya jāgūḍha cārcikaḥ
vicitra kiṅkiṇī nāda vāsita preyasī śrutiḥ (37)

One servantboy anointed Kṛṣṇa's whole body with the most amazing *kuṅkuma*, and another one hung the bells, whose sweet sound resides in Priyājī's ears, around His waist as a sash.

ratnormikā kaṅkaṇādi bhāsvat phulla karāmbujaḥ
mañju śiñcana mañjīra madireḍya padāmbujaḥ (38)

Then the boys hung jewelled rings and bangles on Kṛṣṇa's blooming lotuslike hands and sweetly jingling intoxicating anklebells on His lotusfeet (thus it seems as if the anklebells are like wagtailbirds that dancing after attaining their long desired lotusflowers - Kṛṣṇa's feet).

vastrāstṛtaṁ ratna-pīṭha madhyāsya maṇi kuṭṭime
nārāyaṇaṁ smarāmīti kṛṣṇo netre nyamīlayat (39)

Then Kṛṣṇa sat down on a jewelled dais that was covered with costly sheets where He closed His eyes, thinking: "I remember Lord Nārāyaṇa. (In this Kṛṣṇa followed in the footsteps of His father Nanda Mahārāja, who remembered Lord Nārāyaṇa daily before eating)"

dhyāna prāpti priyā bimbādhara pāna mudhaidhitaḥ
romāñcitāṅgas tan nāmāṅkita mantraṁ jajāpa saḥ (40)

While Rādhānurāgī Mādhava meditated on attaining the Bimbafruit-like lips of His Beloved (Śrī Rādhikā) and practised *japa* of the *mantra* consisting of Her names, His body was studded with goosepimples of ecstasy.

athaitya kamalaḥ prāha yuvarāja vrajeśayā
āhūyase bhojanārthaṁ muhus tatrāvadhīyatāṁ (41)
utthāya baṭunā kṛṣṇaḥ praviṣṭo'dana vedikāṁ
nirniktāṅghri yugaḥ pīṭha madhyāstha vasanāvṛtam (42)

Then a servantboy named Kamala called Kṛṣṇa, saying: "O Prince! The Queen of Vraja is calling You again and again for breakfast!", so Kṛṣṇa and Madhumaṅgala got up, washed their feet and sat on the dais covered with a sheet in the middle of the diningroom.

śrīdāma baladevādyāḥ savya dakṣiṇato'vasan
preṣṭhan sakhīnṛte yasmānnabhojana sukhaṁ sukhaṁ (43)

Śrīdāma (and Subala) sat on Kṛṣṇa's left and Balarāma on His right and all the other boys blissfully surrounded Him as He blissfully ate (Mother Yaśodā invited them every day, for without them Kṛṣṇa did not have a happy breakfast).

yaśodāhūtayā'nnādi rohiṇyā pariveśitaṁ
ādaṁs te rādhayā tat tat pāṇau grāhitayā kramād (44)

Mother Yaśodā called Rohiṇī to serve and Śrī Rādhikā handed Rohiṇī one preparation after the other (which Śrī Rohiṇī then blissfully served to Kṛṣṇacandra and His mates).

kṛṣṇoḥ satṛṣṇo naivātra bala kavala mātra bhuk
śrīdāma nāma mandāśī subalo'subalojjhitaḥ (45)
kvaiṣāṁ bhakṣyaika-tānatva rāhityam avidagdhatā
kvaitad annaṁ sudhā nindi svayaṁ lakṣmyaiva sādhitam (46)
kāvyaṁ viphalatāṁ kiṁ na yāti sat kavi nirmitam
yatra goṣṭhyāṁ tad āsvāda lolupatvaṁ na vartate (47)
catur varga phalaṁ mūrtam etad annaṁ caturvidhaṁ
ahaṁ kevalam eko'sya pātram ity avadad baṭum (48)

Madhumaṅgala then said: "Kṛṣṇa has no appetite (for this most relishable rice. His belly won't be filled with this!), Balarāma eats only little rice and yoghurt, Śrīdāma is a small eater by nature and Subala became *asubala* (weak) because of eating too little. Alas! Where is that lack of cleverness which makes one fail to concentrate on eating nicely and where is this food, that is cooked by Lakṣmī-devī (Śrī Rādhikā) Herself and whose taste defeats the sweetness of nectar? In a company of prosaic people that have no eagerness to relish nectarean poetry, poetry composed by a good poet is wasted (similarly this delicious food is wasted on one who has no greedy tongue)! These four kinds of foodstuff are the fruits of all human pursuits taking shape and I'm the only one who's eligible to enjoy it!"

śrīdāmovāca piṇḍībhiḥ piciṇḍaṁ puraya drutam
yad eva tava sarvasvam yad arthaṁ baṭumādhamāḥ (49)

Śrīdāma then said: "O Baṭo! Quickly eat these oblations that are your everything! (If you keep on bragging about your connoisseur-ship there will be a delay in filling up your belly!) Fill up your belly with those things for which you attained your *brāhmaṇa*-hood!"

baṭur akhyādare mūrkha gopas tvaṁ kiṁ nu vetsyasi
rasāsvādaṁ sva-dharmārthaṁ gā roddhum aṭavīm aṭa (50)
paśyaiṣo'ham anūcāno vipro yair man mukhe hutam
tair iṣṭaḥ sarva yajñena bhagavān eva kevalam (51)

Madhumaṅgala replied: "O fool! You're just a cowherder! What do you know about relishing mellows? Go to the forest and do your duty by herding the cows! O Arasika! I'm an *anucāna brāhmaṇa* (one who studied all the Vedas and their supplements under his teacher)! Anyone who feeds me has accomplished all sacrifices to the Lord Himself, for the Lord eats through the mouths of the *brāhmaṇas*!"

śrīdāmoce śruti-smṛtyer vartmāpi śata janmasu
tvayā paricita naiva vipratve sūtram eva hi (52)

Śrīdāma replied: "O *brahmacāri*! You will not know the *śrutis* and *smṛtis* even in a hundred births! You are known as a *brāhmaṇa* only because you wear this thread!"

kṛṣṇah prāha baṭor asti rasa-śāstre'nuśīlanam
vyanjanāneka tātparya lakṣaṇābhijñatā yataḥ (53)

(Hearing this *rasika* quarrel) Kṛṣṇa intervened, saying: "Baṭo! Have you studied the scriptures on mellows (*rasa śāstras*) so that you know the purpose and definition of their suggestions (or curries, *vyañjanā* may mean suggestion or vegetables)?"

baṭur āha sad evatra rasa na tvaṣṭa man mate
ṣoḍeva nyāyya āsvādo yat ṣaḍ evendriyāṇi naḥ (54)
paśya saurūpya saurabhya mādhurya mṛdutādibhiḥ
bhuktau sausvaryā harṣādyaiḥ ṣaṭ svādān ṣaḍbhir indriyaiḥ (55)

Madhumaṅgala said: "According to the *rasa śāstras* there are eight *rasas* (others say nine, ten or even twelve), but I think that there are six! Through each of our six senses (five senses and the mind) we can relish these six *rasas* (pungent, bitter, harsh, sour, salt and sweet). We can behold the nice form of the food, smell its nice fragrance, taste its sweetness, touch its softness, hear its nice sound while we eat and mentally feel blissful when we eat. Thus it is relishable through all our six senses!"

rasa hy aṣṭāv iti prāhur ye te'pi vyañjanāśritaḥ
vyañjanābhijñatā leśo'py eṣāṁ kintu na vidyate (56)
vihāya śāka sūpādīn vihāyas te dhayanti yat
tan nīraṁ prakaṭam hitvā dhāvanty eva marīcikām (57)
kāraṇaṁ rasa niṣpattau carvaṇeneti taj jaguḥ
carvantu paricoṣyanti na pitur janma koṭibhiḥ (58)

"O Rasika Śiromaṇi Kṛṣṇacandra! Those people who have taken shelter of *vyañjana* (vegetables or suggestion) saying that there are no more than eight mellows, don't know anything! Those who give up *sabji* and *dāl* for some spiritual *rasa* are like thirsty people who leave an oasis to run after a mirage! Those people who do not know that you must chew to get some taste (and you can not chew these formless transcendental mellows), may go on chewing and sucking for millions of lives, but they will never taste any *rasa*!"

rāmaḥ prāha rasāsvāde ke'nubhāvā bhavan mate
ke vā sañcāriṇaḥ ko vā sthāyī sa svādyate katham (59)

(Hearing the new *rasa-siddhānta* of *bhojan rasika* Madhumaṅgala) Balarāma said: "How do you experience the taste of these mellows, how are the *sañcārīs* (dynamic expressions) and how do you taste the *sthāyī* (permanent) mellows?"

baṭur uce yad aprāptyā pūrvam evāśru me bhavet
prāptyā tu vyañjanasyāsya pulakāsya prasannate (60)
varṇasya snigdhatātṛptyā vaivarṇyaṁ tac ca paśya me

bhuñjana eva yad vacmi svaro me tena bhidyate (61)
stambho me bhūri miṣṭānna bhojanaśikta duḥkaja
prasvedaḥ prakaṭo'nte tu pralayo bahu bhakṣaṇāt (62)
ālasya cintāsvāpādyāḥ spaṣṭāḥ sañcāriṇo'tra naḥ
svādyatvenaika evāpi sthāyī tu vividhābhidhaḥ (63)

Madhumaṅgala explained: "(O Haladhara!) Although the knowers of *rasa* say that the shedding of tears comes after an emotional incitement I experience it beforehand, of sorrow, if I don't get my curries! My face becomes joyful and my body is studded with goosepimples of ecstasy when I get my meal! (Because I took birth in the house of a poor *brāhmaṇa* I sometimes get no meal or no massage with oil, hence my body is very rough, but) Look! My bodily hue becomes smooth after eating, this is my *vaivarṇya* (loss of bodily colour, another *sāttvika* ecstasy), and my voice changes of ecstasy when I eat. I get stunned of distress when I cannot eat lots of sweet rice. Look at me when I sweat, and after I finished eating a lot you can see me passing out (*pralaya*, the tenth stage of ecstasy)! My clear dynamic (*sañcārī*) moods are sleep, laziness and thoughtfulness, and although the paramount ecstasy named tastefulness is actually one, it is experienced in many different ways!"

śākāḥ sukṛtaḥ pākāptāḥ sūpo bhūpopalabdhidaḥ
bhṛṣṭāḥ dṛṣṭāḥ kva vā kena kaṇāpy ete'ti durlabhaḥ (64)
parpaṭaṁ kim amī śveta karpaṭā iti veda kaḥ
bhājī rājīvavat phulla netrayor harṣa varṣiṇī (65)
baṭakā taṭakān kartum asman raktiṁ dadhaty amī
amlani mlanidāyini sudhāyā api sarvatha (66)
pāyaso'pāyasodvigna cetasaś cintya eva me
manasā panasāmrādiṣv iṣyate svalayo muhuḥ (67)
rasāla kiṁ rasālāmo rasālānam athāpi vā
rasālābhena yasyāmaj janur majjati dhik kṛtau (68)
sandhānam anusandhānaṁ svasmin mac cetaso'tanot
durlabhāś candra-bimbābhā roṭikāḥ koṭi kāñcanaiḥ (69)

ājyābhyaktāni-bhaktāni manye kāñcana vāriṇā
snāpitānīva saurabhyaṁ yeṣāṁ saulabhyam abhyagāt (70)
godanta kṛta ghāsādi ghrāyiṇyāṁ gopa saṁsadi
kṛta puṇyasya me bhūri bhoga bhājaḥ prasaṅgataḥ (71)

This *śāka* (vegetable) is only attained after having a lot of pious merit, and whoever drinks this *dāl* (pea-soup) feels himself like a king! This fried rice and fried gram is rarely attained even by Lord Brahmā! These *pappars* (thin cakes made of ground pulse) look like white sheets and the *bhājī* (fried preparations) shower our blooming lotuslike eyes with bliss! These hogplums make nectar taste sour and the cakes make us dance in ecstasy at their mere sight! When we see the *kṣīra* (sweet rice) we're afraid that we will die of indigestion and our minds simply want to be immersed in the mangoes and the jackfruits. My birth is condemned if I cannot taste the savouries (like *samosas*) that are like posts to bind up my elephant-like tongue, and these pickles are what my mind was searching for. These moonlike round *roṭīs* (flat breads) are rarely attained even by paying millions of gold coins. This rice, that is sprinkled with *ghī* (clarified butter) that looks like golden water and that smells as nice as grass which is grazed by the cows of Vraja (thus enchanting all the cowherders), is only attained by the great pious merit of having my association!"

vane vipras tapasyasti patra mūla phalāśanāḥ
baṭos te nādhikāro'sti bhoge yāhi tapaś cara (72)

Śrīdāma then retorted: "O Baṭo! You are a *brāhmaṇa* from the forest, you should eat only leaves, fruits and roots! You're not supposed to enjoy all this! Go and perform your penances!"

satyaṁ bho yaiḥ purā taptaṁ patra mūla phalādibhiḥ
pariṇamya januṣy atra vyañjanatvena tair mama (73)

Madhumaṅgala said: “Bho Śrīdāma, you are right! I performed penances in my last life, eating fruits, roots and leaves only. And now, in this birth, they are transformed into curries!”

bhauma svarga juṣaḥ sādhu pratyakṣībhūyate’nvayam
iti jānīta bhogo’yam atapta tapasa kutaḥ (74)

“The residents of the terrestrial heavens are well visible to me every day. Know that my enjoyment is not possible for those who did not perform penance. How can it be?

mat tapaḥ pavanaspṛṣṭā acīcarata gā vane
tadāpītyadhunābhūta yūyaṁ mad bhoga bhāginaḥ (75)
iti jāti-smaro’vocam eṣāṁ pūrva-janoḥ kathām
tasmāt tad dakṣiṇātvena mahyaṁ dāpaya pāyasaṁ (76)

“While tending your cows you touched my wind (as I walked past you, in our previous births) and thus you became purified with the power of my penances. Therefore today you can share my enjoyment! Thus I showed you how I remember my last birth. Now as a reward you must give me sweet rice!”

satyaṁ jāti smarāyāsmai vāg vyayaśrama-kāriṇe
tapasvine’tivijñāya pracuraṁ dehi pāyasaṁ (77)
ity uktvā sā vrajeśvaryā rohiṇī smayamānayā
yāvad dadāti tāvat tāṁ niṣidhyan subalo’bravīt (78)
evaṁ cet prāthamaṁ prāptur mahanty ete balī-mukhāḥ
vāg vyayāśramino’trāpi januṣy ete tapasvinaḥ (79)
śītoṣṇābāta sahanāḥ patra puṣpa phalāśanāḥ
jāti smarāḥ kathaṁ na syuḥ ko’mīṣāṁ vetti vijñatām (80)

Vrajeśvarī Yaśodā (laughed and) told Rohiṇī: “*Sakhi*! Madhumaṅgala has grown tired of remembering his previous birth and speaking about it! Give this ascetic lots of sweet rice!”

But as soon as smiling Rohiṇī went to give Madhumaṅgala his sweet rice, Subala forbade her, saying: "O Mother of Bala! Wait! First you must feed the monkeys! They are also tired of speaking and they're also ascetics. They tolerate cold and heat and rain, they eat only fruits, flowers and leaves, and couldn't they be learned and aware of their previous births?"

kṛṣṇaḥ prāha sakhe vipra brahmopāsana tatparaḥ
kīśāḥ kukṣimbharā eṣāṁ dvayeyaṁ mahad antaraṁ (81)

Kṛṣṇa said: "Friend Subala! *brāhmaṇas* are meditating on *brahma* and monkeys are only interested in filling their bellies. There's great difference between them!"

subalāha
asya kīśasya cāvaimi na kim apy antaraṁ hare
naratvam bānaratvaṁ vānayor bhede na kāraṇaṁ (82)
kiṁ ca khyāpayatā tena loke'pūrvaṁ sva vijñatām
bṛhattvat bṛṁhanatvāc ca svakukṣir brahma manyate (83)
atas triṣavaṇaṁ tasya dhyāyatā pūrti-sādhanam
sa evopāsyate'nena naiṣṭhika brahmacāriṇā (84)
kadācid bhūri pakkānna grasanāveśa saṁbhramaiḥ
kīśāyitaṁ syāt pāṇibhyāṁ bhuñjanasyāsya lāghavaiḥ (85)

Subala said: "O Hari! I cannot see any difference between *brāhmaṇas* and monkeys! There's not even any difference between their names (*nara*= man and *bānara*= monkey). To make his expertise known to the world Madhumaṅgala interpreted the word *brahma* to mean his belly, taking it to be as unlimited and everlasting as *brahma*. He sits down three times a day to meditate on how to fill up his belly, and for this he is fixed in celibacy. Sometimes he is so absorbed in quickly grabbing huge amounts of cooked food that he eats with two hands, just like a monkey!"

ityuktvājīhasat sarvān subalas tān baṭuḥ sa tu
hasan bhuñjāna evoccai kāśaiḥ śonamukho'bhavat (86)

Hearing Subala's joking words, everyone, including Madhumaṅgala, laughed. Madhumaṅgala then had to cough loudly while eating, making his face turn red.

goṣṭheśāha baṭo tiṣṭha kṣaṇaṁ mā bhūṅkṣva mā hasa
sthairyam āpnuhi mā jalpa mainaṁ hāsayatārbhakāḥ (87)

Queen Yaśodā said: "Baṭo! Don't laugh while you eat! Wait and calm down! O boys! Don't laugh and joke with Madhumaṅgala while he eats!"

kṛṣṇaḥ prāha sakhe kukṣir adya durbharatām agāt
pratyūho hāsa kāśābhyāmadane hanta te kṛtaḥ (88)

Kṛṣṇa said: "O friend! Today your belly was not filled up because you were hindered by laughter and coughs! Alas!" Hanta!

mātaḥ śikhariṇīṁ dehī-ty-uktvā tāṁ sa bhṛśaṁ piban
dhārām apātayac cāru cibukāj jaṭharāntagāṁ (89)

Madhumaṅgala said: "O mother! Give me some *śikhariṇī* (a sweet yoghurt-drink)!", and while he drank it briskly the drink beautifully streamed from his chin onto his belly.

śrīdāmāha baṭor asya mukha-śrīḥ kṛṣṇa varṇyataṁ
pūryyate nābhi sarasī patantyā dhārayā yataḥ (90)

Śrīdāma said: "O Kṛṣṇa! Describe the beauty of Madhumaṅgala's face! Aho! He fills up the lake of his navel with a stream of *śikhariṇī*!"

kṛṣṇo'bravīd yataḥ kukṣeḥ kṣīrāmbhodher hasendutā
muhur uccalanād vaktra śikharad vīcir udgatā (91)
abhūt śikhariṇī dhārā punanty asyāṅga maṇḍalīṁ
duṣpūram api duṣpāraṁ tam eva praviśat punaḥ (92)

Kṛṣṇa said: "Listen Śrīdāma! The waves that swell in the Milkocean of Madhumaṅgala's belly are caused by the nectarean moon of his smile. These waves flow from his mountainpeak face as a stream of *śikhariṇī* and thus sanctify his whole body. Then again they enter into the navellake of his belly, which is hard to cross and hard to fill up!"

evaṁ hāsa prahāsāpta modāḥ kṛṣṇa balādayaḥ
sutṛptā api mātṛbhyām abhūvan bhūri-bhojitāḥ (93)

In this way everyone joked during breakfast and Rohiṇī and Yaśodā once more served everyone profusely, although Kṛṣṇa, Balarāma and the others were already satisfied.

aśāna sādhunā kṛṣṇa mātar me kṣunnyavarttata
śirasaḥ śapatho bhuṅkṣva pañca ṣan kavalān api (94)

Mother Yaśodā told Kṛṣṇa: "O Kṛṣṇa, eat nicely!" Kṛṣṇa said: "Mother, I have no more appetite!" Yaśodā said: "I swear You, eat at least five or six handfuls more!"

atha tān bhuktavaty asmin prāha vatsa kathaṁ bhavān
etair nyūnatayā sthāsyad ayāsyat kṣāmatāṁ bhṛśaṁ (95)
idaṁ te rocakaṁ bhuṅkṣva māta śaktir na me'sty ataḥ
rohiṇī svayam evaihi mad vācaṁ naiṣa manyate (96)

(Then Kṛṣṇa, on the request of His mother, ate a little more, and) Mother Yaśodā said: "O my child! You wouldn't eat this if I didn't tell You to (and thus You would fall short five or six morsels)! Have You become so skinny from eating so little every day? You love this preparation so much! Eat a little!" Kṛṣṇa replied: "Ma! I cannot eat anymore!" Then Yaśodā called Rohiṇī, saying: "Rohiṇi! Tell Him to eat! He won't listen to me!"

vatsa nāśvāsi cet etāny apacam temanāni kiṁ
vṛṣabhānu-sutā kiṁ vā'hūtā pāke vicakṣaṇā (97)
anaśnan mātaraṁ māṁ ca tāṁ cāpi tvaṁ dunoṣi tat
ity ukto'nna vyañjanādi kiñcit kiñcid abhukta saḥ (98)

Rohiṇī then said: "O Vatsa (child)! If You don't eat I would have prepared all these dishes for nothing. Why should I then invite king Vṛṣabhānu's expert daughter for cooking? (If You don't eat, then why should we let this princess, who is *śirīṣa-mṛdvī*, as soft as a Śirīṣa-flower, go through all the hardship of cooking?) Why should You give so much hardship to Your mother, to me and to Her (I think that Śrī Rādhikā will not come anymore if She must always go through so much distress)?" Hearing these warnings, Kṛṣṇa ate a little of the rice and vegetables.

kṛṣṇa kas te svabhāvo yat kṣudhā vasthātum īhase
hā kadā vā kathaṁ vā te balapuṣṭī bhaviṣyataḥ (99)

(Seeing this, Śrī Vrajeśvarī (Yaśodā) and Rohiṇī said: "O Kṛṣṇa, where is Your character? O! How will Your body become strong and nourished if You remain hungry like that?"

evam mātrātha rohiṇyā sarve rāmādayo'pi te
snehena bhojitāḥ prāpur apūrvām atulāṁ mudaṁ (100)

Being thus affectionately fed by Rohiṇī and the mothers, Balarāma and the other boys also experienced matchless, wonderful bliss.

bhojanāvāpta sauhitya janitaṁ śrī-bharāñcitaṁ
jāla nyastekṣaṇā rādhā preyaso rūpam āpapau (101)

Śrī Rādhikā drank the beautiful nectarean view of Kṛṣṇa's form through the window with Her eyes, seeing that Kṛṣṇa was satisfied and had finished His meal.

te'tha dāsa-karopātta jharjharī nālanoditaiḥ
nīraiḥ kṣālita hastasya utthasthuḥ sva sva pīṭhataḥ (102)
krāntvā śata-padaṁ sva sva talpam adhyāsya vījitāḥ
dāsaiḥ suṣupur avyagraṁ tāmbulām upabhojitāḥ (103)

After breakfast the servantboys poured water from golden jugs for all the boys to wash their hands and mouths. Everyone got up from their seats and took a hundred steps to lie down and eat *pān* on their beds. The servantboys handed them the betel-leaves and fanned them as they fell asleep.

rasavatyā viniṣkrāntāṁ nirnikta karapaṅkajāṁ
rādhāṁ paryacaran dāsyo vivikte vyajanādibhiḥ (104)

Śrī Rādhikā came out of the kitchen, washed Her lotus-like hands and feet and went to take some rest in private. There She was served by Her maidservants, who fanned Her and rendered other services.

kavoṣṇa vyañjanānnādi rohiṇyā pariveśitaṁ
dhaniṣṭhāṁ grāhayitvāha rādhām etya vrajeśvarī (105)
vatse gāndharvi lalite viśākhe campavallike
niḥsaṅkocāmahāśnīta dhinutādya mamākṣiṇī (106)
putri kiṁ lajjase bhoktuṁ kīrtidevāsmi te prasūḥ
hasa khela'ssva śeṣvātra nilaye savayovṛtā (107)
tat vāg amṛta saṁsikta manaskāra sakhī smitaiḥ
īṣan mandākṣa mandākṣam antar modā'da rādhikā (108)
preṣṭha phelāmṛtaṁ svādaiḥ paricitya mudā'plutā
dhaniṣṭhāyāṁ kiranty akṣi koṇaṁ tām adhinod iyaṁ (109)

Then Rohiṇī served lukewarm rice and vegetables to Śrī Rādhikā and Her friends in golden trays. Yaśodā was taken in by

Dhaniṣṭhā and said: "O daughter Gāndharvike! Lalite! Viśākhe! Campakavalli! Give joy to my eyes by eating without reservation! O Rādhe, daughter! Why are You so shy? I'm Your mother as much as Kīrtidā is! Just joke, play and lie down here in my home with Your friends (*savayovṛta*)!" The *sakhīs*' minds were sprinkled with the nectar of these words, taking *savayovṛta* to mean "embraced by Kṛṣṇa" and they smiled slightly. Śrī Rādhikā slightly contracted Her eyes out of bashfulness and took Her meal with Her friends. Her mind was immersed in bliss by tasting Her lover's nectarean foodremnants and She cast a merciful glance at Dhaniṣṭhā (who had mixed some of Kṛṣṇa's remnants in Her food), who thus became very happy (thinking to herself: "How did Śrī Rādhikā sense that I have done this very secret thing?").

bhojayitvātha tāṁ ratna bhūṣā vastrānulepanaiḥ
lālayitvā vrajeśvaryā gatāyāṁ tuṅgavidyayā (110)
kiñcid ūce viśākhāyāḥ karṇe tat-sānvamanyata
rādhāpy anumimīte'sma tad dvayoḥ smita vīkṣayā (111)
sakhyau yad yuvayoḥ karṇākarṇi sasmitam īkṣyate
mugdhāyāḥ kulavadhvā me tannātra śreyasī sthitiḥ (112)
ity utthāya svagehāya yāntyā vavre viśākhayā
proce śaṅkā miṣeneṣṭa spṛhā kiṁ sakhi sūcyate (113)
hasa khela'ssva savayo vṛtetyāha vrajeśvarī
bhuktvā kṣaṇam aviśramya yāntī tāṁ khedayiṣyasi (114)

Śrī Vrajeśvarī fondled Śrī Rādhikā, giving Her different garments, ornaments and unguents. Tuṅgavidyā whispered something in Viśākhā's ear, making her giggle and shake her head. Śrī Rādhikā, who saw this, understood what was on their minds and said: "O *sakhi* Viśākhe! O Tuṅgavidye! I should not stay here when I see you whispering in eachother's ears and exchanging naughty glances with eachother like that! You're just infatuated housewives!" Then She got up to go home, but Viśākhā (stopped Her and) said: "O *sakhi*! Are You indicating Your desires with this show of fear? *Sakhi*! Vrajeśvarī told You to freely play, joke and lie down with Your *vayas* (*sakhīs* or Kṛṣṇa)! Now why do You make her sad by disobeying this order, going straight home without even taking a little rest after eating?"

niṣkrāmyatāṁ sakhi mayā saha sādhu-pakṣa dvārena
satvaram imāḥ khalu kūṭacaryāḥ
tad bandhujīva sumano nayana spṛhā'pi pūrṇā
bhaviṣyatitarāṁ nirapāyam eva (115)

Then Dhaniṣṭhā came and told Śrī Rādhikā: "*Sakhi*! Don't stay with them, they are very crooked! Come with me through the sidedoor, quickly! Your desire to pick Bandhujīva-flowers for *sūrya pūjā* (or: the desires of Kṛṣṇa's heart (*bandhu* = Your friend Kṛṣṇa and *jīva* = His heart), eyes and mind to unite with You) will be fulfilled without hindrance!"

na jñāsyate vrajapurādhipayā vṛthā tvaṁ kiṁ śaṅkase
sva gṛham evanayaiva vīthyā
ity ādarād giri-guhā sukha-sadma ninye tāṁ kṛṣṇa
kānti ruciraṁ caturā dhaniṣṭhā (116)

"O *Sakhi*! The Queen of Vraja will not find out, don't be vainly afraid! Come along with me down this path!", the clever Dhaniṣṭhā said and made Śrī Rādhikā meet beautiful Kṛṣṇa in a blissful abode in a (solitary) cave of Nandīśvara Hill (thus fulfilling Kṛṣṇa's longstanding desire to meet His hearts' beloved Śrī Rādhikā in a lonely place).

Thus ends the sixth chapter of Śrīla Viśvanātha Cakravartī's "Kṛṣṇa Bhāvanāmṛta Mahākāvya", dealing with Kṛṣṇa's dressing and breakfast at Nandīśvara in the morning time.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Pūrvāhna-līlā

Forenoon Pastimes (8.24-10.48 a.m.)

"Goṣṭha līlā : Pastimes in the Pastures"

tilakābharaṇādi dhāraṇaiḥ pratibadhnāsyatha kiṁ savitri me
adhunāpy aśakaṁ yato gṛhān nahi nirgantum ahaṁ karomi kiṁ (1)
nikhila mama mitra maṇḍalī militaiva bhavad atra saṅgave
praṇayāmbu-nidhiḥ sakhā sa me
vanam eṣyan pathi māṁ pratīkṣyate (2)

(After sleeping a little Śrī Kṛṣṇa's friends went to their individual homes to get dressed and decorated. Being eager to go out to the pastures with Kṛṣṇa, they told their mothers:) "O mother! Why do you keep me here for putting on my *tilaka* and ornaments? What should I do? Why can't I get out of the house? All my friends are meeting with Kṛṣṇa at this time of the morning![1] My friend Kṛṣṇa, who is an ocean of love, waits for me, looking out for me to go with Him to the forest! (O mother, let me go! I will be cooled off by seeing the moonlike face of the prince of Gokula, my heart's friend!)"

katham udvijase tvam aparaṁ vraja rakṣāmaṇim eva te'dhunā
maṇibandham anupraśāntikam tanayaiṣāsmi nibadhnatī kare (3)
na gavāṁ dhvanir adhvani śruto na ca sampraty api saṅgavodgamaḥ
niragu suhṛdo na dhāmatas tava tāralyam adhās tvam eva kiṁ (4)
maṇi kāñcana bhūṣanāñcitā jananī mārjita carcitādṛta
atiraṅgam ivānalaṅkṛtaṁ hasitā tvāṁ sakhi pālir eva te (5)

The mothers replied: “Vatsa, why are you so upset? I only have the tranquilizing protecting stone on your wrist left to put on! I don’t hear the cows going out yet, it’s not forenoon yet and your friends haven’t left their homes yet! Why are you so restless? If you go unornamented you’ll look like a beggar, and your friends, who have been decorated with jewels and golden ornaments and who have been bathed and anointed by their mothers, will laugh at you!”

iti mātṛ kṛtopalālanādy api te bandhanam ity amaṁsata
viśikha ruta mātra śaṅkita sva sakhānty āgama viklavekṣaṇāḥ (6)

Even though their mothers meant to fondle them, the boys considered them entanglements. When they heard even the slightest sound down the road, they anxiously looked in that direction for their friends to come.

vasudāma sudāma kiṅkiṇī subalādyāḥ samitā itas tataḥ
puramānaśire harer ime sukha sindhoḥ pulinaṁ yathormaya (7)

Then Vasudāma, Sudāma, Kiṅkiṇī, Subala and other boys gathered together from different places, like the waves of an ocean of bliss (Nandīśvara) reaching the Hari-shore.

atha kaścana gopa āgato’vadad
uccaiḥ śṛṇutedam arbhakāḥ
sa gavāṁ bhavaneṣvavasthito
vrajarājo yad iha dideśa vaḥ (8)
svapitu kṣaṇam acyutaḥ sukhaṁ na
bhavadbhih prasabhaṁ prabodhyatāṁ
adhunādya mayaiva mocitā
dhavāvalī ca vilambya kālyatāṁ (9)

Then one cowherdman came (from the quarters of Śrī Vrajarāja) and loudly said: “Listen, boys! King Nanda, who stays in the barn, says: "Let Acyuta happily sleep a little more. Don't awaken Him so roughly! I have personally released the cows! Just wait a minute and then go!"

iti te śrutavanta eva go sadanānyeva mudā pratasthire
katicit subalādayo'bhavan nibhṛtaṁ preṣṭha sakhāvarodha gāḥ (10)

Hearing this, all the cowherdboys joyfully joined king Nanda in the barn while some more intimate friends like Subala went up to see Kṛṣṇa in His bedroom.

dadhate'pacitiṁ harer na cāpacitiṁ premṇi ya'nuyāyinaḥ
upasedur ime vrajeśvarīṁ prathamam raktaka patrakādayaḥ (11)
atha kaścid adhāttayārpitāṁ tanayāmodaka modakāvalīm
ati vatsalatā latavalat phala pīlām iva kāñcid acitām (12)
maṇi citrita dāru peṭikāntaragām aṁsataṭe vahann asau
śata koṭy asuto'py athādarād avadhānīyatāmamaṁs ta tām (13)

Then the servantboys like Raktaka, Patraka etc., whose love for Hari never decreases and who are expert in their service, came to mother Yaśodā, who gave one of them some gladdening sweetmeats for her son, that were like the fruits growing on the vine of her motherly love. That boy kept the sweets in his wooden basket on his shoulder, keeping it as being more precious than billions of hearts.

stimitāruṇa cela kañcukāvṛta candropala citra jharjharīm
śaśi vāsita nīra pūritam aparo vibhrad abhramāvabhau (14)
sita mānasa vṛttim eva tām anurāga pihitāṁ dravat tarām
bahir eṣa janān kim īkṣayann atulaṁ saubhaga ratnam ādade (15)
sphaṭikottama sampūṭaṁ paroha badvad antaḥ phaṇivalli vīṭikam
adhikakṣam ayaṁ dadhāra kiṁ
śaśi-bimbam svamano'dhidaivatam (16)
vasanābharaṇādy anekadhā dadha ekaḥ paridheyam īśituḥ
dyumatām api mohanāya yat sudṛśāṁ kārmaṇatāṁ prapatsyate (17)

Another servantboy brought in a wonderful moonstone jug filled with camphor-scented water and covered by a wet crimson sheet, that was colored like his attachment to Kṛṣṇa, covering the clear white water of his mind, that was outwardly manifest as matchless jewels of fortune (like the jewels on the jug). Another servantboy held a round crystal box filled with betelleaves under his armpit, as if he was wearing his presiding deity, the moonglobe (this box was always on his mind). Another servantboy carried many kinds of garments and ornaments for his Lord, that were like herbs that enchanted the demigoddesses (known in Vraja as Ṭonā, Gauḍe and Yādu).

kṣaṇataḥ kṣaṇadhuk kṣaṇaprabhā nibhakāntā niviḍopagūhanāt
sahasā niragād bahir hariḥ kalayan mitra kalāpa jalpitaṁ (18)

When Hari heard His friends talking near the mountain-cave where He sat with lightninglike Rādhikā, He loosened Himself from Her tight embrace and immediately went to see them.

pidadhan nava jāguḍāṁśukaṁ sahacaryā sa tayaiva dhāritaṁ
kim u cañcalayā calan balān mudiro'veṣṭyata hātum akṣamāḥ (19)
sakhībhir hasitaḥ sita dyuti dyuti nindi smita puṣpa varṣibhiḥ
racitāṅga vibhūṣaṇa kriyaḥ samiyāyātha mahā purāntaraṁ (20)
dyumaṇi śruta daṇḍanodyata prasarat śastagamasti kaustubhaḥ
śikhi candraka maṇḍala sphurat sura-cāpojjvala mauli maṇḍitaḥ (21)
cala mauktika-dāma dhāmabhis tirayan bāla balākikāvalīḥ
alipāli samīlitollasad vanamālodayad iddha saurabhaḥ (22)

When Kṛṣṇa's friends saw that He was dressed in the fresh *kuṅkuma*-like dress that Rādhikā had covered Him with, they took Him to be a cloud forcefully embraced by restless lightningstrikes, that were unable to let go of Him (as if Śrī Rādhikā had embraced Śyāmasundara, whose body resembles a fresh monsooncloud, in the form of His Pītāmbara, yellow *dhoṭī*).

Seeing these signs of love, the boys began to shower Kṛṣṇa with their smiles, that were like moonwhite flowers. After they brought Him back to the palace they began to dress Him up for going out to the *goṣṭha* (pastures). They hung the Kaustubha-gem, whose rays extend here and there to punish the sunrays, around His neck, and they adorned His head with a crest of peacockfeathers that shone like a brilliant rainbow. Then they hung restless strings of pearls that resembled a row of babycranes, and a fragrant garland of forestflowers surrounded by blissful bumblebees, around His neck. (His friends thus thought Kṛṣṇa to be a monsooncloud toppled by the sun (the Kaustubha-jewel), a rainbow (His peacockfeather) and pervaded by crane-birds (His pearl necklace).

jananī jananī-vṛtaṁ drutaṁ racayan harṣapayaḥ pariplutam
vraja tāpa śatāpanodanaḥ purato yan pura toraṇād abhūt (23)

(Being ornamented) In this way, Kṛṣṇa, who removes the affliction of the people of Vraja, inundated the area of His mother with water (the tears from her eyes and the milk from her breasts) of bliss, as He appeared before the towngate.

atha sāmbikayā kilimbayā svasṛbhir yātṛbhir apy udaśrubhih
saha sā sahasā vrajeśvarī niragat tām anu rādhikālibhiḥ (24)

Then Vrajeśvarī Yaśodā came out crying with Ambikā, Kilimbā, her sisters and her sisters-in-law, followed by Śrī Rādhikā and Her friends.

vanam eti mukunda ity ayaṁ dhvanir ekaḥ sphuṭam uccacāra yaḥ
vividha dhvani prasur bhavan-nabhāt
śruti-pāliḥ sa puraukasāṁ viśan (25)
avilambatamatah sakhe vrajan vipinādhvabhimukhīr vidhehi gāḥ
tanavāma niyuddha kautukaṁ hariṇādya kṣitibhṛt taṭājire (26)

When the news 'Mukunda goes to the forest' went around clearly (being echoed by the parrots in the *gopas'* houses and relayed by the women, who were eager to see Kṛṣṇa, to like-minded women), it entered into the earholes of the villagers like 'the sun is setting! (Everyone reacts to such an announcement in their own way. In this classical example, the cowherdboys react by saying: "O friends! The sun is setting! It is time to collect the cows and return home', whilst *brāhmaṇas* will react by saying: "The sun is setting! It is time for our *sandhyā* (rituals performed thrice a day, including sunset)". The cowherdboys then said: "O Friends! Take the cows out on the path to the forest without delay! We're going to fight for fun with Hari on the slope of Govardhana Hill today!"

baṭavaḥ paṭalaiḥ śubhāśiṣāṁ pṛṣataiḥ śānti ṛcābhi mantritaiḥ
abhiṣiñcitaḥ darbha pāṇayo harim agre'bhajatāśuḥ nirvṛtaṁ (27)

(When they heard the announcement "Mukunda is going into the forest") The *brāhmaṇas* felt as if they were ordered: "O *brāhmaṇas*! Rejoice by blessing Kṛṣṇa with handfuls of Darbha-grass and sprinkling Him with drops of water that were sanctified by *mantras* from the Śānti Ṛg-Veda!"

naya ballaba māṁ balād ito nija naptur mukha paṅkajāmṛtaiḥ
śiśirīkaravāṇi locane yad ṛte jīvitum eva notsahe (28)

(When he heard the announcement 'Mukunda is going into the forest!') Parjanya, Kṛṣṇa's grandfather, told the cowherders: "Take me to Kṛṣṇa somehow or other, so that I can cool off my eyes with the nectar of my grandson's lotuslike face, without which I cannot live!"

racayāli miṣaṁ viśārade jaratī vañcaka mañcakaṁ mudām
nibhṛtena pathā bhaje vane priya saṅketita kuñja mandiram (29)
sakhi kiṁ karavai khaikhaidhita tarṣā hari gopuroditaiḥ

balabhīm adhiroḍhum apy ahaṁ
na dadhe'spanda vapuḥ samarthatām (30)
alakair alam atra saṁskṛtair mad uro'py astutamām anāvṛtam
sakṛd apavalokya mādhavaṁ sakhi jīveyam ito vimuñca mām (31)
ayi bhāvi yad astu tat patiḥ kurutāṁ daṇḍam asahya adya me
sva guror api paśyato vrajāmy adhunāyaṁ samayo na yat sthiraḥ (32)
ayi durmukhi rāraṭīṣi kiṁ kim ihaikaiva niremi te gṛhāt
kalayātra ruṇaddhi kā vadhūr adhūnā sva sva purād viniryatī (33)

(When she heard the announcement 'Mukunda is going into the forest!') one *gopī* told the other: "O Viśārade (expert girl)!","find some trick by which we can blissfully deceive our old mother! I'm going down the secret path to the cottage in the trysting-*kuñja*! (Another *preyasī* became completely stunned when she heard that Mukunda is going to the forest, so she told her friend:) "Sakhi, what to do now? I hear Hari is going to the forest through the towngate! This increases my thirst to see Him, but my body is stunned of ecstasy, I cannot climb the watchtower! (Another *preyasī* was just making herself up when she heard that Mukunda is going into the forest, and she told her *sakhī*:) "There's no more need to make up my hair! Let my chest remain uncovered! If I cannot see Mādhava even once my fly-like life will leave me! (O *sakhi*! Let me go!) (Another *preyasī* ran upto her roof like mad to see Kṛṣṇa, but was anxiously stopped by one of her friends, afraid that her superiors might find out. That *preyasī* simply said: "But Mukunda is going into the forest!") Alas! Let my fate be what it is! Let my husband give me intolerable punishment, let my superiors see me (I will ignore them as if they are blades of grass!), I'm going to (see) Kṛṣṇa! This blissful moment won't stand still when He goes into the forest!" One *sakhī* told her obstructing mother-in-law (while she was running up to her balcony): "(Mukunda is going into the forest!) O ugly-faced one, why are you screaming?! Am I the only one going out of your house? Look here! Whose daughter-in-law is not running out of her house, and which mother-in-law is there to stop her?"

atha go-bhavanād vanāya gā vanajākṣa sakhibhiḥ sa cārayan
prasasāra masāra sārabhāḥ parito'gre harito vilakṣayan (34)

Then lotus-eyed Kṛṣṇa went out of the barn into the forest with His cows and His friends, diffusing a sapphire luster that astonished everyone.

bhavatā viraheṇa tāvatā pitarau tāpitarau tad ātvajaiḥ
pṛṣatair nayanāmbhasāṁ rasām anuyāntau bhṛśam abhyaṣiñcatāṁ (35)

At that time even the slightest arising feeling of separation from Kṛṣṇa afflicted Nanda and Yaśodā, who followed their son with their eyes full of the tears that sprinkled the soil of Vraja.

tanayānavaloka bhāvitā smṛti vismārita daihika kriye
pratime iva mātarau tadā kṣaṇam aspanda tanū atiṣṭhatatan (36)

Mother Yaśodā and Rohiṇī, understanding that they would not see their boys for a long time, forgot all bodily activities and they became stunned like statues for a moment.

nidadhe parirambha dambhataḥ svasute kiṁ sva hṛd eva goparād
drutam eva tadā yadātataṁ svam acaitanyam atanyatamunā (37)

Nanda, king of the *gopas*, embraced his son within his heart, after which he quickly became stunned and enchanted.

sukumāra kumāra cārayan surabhīr yāhi vanāya yāsi cet
anuyāma vayaṁ ca vañcayan na dṛśas
tvaṁ sphuṭa maṁ ca kiṁ ca naḥ (38)
tanaya praṇayann ayaṁ naya sva samīpāt kvacanānyato na naḥ
na sahasva suhṛd vyathāṁ hṛdi sva viyogānalaheti hetukām (39)
pura-bhūṣaṇa dūṣaṇaṁ tv idam nagarī seyam ime gṛhāś ca te
tvayi nirgata eva no balān nigilantīva vṛthā sthitāyuṣaḥ (40)

Mother Yaśodā said: "O tender boy! If You go into the forest to tend Your cows then we will all follow You! Don't deceive us by going without us. O son, don't send us elsewhere, take us with You! We know You cannot tolerate the heartache of Your parents, who are burning in the fire of separation from You! (If You do not take us along You will feel sorry for our suffering later, so please take us along!) O ornament of our town! If You don't take us with You, then these blissful abodes in our town will swallow us by force and we will remain alive in vain!"

praharā api bhāvinas trayaḥ prahariṣyanty apayātum akṣamāḥ
na ca śīghram ihaiṣyasi tvam ity ata itthaṁ karavāma kiṁ vayam (41)
aruṇābja-dala śreṇi kva te sukumāre vimale pados tale
tṛṇa kaṇṭaka śarkarāṅkita kva nu sā kānana-bhūmir eṣi yām (42)
mṛganābhi rasokṣitā kva te navanīta pratimeva hā tanuh
kva nu sūryakara ime pratikṣaṇa vardhiṣṇutamā viṣolbaṇāḥ (43)

"Do You want to hurt us by returning home from the forest only after nine long hours? If You don't want to come home soon, that what shall we do? Where are Your footsoles, that are like the spotless and tender leaves of crimson lotusflowers, and where are the sprouts, thorns and pebbles on the forestsoil? O! Where is Your body, that is as soft as a puppet of butter sprinkled with liquid musk, and where are the scorching poisonous sunrays that increase their heat at every moment?"

asavo yad amī sphuṭanti no janayitryās tava saubhagojjhitāḥ
ati niṣṭhuratā pade paraṁ bata sāmrājyadhurāmato dadhuḥ (44)
dhavalāḥ paripāntu ballabāḥ svayam eva vrajarāja etu vā
sva haṭhaṁ na jahāsi hā śiśo katham atra śvasitu sva bandhutā (45)

"The life of this unfortunate mother of Yours, that is tearing up her chest, refuses to leave her. It bears the burden of a kingdom of great cruelty! Let the cowherdboys, or king Nanda himself herd the cows! O my child! If You don't give up Your eagerness for this, then how can Your friends remain alive?"

stimitāṅga sumaṅgalāmṛter ajaniṣṭhāḥ kim u ballabānvaye
tṛṇacāri gaṇānugāmitā paribhūtiṁ mṛdulo yad anvabhūḥ (46)

"O my tender Kṛṣṇa! Why did You take birth in a family of cowherders, where You must walk after the grazing cows? With such a body as Yours, which is softened by the nectar of auspiciousness, You should have been born in a royal family!"

iti gadgada varṇam arṇavo vinayānā jananī janoditaṁ
agavamya viramya yānataḥ sa na tasthau na tadā tad agrataḥ (47)
atha nirdayad api sva jīvitaṁ sthiratā prāptam iva va prabudhya sā
tanayaṁ snapitaṁ nijāśrubhiś ciram āślikṣad imaṁ vrajeśvarī (48)

Hearing these faltering words from His mother, Kṛṣṇa humby waited with going into the forest and stood before Her as an ocean of humility. Mother Yaśodā, whose life was almost gone, became aware of this and embraced Kṛṣṇa, showering Him with her tears of love.

drutam ātmaja śarma karmaṭha muditā vatsalataiva saṁvidaṁ
sphuṭam āpipad eva tāṁ balād vinirasyaiva tatā vicittataṁ (49)
abhirakṣya nṛsiṁha nāmabhiḥ suta gātrānyati mātra viklavā
balabhadra subhadra vardhana
pramukhān sābhidadhe puraḥ sthitām (50)
bhavatām anujaḥ sakhāsavo'py ayam eveti sadā na vedmi kiṁ
tad api prati vāsaraṁ prasūḥ kim ṛte jīvati piṣṭa peṣaṇāṁ (51)

Mother Yaśodā recovered from her swoon, because of Kṛṣṇa's blissful embrace as Kṛṣṇa forced Her to drink the full nectar of parental love. She became overwhelmed with feelings of love as she protected her son's body with the names of Lord Nṛsiṁhadeva, telling Balabhadra, Subhadra, Vardhana and other leading boys that stood before her: "O boys! My Kṛṣṇa is Your younger brother, friend and very life! Don't I know that? Still this mother cannot remain alive without grinding pulp every day?"

(without saying what I have said repeatedly before („protect him")

mṛdulāpi calāgraṇīḥ sudhīr api nāgāt pariṇāma darśitaṁ
avalopyati sāhasī haris tad imaṁ sādhvavatābhitāḥ sthitaḥ (52)
na pitur na pitṛvya saṁhater
na ca mātur vaśatāṁ tathaity asau
bhavatāṁ tu yathety athorbhanā mama
nānartha-kathāṁ prapatsyate (53)

"Although Hari is so tender, He is the leader of all the rowdy boys, and although He is very intelligent, He does not know His limits. Although He is weak He is also very dashing. Therefore You should stay around Him to protect Him. He cannot be controlled by His father, His mother or any of His superiors, but He may listen to you, I hope my request to you will not be in vain!"

yadi kaṁsa nṛśaṁsa kiṅkarāsura visphūrjitam īkṣitaṁ bhavet
drutam eva tadā palāya gā api hitvā nikhila samena naḥ (54)

"If you see Kaṁsa's cruel demoniac servants you should run, leaving even the cows, (into the village) and quickly take shelter of us!"

subalojjvala kokilādayo na niyuddhaṁ prasabhaṁ śubhaṁ yavaḥ
tanutātma sakhena khelanair na kim anyair bhuvi bhūyate nṛṇāṁ (55)

"O Subala, Ujjvala, Kokila and the other boys! Don't play so roughly with your heart's friend Kṛṣṇa! (Everyday I see nailmarks on Kṛṣṇa's tender body from your armfights! And if you argue: "But we are young boys! With what else but play should we bide our time?", then I say:) Are there no other games in this world for men?"

śṛṇutāpacitau vicakṣaṇa api bho raktaka patrakādayaḥ
kathayāmi nisargam etayoḥ sutayor matam avaitum arhata (56)
vidhurāv api hā kṣudhā na tāṁ na pipāsam api kaṇṭha śoṣiṇīṁ
sva tanūm api nāvagacchataḥ khalu khelārpita mānasāv imau (57)

"O Raktaka, Patraka and other expert servantboys! I'll tell you about Kṛṣṇa and Balarama's nature, listen and remember! Even if They are hungry They're not aware of it, because They're absorbed in playing and even if Their throats are dried up from thirst They will not feel thirsty!"

saraṇis taraṇiprabhā jvalat sikatā sūnur aṭāṭy ate'dya yām
janake kanakeṣṭakālaye vasatity atad avekṣate prasūḥ (58)

Then Yaśodā told her husband, Nanda: "The road where our boys walk will be scorched by the sun and this mother even stays alive seeing this father staying home in his golden brick home!"

anayāpy avipadyamānayā gṛha kṛtyaṁ vidadhānayā mayā
jananīty abhidhā dhṛta gata trapayā tāṁ stuvate'py amī janāḥ (59)

"Even those women whose sons suffer when they go out to tend the cows, but who still shamelessly continue their house duties without dying of compassion, are worshipped in this world as being mothers!"

kuliśāyitatā tatā tato bhavato bandhutayā nijārjitā
kusumāyita hṛt tvaṁ āśrayaṁs tad apī māṁ sva guṇair amūmudaḥ (60)

Then she told Kṛṣṇa: "Your friends (we), who see You going into the forest, have become as hard as thunderbolts! But still You gladden them with Your attributes, having a heart as soft as a flower?"

iti mātṛ vacaḥ sa ca śruti
prathitottaṁsam ivāracaṣya tām
smita candram asau rasokṣaṇair
anutaptāṁ samadhukṣayan manāk (61)

Kṛṣṇa, who wore these words of His afflicted mother on His ears as His best earrings, revived her by sprinkling her with the nectar from His moonlike smile.

yamunopavanopakaṇṭha gāḥ kalayantaḥ sukham eva hanta gāḥ
vilasāma sugandha śītale niviḍa cchāyā taru vrajāntare (62)
na ca kālana hetukaḥ śramaḥ sa mamaiṣyaty api sambhaviṣṇutām
ghaṭanādiṣu yad agavāṁ navāṁ muralīm eva viśāradāmadhām (63)
camarī-caya lūma-mārjjitā pariṣiktā makaranda bindubhiḥ
taru-ṣaṇḍa nirātapābhitaḥ pracaran nābhi-mṛgāti vāsitā (64)
mṛdulālama tūlikeva yānupadaṁ sādhupadānubhūyate
na tu mātara vekṣitā tvayā prasabhaṁ yā saraṇir vinindyate (65)

Kṛṣṇa humbly replied: “Mother, you have not seen the forest path! I feel no trouble in tending the cows at all, it’s My greatest pleasure! We’re playing in the dense cool shade of the fragrant trees in the forest on the bank of the Yamunā, looking at the cows. It’s also no problem for us to keep the cows together, for that I have My expert new Muralī-flute! And the paths also don’t give Me any pain: The Camarī-deer sweep them with their tails, the trees shower them with their honey and the Nābhi-deer scent them with their navel-musk! These paths are flawless and as soft as cotton!”

vividha dyuti puṣpavallībhir valitair manda samīra vellitai
paritaḥ prasaraj jharair araṁ śiśiraiḥ saurabha saubhagodayaiḥ (66)
pika gāyata keki nartakair bhrakad indindira-vṛnda vandibhiḥ
kṣitibhṛt taṭa kuñja kandarair mama ceto’nupadaṁ vikṛṣyate (67)

“With its fragrant caves and *kuñjas* where the cuckoos sing, the peacocks dance, the bees buzz like panegyrists, where the vines with their different flowers are always swung by a soft breeze, and where there are many cascades everywhere, Govardhana Hill attracts our minds at every step!”

maṇi-mandira-vṛnda-śandatāmanayadya cchabhir eva mandatām
savaścaya bhūṣitaḥ śaye sukham atrāpy ati khidyase kutaḥ (68)

"The joy that your jewelled abodes give Me is nothing compared to the joy I feel in these mountaincaves! Here I am adorned with flowers by My *vayas* (friends or girlfriends) and here I lie down in great joy. Why are you vainly distressed?"

iti kiṁ ca tatad dṛg añcalaṁ calitaṁ saṁsad alakṣitaṁ rahaḥ
ramaṇī maṇi dṛk-taṭī naṭī drutam āśliṣyad ati drutāṁ drutaṁ (69)

Saying this, Kṛṣṇa quickly and secretly embraced the dancing-girl-like eyelashes of the jewel of girls, Śrī Rādhikā, with His eyes. This meeting made the corners of both Their eyes melt (and it made both of Them very happy).

itaretaravṛta vedanā cature cāru yad āhatuḥ sma te
tata eva yuvadvayāsavaḥ sthiratām etum adhuḥ sūhāsasaṁ (70)

In this way the corners of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's charming eyes cleverly briefed over Eachother's heartaches. (With His glances Kṛṣṇa begged Rādhikā for a meeting at noontime and Rādhikā, with Her glances, gave Her consent). This gave the hearts of the Young Couple some temporary relief (but who knows how long that will last?).

baṭur āha kim amba dūnatāṁ tanuṣe svāṁ śṛṇu tatvamatra yat
adhikānanam asti yat sukhaṁ na ca tasyāṇur apīha vaḥ pure (71)
kadalī panasāmra dāḍima prabhṛtīny āśu nipātya vṛkṣataḥ
paripakkatayā susaurabhāṇy aśanīyāni tadaiva naḥ sukham (72)
phala pallava puṣpa saṁgrahaḥ spṛhayā kalpalatā-tater ayaṁ
vanam eti sakhā na sāṁbhavad bhavane sādhutayāsya pūryate (73)

Madhumaṅgala said: "O mother! Why are you so upset? Listen, I tell you frankly: there's not a drop of happiness in your town compared to the bliss we feel in the forest! We simply eat the ripe and fragrant bananas, jackfruits, mangoes and pomegranates that fall by themselves automatically from the trees (they are much more tasty than those in your house)! Our friend Kṛṣṇa desires to go to the forest to pick the fruits, leaves and flowers from the desire-vines (the desire-vine is Śrī Rādhikā, the fruits are Her breasts, the leaves Her lips and the flowers Her smile). Such a desire cannot be fulfilled in your town!"

itthaṁ bandhukulātulādhi dalano haṁvā ninādair gavām
āhūto'ti vubhukṣayāpi tam ṛte naikaṁ padaṁ gacchatāṁ
teṣāṁ tādṛśatā pradarśya pitarau yatnān nivartyācyutaś
cakrābjādi padāṅkatau vana-bhuvaṁ kāntāṁ mudā maṇḍayan (74)

Although they are very hungry, the cows will not set one foot into the forest without Kṛṣṇa, the destroyer of His friends' miseries. But now they began to call Him by mooing, so Acyuta, carefully stopped His parents from following Him by showing them the cows' condition, and blissfully began to mark the forest soil with the signs of the disc, the lotus etc. from His foot-soles as He walked on.

mad viccheda-rujo'nubhāvakam aho cetaḥ priyāṇām atas
tan nītvā nija saṅga eva vipinaṁ yāmīti yāte harau
ko naḥ syād viṣayo'nya ity anunayus teṣāṁ dṛśo veśma tu
sva sva varṣmabhir eva saṁskṛti-vaśān muktopamās te'viśan (75)

While He went into the forest, Hari thought: "Those who love Me feel pain when I leave, so let Me take their minds with Me!", and He did so. But the Vrajavāsīs' eyes also thought: "What other objects do we have but Kṛṣṇa?", so they also followed Him. In this way the Vrajavāsīs physically entered their homes like liberated souls that maintain their bodies only as an external custom.

Thus ends the seventh chapter of Śrīla Viśvanātha Cakravartī's "Kṛṣṇa Bhāvanāmṛta", describing how Kṛṣṇa goes out into the meadows in the morning (goṣṭha yātrā).

[1] The word *saṅgava* means 144 to 288 minutes after daybreak.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Vipina Vihāra

Pastimes in the forest

ramanīyaka nidhau vidhau vanaṁ hā praviṣṭavati saṁkalayya gāḥ
goṣṭha karavagatāti vedanā yā na sā bhavati gocaro girāḥ (1)

When the moon from the ocean of loveliness, Śrī Kṛṣṇa, collected His cows and went into the meadows, the heartache of the Vrajavāsīs became indescribable.

naiva cārayitum īśate sma gās taṁ vinā nija nija vrajabālāḥ
svāpayantya iva tā vicittatatāṁ svāṁ sakhīm iva cirāya śiśriyuḥ (2)

The girls of Vraja were unable to control their senses without Kṛṣṇa, so they took shelter of their friend 'swoon' and were as if in a sleeping condition for a long time.

saiva kāpy akhila gopa subhruvām ekikaiva vipad ālitāṁ yatī
saṁjvaraṁ śamayituṁ gṛhe gṛhe vyānaśe sapadi yoginīva tāḥ (3)

That swoon helped all the beautiful-browed *gopīs* in times of distress as a friend, pervading their homes like a *yoginī* to soothe their heartache of separation from Kṛṣṇa.

śliṣyasi priya-sakhīm amaṅgale kiṁ tvam ity asakṛd āli tarjanāt
kiṁ bhiyeva paritatyaje tayā mūrcchayāśu vṛṣabhānu-nandinī (4)

The *sakhīs* repeatedly told Murcchā (swoon): "O inauspicious One! Are you embracing our dear friend? Aren't you afraid of us? Quickly leave our friend Vṛṣabhānu-nandinī alone!"

cetanāhi guru kaṣṭa ketanābhyantaraṁ yad api tām avīviśat
ālayas tad api tāṁ dviṣantina prema vastu vada kair nirucyatāṁ (5)

Who can describe the ways of love, tell me? Although Murcchā pacified Śrī Rādhikā's mind from Her severe affliction, still Her *sakhīs* resented Her and brought Rādhikā into the abode of suffering called external consciousness!

preṣita lalitayā tad ālayaḥ peśalā janatayāpy alakṣitā
bhūbhṛd antikam upetya saurabhaṁ
bhejur unnata mudo vana-srajaḥ (6)

In an unseen way Lalitā sent a few clever *sakhīs* to Govardhana Hill. Coming there, these girls were very happy to catch the fragrance of Kṛṣṇa's flower garland.

śādbale'ti śiśire saras taṭe gāḥ praveśya sakhibhir vihṛtya saḥ
prāsya cānnam api tair dhaniṣṭhayā nītam āpa sa baṭur aho hariḥ (7)

Hari made His cows enter a fresh meadow on the very cool bank of a pond and played there with His friends. Then these *dūtīs* (girl-messengers) came there with food sent by Dhaniṣṭhā and secretly met Him and Madhumaṅgala there.

tatra vīkṣya muditāsu tāsu taṁ prāha kācana khanir guṇa śriyām
rūpa mañjarir apāra saubhagā pṛṣṭha yauvata maṇi pravṛttikaṁ (8)
nāgarendra bhavatā yadā padāliṅgitā vipinabhūr dadhe śriyam
sparddhayeva tava goṣṭhabhūs tayāliṅgyata sva suṣamāṁ dadānayā (9)
tvam hare hari-maṇi-mayīṁ vyadhāḥ
kṣmām imāṁ nija savarṇa tarpaṇaiḥ
sāpyadhāsyata vivarṇatāṁ na cettāṁ
ca kāñcanamayīṁ vyadhāsyate (10)

Seeing Hari there (alone), these *dūtīs* became very happy. Then Kṛṣṇa asked Śrī Rūpa Mañjarī, who is a limitless mine of beautiful attributes, about the condition of Śrī Rādhikā, the jewel of young girls. Śrī Rūpa Mañjarī told Him: "O best of lovers! When You embrace the soil of the forest with Your footsoles, it becomes very beautiful. Now Śrī Rādhikā challenges that beauty by embracing the soil of the pastures (thus making it even more beautiful)! O Hare! You colour this forest sapphire, offering it Your own luster! Even if the Creator could not challenge You by discolouring the forest again, Śrī Rādhikā could, by making it golden with Her own complexion!"

gorajaś curitam āsyam īkṣayaṁs tvaṁ vanaukasa imānarodaya
hanta go-rajasi ceṣṭamānayā svālayaḥ kila tayāpi roditaḥ (11)

"You make the people of Vraja cry by showing Your face, which is greyed by the dust thrown up by the hooves of the cows. Alas! Now Śrī Rādhikā is also crying and rolling in the dust of the earth (*go* means earth or cows), making Her *sakhīs* also cry! (but this time She could not challenge You, for You are making the whole of Vraja cry of ecstasy, whereas Śrī Rādhikā can only make Her own *sakhīs* cry)"

kintv anīti iyam īkṣaṇāmbuje
santatāmbu-janake tayā kṛte
te tu pautram ucitaṁ pracakratuḥ
kardamo'mbuja bhavodbhavo yataḥ (12)

"Unusual as it seems, water (Śrī Rādhikā's tears) now comes from a lotus (Her lotuslike eyes), although normally lotus flowers grow from the water. Kardama Muni (*kardama* also means mud) was a similar case. He was the grandson of Brahmā (the lotus-born), although lotus-flowers normally grow from the mud!"

mālya keśa vasanādayaḥ samucchṛṅkhalatvam ati sādhavo'py adhuḥ
bhūbhūjā virahite'pi nīvṛti syāt kva kasya ca na vā niyamyatā (13)

"Śrī Rādhikā's hair, dress and garland have loosened, although they are so beautiful (*sādhu*). Who will remain controlled in a king-less country? Even the *sādhus* become loose there! (out of separation from the Kṛṣṇa-king the *sādhu*, or beautiful garlands, hairs, little bells etc. have all become loosened, and She is unable to control them)"

yat tavāṅghri vanajā-dvayaṁ vanotsaṅga eva viharat pramodate
tatra viśvasiti sā na niḥśvasity uṣṇam eva bahudhāpi bodhitā (14)
naiva tatra kaṭu śarkarāṅkurety arddha vāg api sakhī mukhodgatā
śrota sīma patitaiva tāṁ parikrośayanty atha javād amūrcchayat (15)
hanta te priyatamaḥ samāgato vīkṣya tam iti sakhī mṛṣoktibhiḥ
tvad vana-srag ati saurabhaiś ca sā
prāpya bodham ati saṁbhramaṁ dadhau (16)
āli netra madiraika nartakaḥ sa kva te sakhi gṛhe'sti nihnutaḥ
kiṁ pratārayasi naiva sākṣi yad vakti
taṁ kila tad aṅga saurabhaṁ (17)
ity alambhi sukham etayā manāk tan na soḍhum aśakan mano-bhavaḥ
ekadaiva śara-pañcakasya yal lakṣatām anayad eva tāṁ balāt (18)
svidyati sma patati sma vepate smāśrubhiḥ svam abhiṣiñcati gṛham
sā praviśya na bhavan mukhendunā prāpa śītalayatuṁ sva locane (19)
hā sakhī-jana vaco'nṛtaṁ manas tvaṁ mudāmṛta samaṁ vṛthā kathāḥ
saṁjvaro dvi-guṇito yato dyati tvām itīyam apatat punaḥ kṣitau (20)
tvam dhig astu rahitaṁ sva bandhunā jīvitety alaghu larhayapy aho
no manāg api tadāpa lāghavaṁ praty utāti guru-bhāratām agāt (21)

[With tears Kṛṣṇa listened:]

"Śrī Rādhikā becomes very upset when She remembers how Your lotusfeet are hurt when they tread the forest-path (so we console Her, saying:) "O Rādhe! Śrī Kṛṣṇa's lotus feet are enjoying on the lap of the forest ground, why are You suffering in vain? Kṛṣṇa's feet are like lotus flowers (*vanaja* means lotus that grows in the forest) so naturally they feel very happy on the lap of the father (the *vana* or forest). She (does not believe us and) breathes out hot air, no matter in how many ways we try to console Her. When even half a sentence like 'there are no pebbles, sprouts or sharp thorns there', from the mouths of Her friends, falls in the edge of Her ear holes, She cries out loud and falls in a swoon (simply when She hears the words 'pebbles' and 'sprouts' She lovingly fears that Your feet will be hurt by them). Then, when we try to break that swoon, saying false things like: "O Rādhe! Your Priyatama has come! Get up and look at Him!", carefully keeping Your very fragrant garland of forest flowers before Her nose, She wakes up and becomes grave and shy. Then She will ask a friend (Lalitā): "*Sakhi*! Where is that best of dancers, who makes His wagtailbird-like eyes dance?" Lalitā then says: "He is hidden in Your house." Rādhikā then says: "Are you cheating Me?" upon which Lalitā says: "Why should I cheat You? You can smell the fragrance of His body (coming from the flower garland). Isn't that the proof that I speak the truth?" Hearing this, Rādhikā becomes slightly happy for a while, but Cupid cannot tolerate that and forcibly aims his five arrows at Her and wounds Her. (O Vraja-jīvana! Listen to the description of Her erotic affliction when She thinks You have come!) Then She falls down, shivers, perspires and sprinkles Her own body with Her tears, but alas! She cannot soothe Her Çakorabird-like eyes with the nectar from Your moonlike face when She enters Her home! Coming home (and not seeing You there), She tells Her mind: "O mind! Why are you vainly taking the *sakhīs*' false (*anṛta*) words to be just like nectar (*amṛta*)? Because of that, your affliction has doubled!", and then She falls to the ground again and says: "O afflicted life of mine, you are cursed, being without My friend!" Although She thus curses Her own life, its burden did not become lighter but heavier!"

hanta kānta-virahe'pi kiṁ mahat saukumārya mudiyāya subhruvaḥ
aṅgakāni yad asu prabhañja- saspandanaṁ ca na hi soḍhum īśate (22)

"O Kṛṣṇa! Out of separation from You, beautiful-browed Rādhikā becomes so thin and fragile that She cannot even tolerate the blowing of Her life-airs, what to speak of the breeze of fanning Her!"

ity avetya madhusūdanaḥ priyodantam antar udghūrṇatāturaḥ
hint
vāṣpa pūrṇa nayane niruddha vāg akṣipat priya-sakhāsya maṇḍale (23)

Hearing this news about His beloved, Madhusūdana became afflicted at heart. His eyes were filled with tears of love as He told Madhumaṅgala with a faltering voice: "You speak on my behalf."

tām uvāca baṭur ānaya drutaṁ rādhikāṁ
kanaka padminīṁ vanam
anyathā kim avanaṁ bhaved
gatiḥ saiva hanta madhusūdanasya yat (24)

Madhumaṅgala (understood Kṛṣṇa's purpose and) told Rūpa Mañjarī: "Quickly bring that golden lotus Rādhikā to the forest, otherwise, out of the forest, what will be Her fate?(any lotus flower would feel miserable outside of the forest, don't you understand)? And what will become of Madhūsudana, the bumblebee, if He cannot drink Her honey?(He cannot survive without Her)?"

mādhavo'tha nija mālyam arpayans tām vyajijñapad idaṁ ca kiñcana
preyasī hṛdi gatās tu campaka sraṅ mamādya sakhi seyam udgatā (25)
vṛttam ākhyad akhilaṁ sametya sā rādhikām atha tayā vara srajaḥ
śleṣaṇāpta ramaṇāṅga saurabhai svīya jīvatam akāri jīvitam (26)

Mādhava then took the garland of Campaka-flowers from His neck and handed it to Rūpa Mañjārī, saying: "O Rūpa, let this Campaka-garland adorn Priyājī's chest!" (or: let Priyājī adorn My chest like a golden Campaka-garland, so please bring

Her here) Rūpa Mañjarī then swiftly ran back to Śrī Rādhikā with the Campaka-garland and hung it around Her neck. Thus Śrī Rādhikā was revived by the embrace of Her lover's fragrance (and the touch of the garland).

preyasī sva virahogra vṛścika vrāta daṁśa vidhure śrute punaḥ
tad viṣa jvalana jarjaraṁ tadaivān- vabhāvi nija marma śarmabhit (27)

Then She was again bitten by the horrible scorpions of separation from Her Priyatama and She became very afflicted. The poison of this bite made the nectarean fragrance of Kṛṣṇa's Campaka- garland fade.

sūrya pūjana miṣena vañcanaṁ vāñchati priyasakhī-gaṇe guroḥ
saiva garga tanayā girācirad etya tatra jaṭilādideśa tāḥ (28)
arcanāya vipine sahasra gor arbudāyuta gavāpti hetave
yāta śātaṁ idam adya tanyatāṁ bhāsvatā nayana daivatena vaḥ (29)

Śrī Rādhikā planned to deceive Her superiors and to meet Kṛṣṇa, going out of the house on the pretext of worshipping the sungod with Her friends. By some stroke of good luck Jaṭilā then came in and, following the words of Gārgī, said: "O girls! Go into the forest to worship the sun, who has a thousand rays (*sahasra go* may also mean Kṛṣṇa, who has a thousand cows), so that we'll get billions of cows (or: so that you'll get great bliss). Let the splendid Mitra (the sun, or Your lustrous friend Kṛṣṇa), who is the god presiding over the eyes, make you happy!"
(whose beauty is worshipped by the eyes)

tānukūla vidhinādhināśinā sādhitābhimata siddhir ālibhiḥ
preṣṭha rocitam anekadhocitā dravya jātam acirāt samagrahīt (30)
modakāny amṛta garva santate nodakānyakṛta rādhikā svayaṁ
ballabhāni ramaṇasya no bhaved yal labhā nidhipati prabhor api (31)

Śrī Rādhikā and Her friends, who were thus favored in their purpose by Fate, the destroyer of misery, collected many nice eatables for Kṛṣṇa's pleasure, pretending they were meant for worshipping the sun. They took sweetmeats with them that defeated the pride of nectar, that were prepared by Śrī Rādhikā Herself, and that were unobtainable even by Lord Śiva, the master of Kuvera, the treasurer of heaven.

dhūpa dīpa vara vastra bhūṣanādy aṁśumāli yajane'sty apekṣitaṁ
tat samāhṛti nibandhanas tayā yaḥ kṛtaḥ katipaya kṣaṇāśrayaḥ (32)
taṁ vilambam avalambanojjhitaḥ soḍhum utkalikayā'ti-tīvrayā
keśavonuculukī-kṛtātula sthairya dhairya jaladhis tad āśakāt (33)

Śrī Rādhikā was a little late due to collecting incense, lamps, nice clothes, ornaments and garments for the *pūjā*, but Keśava could not tolerate the slightest delay because of His intense eagerness to meet Her. The matchless ocean of His patience and tranquility were diminished to a spoonful (and He became helpless).

prāṇinon muralikāṁ sva dūtikām acyutaḥ śruti-yuge vidhṛtya yā
preyasīṁ nija kalena lambhayet kaṇṭham asya kanaka srajaṁ yathā (34)
saiva sambhrama taraṅgiṇī mahā vartamanvakira devatāṁ sadā
devatāṁ kim u javād avīviśāt kāñcanopanudatīṁ bhiyo hriyaḥ (35)
kutra vā sma patato'ṅghri paṅkaje pāṇi-pallava-yugaṁ kim adade
kiñcanāpi na viveda sā yataḥ snāpitāśru salilair akampata (36)

Acyuta then engaged His *dūtī* (girlmessenger) Muralikā (His flute) in getting the golden garland Rādhikā around His neck. The *sakhīs* wore her (Muralī's) songs on the ears as ornaments. Muralikā threw Śrī Rādhikā in a great whirlpool in a river of eagerness. It seemed as if she had entered into Her ears like some goddess, casting Her fear and shame far away. Śrī Rādhikā did not know anymore where Her lotusfeet were stepping or what Her sproutlike hands were catching. She was just shivering and showering Herself with Her tears.

kānanābhisāraṇocitāṁśuka kalpa-veśa paridhāpanonmukhīḥ
sā sakhīr api vilamba śaṅkayākṣipya veṣam akṛta svayaṁ tanoḥ (37)
gostanākhya maṇi-hāra veṣṭanair drāṅ nitambam akarod alaṅkṛtam
kaṇṭham anvadhita kiṅkiṇīṁ srajaṁ
mūrdhniṁ veṇi śikhare lalāṭikām (38)
locane mṛgamada dravāñjita bhālam añjana viśeṣa kārcitām
hanta yāvaka rasena nirmame sthāsakaṁ tanum anūditāmbara (39)
nīla mañjula nicola saṁvṛta mādhurīva niragāt purād bahiḥ
kaumudīva ghanatāṁ gatā kṣitau
kiṁ ghanena nihitātmano'ntare (40)

Afraid that Her friends were dressing Her too slowly in garments suitable for Her *abhisāra* (love journey) into the forest, Śrī Rādhikā admonished them and began to dress Herself. But out of anxiety She adorned Her buttocks with Her Gostana[1] necklace (instead of with Her sash-of-bells), Her neck with Her sash of bells, the end of Her braid with Her *lalāṭikā* (an ornament for the forehead), Her eyes with musk (which was meant for Her chin), Her forehead with *tilaka* made of eyeliner and Her body with footlac instead of Sthāsaka (a mixture of unguents like sandalwoodpulp named Khora in Vraja). Then She set out, like sweetness personified, with Her charming blue *sāḍī* and cloak on, which looked like a cloud (the cloak) holding a bright lunar orb (Her bodily luster) within itself, on earth.

ālībhiḥ saha puropakānana prānta
vartma nihitāṅghri pallavā
hrī kṣapā kṣaya-vaśād avaguṇṭhanon-muktam
āsya kamalaṁ dadhe sphuṭam (41)

When Śrī Rādhikā and Her friends placed their lotusfeet on the roads of the subforests of Yāvat, their lotuslike faces began to blossom. This made their night-like veils perish as they opened them, dispelling the darkness of their shame.

gīr vinodam api veṇur īhate sāmpratam̐ sakala śāstravit svayam̐
mūkatam̐ paṭutarāpi yat pika śreṇir eti tad iyam susabhyatā (42)

(They gave up all shame on the road and engaged in frivolous talks. Śrī Rādhikā told Her *sakhī*: "O *sakhi*!) Hari's flute sings as pleasant as someone who knows all the scriptures, and stifles even the Pika-birds that are very polite (keeping quiet when someone who is superior is resounding)!"

veṇunāhvayati gā harau tṛṇodbhedato druma maranda vṛṣṭitaḥ
bhūr api pravara romaharṣa-bhāk svedinī ca sahasā rasād abhūt (43)
kīra keki pika sam̐hater api stambham āpa rabhasāt sarasvatī
āpa āpur api nimnagāśritā yaj jaḍatva mihakā vicitratā (44)
unmiṣad ghana mudāśru dhāriṇī dyaur api svamati saubhagāspadam̐
sādhvamam̐s ta hima manda mārutair vījayaty api dig ālirīlitā (45)
śabda eṣa na hi kaṇṭha vṛttikaḥ sva prayoktur api yo vinecchayā
svārtha mātra para eva sambhramam̐
gā nayed atitarām̐ yato'khilāḥ (46)

"O *sakhi*! When Hari calls His cows with His flute it is as if the earth (also reacts by) showing goosebumps of ecstasy on her skin in the form of erect blades of grass. The trees shower honey as drops of perspiration, the words of the parrots, Pikas and peacocks become stunned, the clouds in heaven, considering themselves very fortunate, shed tears of ecstasy and the directions fan Hari with their soft cool breezes. (In this way nature shows all eight symptoms of *sāttvika* ecstasies of love). Without Kṛṣṇa's wish all these creatures (the earth, the trees, the birds, the rivers, the clouds and the directions) feel themselves being addressed with the word '*go*' as Kṛṣṇa's flute sang :" come, My *go*" (actually just calling the cows).

yātvabhūd abhidhayā prati svam apy udgata śrutir avāpta sammadā
hanta hamva iti sāpabhāṣayaivottaram̐ prati dadau gavām̐ tatiḥ (47)

The cows heard Kṛṣṇa's flutesong, that was actually meant for them and they replied with their mooing.

veṇunā svara gaṇāḥ kṛtāḥ saha grāma jātibhir anena mūrcchitāḥ
mūrcchitā yad abhavan svar aṅganā enam atra tad upālabheta kaḥ (48)
parvato'pala varā api dravaṁ parvato'tiśayata prapedire
sarvato'py adhika kakkhaṭāḥ kathaṁ
sarvato'pi dadhire'dhikāṁ ratiṁ (49)
svaṁ svam āspadam upāśritā yataḥ
sampratam khaga mṛgāḥ pipāsavaḥ
prāpya vāri parisāri hāri te
sambhramāt papur apūrva kautukāḥ (50)

All the melodies and musical scales, as well as the goddesses in heaven swooned when they heard Kṛṣṇa's flutesong[2]. Who can censure Śrī Kṛṣṇa? (Influenced by this festival of sound) The mountains melted like no other object. Although they are the hardest objects of the world, they felt the most love for Kṛṣṇa. Seeing the melted boulders floating here and there, the thirsty birds and deer began to drink this fluid with great fun!

kṛṣṇa-sāra iti nāma sārthakaṁ svaṁ dadhāv ayam aho dayodadhiḥ
dveṣṭi no giridharānurāginīḥ pratyutaiti sukhayan nijāṅganāḥ (51)

(When Śrī Rādhikā saw the Kṛṣṇasāra-does running up to Kṛṣṇa after hearing His flutesong, She said:) "Aho *sakhīs*! These deer are justly called Kṛṣṇasāra, for they take Kṛṣṇa to be the essence (*sāra*) of things! Even if their wives are attracted to Giridhārī, the ocean of mercy, they do not become envious, rather they follow them to make them happy!"

tās tu taṁ sakhi vidhāya pṛṣṭhataḥ kṛṣṇa saṁjigamiṣāti tṛṣṇayā
yāntya eva jaḍatāṁ śritāḥ śrute veṇu-nāda iha citritā vabhuḥ (52)

"*Sakhi*, look! These does very eagerly run to Kṛṣṇa, turning their backs on their bucks, but when they hear the song of

Kṛṣṇa's flute they become stunned like pictures! (Our husbands are against our meeting with Kṛṣṇa, but although the husbands of these does are favorable to Kṛṣṇa, they still cannot meet Him!)"

pānakālaḍadite dhvanau jale cāśma-dharmiṇi sitārddha cañcavaḥ
ālabāla gata pakṣiṇaḥ samūtkīrya māṇa gurato vicukṣubhuḥ (53)

(Lalitā said: "Look here!) "These birds were drinking from the waterbasin when Kṛṣṇa's flutesong turned the water into stone! Now their beaks are stuck halfway in the water and they are anxious to pull them out again, (flapping their wings)!"

ittham eva muralī svanāmṛtaṁ varṇanena surabhīkṛtaṁ muhuḥ
karṇa cāru caṣakāntarāhitam tā mitho'pi pariveṣitaṁ papuḥ (54)

In this way the *gopīs* were scented by describing the nectarean sound of Kṛṣṇa's flute, drinking this nectar through the cups of their ears and serving it to each other.[3]

stambha kampa pulakādayo gatā-vantarāya nivahān na kiṁ vyadhuḥ
kintu śīghram anurāga eva tāḥ prāpayan madaraṇāvya bāṭikāṁ (55)

Although the inertia, horripilations and shiverings of ecstasy caused by Kṛṣṇa's flutesong obstructed the *gopīs* from going near Him, they still swiftly went to the garden named Madana Raṇa (erotic fight), urged by their passionate attraction to Him.

tatra sūrya sadane praviśya tās
taṁ praṇamya nutibhiḥ prasāditaṁ
prārthayantu hṛdayaika-ballabhaṁ
deva darśaya dayodadhe drutaṁ (56)

There they entered the Sun-temple where they bowed down to the Sungod and prayed to him: "O Lord! O ocean of mercy! Quickly show us the only Lover of our hearts!"[4]

pūjanopakaraṇasya rakṣaṇe tasya tad vipina devatāṁ tadā
sā nirupya calitālibhiḥ sukhaṁ svaṁ saraḥ sarasa ramya
kānanaṁ (57)

Śrī Rādhikā entrusted Her *pūjā*-paraphernalia to the forest-goddesses (*vana-devīs*) there and proceeded to the charming forests that beautified Her own lake (Rādhākuṇḍa).

vyātatāna vṛṣabhānujā rucir bhūbhṛd antika-bhuvaḥ pariṣkriyāṁ
śrī hares tad ati dūra vartino'py ullalāsa sahasā hṛd ambujam (58)

The luster of Vṛṣabhānujā (Rādhā, the daughter of Mahārāja Vṛṣabhānu, or: the sun in the month of Taurus, May) adorned the surroundings of Govardhana Hill, making Hari's lotuslike heart bloom up of joy at once.

bhrājate priyatamālibhir vṛtā padminī sva sarasī-vane'dhunā
ity abodhi madhusūdanas tadaivātra hetv anupapatti liṅgataḥ (59)

Madhusūdana, the *rasika* bee Kṛṣṇa, then thought to Himself: "My beloved Padminī (lotus-like Rādhikā) is now beautifying the forest around Her pond with Her dearmost friends! Otherwise, how could My heart suddenly become so happy?"

tad diśo'tha pavanas tad aṅgajā modam etam anubhāvayann abhāt
so'pi cainam acirāt tad aṅgajāmoda lālasam acukṣubhad balāt (60)
veṇu vādana vidher viramya naivaiṣṭa roddhum anavasthitaṁ manaḥ
mālatī madhura saurabhākulasy ālinaḥ kva nu dhṛtis tayā vinā (61)

Then suddenly a soft breeze carried Śrī Rādhikā's bodily fragrance in Kṛṣṇa's direction. When Kṛṣṇa smelt it, He became very agitated by desires for erotic happiness and He stopped playing His flute, being unable to control His restless mind, just as the young bees cannot find peace without the fragrance of the sweet Mālatī-flowers.

taṁ tadaiva madhumaṅgalo'bravīt tan mano-gata-vid eva devavat
kiñcid asti mama piñchabhūṣaṇa svīya kṛtyam iti yāmi tat kṛte (62)
sūrya tīrtham anugarga eṣyati snātum adya muni-varga vanditaḥ
jyotiṣāṁ gati-vidhau vabhutsite saṁśayaṁ mama sa eva bhetsyati (63)

Madhumaṅgala, knowing Kṛṣṇa's mind as if he was a demigod, said: "O Piñchabhūṣaṇa (Kṛṣṇa, Who is adorned with a peacock feather)! I've got something to do, I'm going now! Today I went to Bhāguri Muni to learn astrology and I had a great doubt that I asked him to dispell, but he couldn't. Fortunately Gargamuni, who is praised by all the *munis*, has come (to Madana Raṇa Bāṭikā) to take a bath in Sūryakuṇḍa. He alone can clear my doubts!"

prāha keśidamano mano mamāpy
uccacāla tad avekṣyanotsukam
kiṁ tv avaimi bahu mitra saṅgitā
prābhava prathanayā nayāty ayaṁ (64)

Kṛṣṇa, the subduer of Keśī, replied:" O Friend! My mind is also very eager to see Gargamuni, but it is not polite to go and see him with so many friends (we would make such a proud and powerful impression if we came with such a big group, while one should visit the *mahātmas* in a humble mood)!"

ced iyaṁ bhavati nītir atra te kā
kṣatis tvam aham ity ubhāv ivaḥ
svas taḍāga vara madhyam īhate
gantum eṣa taraṇiś ca satvaraḥ (65)
śerate sma dhavalā imaḥ sakhe
nīpa-ṣaṇḍam anumeduraṁ puraḥ
sāmpratam śiśayiṣūn sakhīn imān
mā kadarthaya mudhaiva khelayan (66)

Madhumaṅgala said: "If You think it's not polite to go with so many boys, then let's just go the two of us! See! The swan-like sun has swam to the middle of the lake of the sky! It's getting noontime (Garga Muni must be coming now for his noontime duties)! The cows are resting in the cool Kadamba-forest and our friends also want to take rest! Don't strain them unnecessarily with any more playful games (let them sleep a little and let us go now to see Garga Muni)!"

ity akuṇṭha baṭu pāṭavādṛtais taiḥ
prayātam iti datta sammatiḥ
jagmatuḥ pramadalād vanad
drutaṁ tau mudā pramadayāśritaṁ saraḥ (67)

Hearing Madhumaṅgala's bold words, the cowherdboys said: "O friends! You just go together!", so Kṛṣṇa and Madhumaṅgala blissfully went to Rādhākuṇḍa, swiftly passing through Pramoda-vana (now known as Paramodanā in Vraja).

kvāgamāva purataḥ sakhe na govardhanaḥ khalu nago'yam īkṣyate
bhūr iyaṁ ca nahi goṣṭha-vartinī śātakumbhamayatā yad etayoḥ (68)
merur eva kim ilavṛtāvṛtaḥ spaṣṭam āvirabhavat vraje'ṁśataḥ
kintu kānti-laharī vigāhitaṁ māṁ śaraiḥ kim iti vidhyati smaraḥ (69)

(Just to astonish Kṛṣṇa, Yogamāyā-devī filled the whole area aound Govardhana Hill with the uncovered golden luster of Śrī Rādhā's body. Approaching Rādhākunda, Kṛṣṇa said: sakhe! ~~"Madhumaṅgalo!)~~ Where have we come? This is not Govardhana, nor Vrajabhūmi, because everything (both land and mountain) here is so golden! Is it mount Meru or Ilāvṛta-*varṣa*, that have sent expansions of themselves to Vraja? (It cannot actually be those places, for I never leave Vraja and nobody was ever able to take Me out either!) But why is Cupid then piercing Me with his arrows as soon as I entered that wave of luster?"

iti nigadati kṛṣṇe rādhikāloka tṛṣṇā
madhurima bharapūrṇa sāpi tatrāpa ghūrṇāḥ

tad apaghana ghanānāṁ cāru rājad
vanānā kalita vipula tarṣaiḥ kānti pīyūṣa varṣaiḥ (70)

While Kṛṣṇa thus spoke to Madhumangala, being very anxious to see Her, Rādhikā became dizzy of His great sweetness, just looking at the bluish forest around Her lake, that showered Her with the nectar of His luster, like a charming cloud quenching Her intense thirst.

vidyuc campakavalliketi jaladas tāpiñcha-śākhīty atad
bhānāni vyatidarśinor yad abhavan dūrasthayoḥ prāk tayoḥ
so'yaṁ me ramaṇaḥ kim atra ramaṇī daiveyam ity ātmakaṁ
tad dhānaṁ ca tad āpatu punar aho tair eva tādātmyataḥ (71)

From a distance, Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa took Each other to be the lightning and a Campaka-vine (Rādhā) or a cloud and a Tamāla-tree (Kṛṣṇa), then for some time They wondered: "Is this My lover (Kṛṣṇa)? Is this My beloved (Rādhikā)? Aho! Then again They identified Each other with the aforementioned objects!

Thus ends the eighth chapter of Śrīla Viśvanātha Cakravartī's "Kṛṣṇa Bhāvanāmṛta Mahākāvya", describing Kṛṣṇa's morning play in the forest and His coming to Rādhākuṇḍa.

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[1] Gostana = udders of a cow. The gems on this necklace are shaped and sized like udders of a cow.

[2] Here the author cleverly uses the *bindvāgama*-technique, adding an *anusvara* to the word *svara-gaṇā* (melodies), thus making it *svaraṅgaṇā* (demigoddesses).

[3] The *gopīs'* descriptions were like camphor that scented the nectar of Kṛṣṇa's flutesong.

[4] By the inconceivable power of Yogamāyā the *gopīs* were able to reach this sun-temple so soon, although it is situated about 14 miles south of Yāvaṭa.

CHAPTER NINE

Madhyāhna-līlā

Midday Pastimes 10.48 - 15.36

"Flowerplays and Loveplays"

āyāta sakhi mādhavo yad udayād vallī matallī-tatiḥ
phullībhūya samantataḥ surabhayaty uccaiḥ śriyam śiśriye
tena tvat kusumeṣu vāñchitadhurā sampatsyate setsyati
svācchandyād iha padminī gaṇapateḥ sevāpi te'vādhitā (1)

One *gopī* ambiguously said: "Rādhe! Look, Mādhava (the spring or Kṛṣṇa) has come, making all the vines, like the Mallīs, blossom and making all the directions nicely fragrant! Surely Your efforts in picking flowers and worshipping the Lord of the lotusflowers (the sun, or Kṛṣṇa, the Lord of the lotuslike *gopīs*) will be successful!"

mugdhe paśya dighīrṣur eṣa rabhasān mām ajihīte harir
neśe hanta palāyituṁ balad uru stambha dadhe vepathuṁ
tvaṁ vācāpi na rakṣaṇe mama paṭuḥ kiṁ vā hasasy unmade
lolākṣī capalāsi lāsi kutukaṁ haṁ ho bhiyā'haṁ mriye (2)

Śrī Rādhikā replied: "O bewildered girl! Look, Hari has come here to catch Me! I cannot even flee, My thighs are stunned and My body shivers! Why are you laughing in such a silly way instead of protecting Me? O restless eyed one! You are having fun, but I'm dying of fear!"

asyāgre'pi vibheṣi hanta lalitā śauṭīrya sūrya prabhā
pradhvastākhila dambha śaurya timira vrātasya mugdhekṣaṇe
kiṁ ca tvaṁ bhuvana-trayākhila satī cūḍāmaṇiṁ lampaṭaḥ
spraṣṭuṁ sāhasam eṣa dhāsyati balāt tac cāpi na śraddadhe (3)

That *sakhī* said: "O Rādhe with confused eyes! Why are You afraid of that darkness (Śyāma), whose heroism and pride will be diminished by the Lalitā-sun? I cannot believe that this debauchee will be able to forcibly touch You, the crownjewel of all chaste girls in the three worlds!"

brūṣe satyam ayantu hanta saruṣevāsmāsu sādhvī-vrata
dhvānta dhvaṁsana bhāskaraḥ prakaṭito dhātraiva bhū-maṇḍale
yaḥ sarvā mukha mudranād virahitāḥ kṛtvā balāt padminīḥ
svāsaktā iti tāḥ pravādham adhikaṁ loke nayan nandati (4)

Śrī Rādhikā said: "Sakhi, you speak the truth! But Fate became angry with Me and made the sun, who destroys the darkness of the vows of chaste girls, appear on earth. He forcibly closes all the lotusflowers when they are separated from him, making them attracted to him. All the people speak about him like that!"1

evaṁ cet purataḥ praviśya gahane kuñje nilīya drutaṁ
durbodhādhvani mādhavena sahasā dvitrā ghaṭīyārpaya
tāvan nas tvad inārcanodyama juṣāṁ puṣpāvacāyaḥ kṣaṇaṁ
gāndharve'stu nirākulo'tra kim ito yuktiḥ parādṛśyate (5)

The *sakhī* said: "O Gāndharve! If You are really scared, then quickly enter into this *kuñja* and wait here for two or three hours (stay in this dense *kuñja* with Mādhava, the spring or Kṛṣṇa). We may need that much time for picking flowers for Mitra (the sun, or Kṛṣṇa) without being in anxiety (otherwise Kṛṣṇa will disturb us by hassling us, because You are with us!).

evaṁ tatra mitho vicārayati sa sva preyasīnāṁ gaṇe
madhye prādurabhūd yathā kumudinī vṛnde vidhuḥ parvaṇiḥ

saṁrambhair avahitthayaiva janitais tāḥ saikataiḥ setubhiḥ
harṣābdher atanūrmi-mālim abalā roddhuṁ sadā rebhire (6)
ekaikāvayava sphuran madhurimāvarte patantas tadā
tāsām akṣi-tari vrajāḥ druta madhu ghūrṇāḥ kṣanāt te punaḥ
magnībhūya rasa plutāntaratayā vindanta nīcīnatāṁ
ye tu prāhur idaṁ hriyo vilasitaṁ tattvaṁ na te jānate (7)

While the *gopīs* considered all this, Kṛṣṇa suddenly appeared in their midst like the moon appears amongst the lilies. The *gopīs* then began to stop the waves of the ocean of their ecstasy with a sand-dyke of their neglect and false anger towards Him (they managed in this way to cover at least the external signs of their ecstasy, such as goosepimples). The boats of their eyes fell into the whirlpool of the obvious sweetness of each of Kṛṣṇa's limbs and began to rotate there. These eyes shyly looked at the ground (with tearfilled eyes), like boats sunk after having fallen into the whirlpools. But anyone who says that this is a sign of shyness does not know the truth!

tat saurabhya mahā-bhaṭaiḥ paṭimabhir nāsādhvanāntaḥ puraṁ
prāptai dhairya kapāṭa pāṭanaparais tāsāṁ yad abhūyata
kā yūyaṁ vana-luṇṭikā iti tadā sāṭopavarṇa sphurat
sausvaryāmṛta vīcayaḥ śruti-gatās tat sarvam āplāvayan (8)

When the great soldiers of Kṛṣṇa's fragrance entered the nostrils of the Vraja-*gopīs* and smashed the gates of patience leading to the inner chambers (of their hearts), Kṛṣṇa said: "O Vana-luntikā, O plunderers of the forest! Who are you?" When the nectarwaves of Kṛṣṇa's voice entered into the *gopīs'* earholes, everything within them became inundated (and they became enchanted).

aprāpya prativācam āttaruḍ iva prāhodbhramal locanaḥ
kiṁ na brūtha madān madālayasamodyānāpahārodyatāḥ
adyāsādya mamopakaṇṭham ucitāṁ saṁsadyavasthāṁ parām
apyātuṁ kim u vāñchaya sphuṭam ato brūtāśu yūyaṁs tha kāḥ (9)

When Kṛṣṇa got no reply from them, His eyes started spinning as if He was angry and He said: "O (puffed-up forest-girls)! ~~What~~ Why are You ~~saying so proudly?~~ silent? Have You come to My garden abode to plunder it? Today you should come to My *upakaṇṭha* (close to Me, or: around My neck) or have you anyway come here with such desires? Quickly and clearly tell Me now: Who are you?"

tāsām eṣa tad āpa yat prativaco no kā apītyantarud-
bhūta smāra vikāra bodhi madhuraṁ hrī laulya saṅkārcitaṁ
tad yo varṇayituṁ kṣitāv upamitiṁ mṛgyedayaṁ neti nety
asyan vastu samastam atra labhate brahmajña sāmyaṁ kaviḥ (10)

The *gopīs* replied: "We are no-one!" Which poet in the world is able to make a comparison with the sweet way in which the *gopīs* concealed their erotic feelings, showing bashfulness, restlessness and fear (comparisons with the singing of the cuckoos are certainly baffled)? These poets can be compared with the seekers for *brahma*, who desparately try to ascertain it by saying *neti neti* (it is not this, it is not that).

yat kṛṣṇasya mano'pi karṇamayatām āpayya tac cādhikaṁ
viddhaṁ hanta mano-bhuvaiva sahasā cakre punaḥ sāyakaiḥ
yat tasmād davathoḥ savepathum api svaṁ nihnuvāno'bravīt
sāṭopaṁ tad imā vyajijñapad iva svāturyya visphūrjitaṁ (11)
yūyaṁ kā api neti ced vad atha kiṁ no kā apīti sphuṭaṁ
pratyakṣāvagate'pi vastuni kathaṁ dṛṣṭo'palāpaḥ kva kaiḥ
puṣpāṇāṁ nahi dhatta kevalam aho tāskaryya-carya yato
dṛṣṭaṁ corayatheha candravadanā ātmānam apy agrataḥ (12)

When Kṛṣṇa heard the *gopīs'* words, His mind became their words overwhelmed his mind with bliss filled with ears (as He was always desiring to hear their words) and He became pierced with even more arrows of the mindborn Cupid. Although He tried to hide His feelings, His shivering revealed them clearly to the *gopīs* . He proudly told them: "O moonfaced girls! Are you telling Me “we are no-one”? Aho! ~~Alas! Alas!~~ Usually words are not seen with the eyes, but I can see you clearly! Not only you are stealing flowers, but you also steal your own personalities (by saying ‘we are no-one’)! Because your faces shine like the moon you cannot steal your own existence even at night, what to speak of in the daytime?”

nityaṁ mat sumanopahāra niratā yas tā mayā kutra vā
prāptaḥ syuḥ katham ity anidrita dṛśā rātrindivaṁ bhāvyate
diṣṭyaivātmabhuvaṁ śritā yuvatayo dṛṣṭāśvirād adya tās
tan mantoḥ phalam eva samprati dadāny aṅgīkurudhvaṁ drutaṁ (13)

“Day and night I was thinking: ‘How will I catch these girls that steal My *sumanaḥ* (flowers, or: mind)? ‘Now finally I caught you coming to *ātma-bhū* (My land, or: Cupid). O bewildered young girls! Now I will make you reap the fruits of your offenses (of committing theft)! Accept them!”

udyan viśva-jane kṣaṇa kṣaṇabharaṁ dhatte nirasyaṁs tamo
yaḥ phullī-kurute-tamāṁ kara-pariṣvaṅgair balāt padminīḥ
taṁ bhāsvantam abhīṣṭadaṁ prati dinaṁ sevemahimā vayaṁ
puṣpeṣv āgraha śeṣa naḥ samucitas tat kiṁ bhavān kupyati (14)

(Hearing this, Śrī Rādhikā replied: “O impudent one!) Every day we pick flowers to worship Mitra (the sun or Kṛṣṇa), who creates a great festival for the eyes of everyone in the world by destroying the darkness, who causes the Padminīs (the lotus-flowers or: the *gopīs*) to blossom with the touch of His *kara* (rays or: hands) and who fulfills all (our) desires. We’re doing the right thing, why are you needlessly angry?”

no kupyāmi yathoditaṁ kurutha cet kiṁ tv aṅganāḥ sarvathā
bhāṣante’nṛtam eva tena bhavatīḥ pratyemi vāmāḥ kutaḥ
devārthaṁ kusumāya me cinutha cet satyaṁ kurudhvaṁ sahe
mantuṁ paśyata sādhutāṁ mama paraṁ yuṣmāsu coriṣv api (15)

(With equal ambiguity Kṛṣṇa replied:) "O Fair-faced Girl! If You worship Mitra I will not be angry, but how can I trust You, since women are always lying? If You're really picking flowers for the ~~god~~ deva (or for Our pastimes, *dev* can also mean play), then take an oath and I will forgive You all Your offenses. You will see My saintly behaviour, even with flowerthieves (or hearts' thieves) like You!"

cauryyaḥ satyam aho vayaṁ vrajabhuvi khyātas tvam eva dhruvaṁ
sādhuḥ kena na kīrtyase sva vadanenokti śramaiḥ kiṁ tataḥ
ābālyādṛta bhāṣitā saralatāṁ śuddhiḥ parasvāspṛhā
yā yāsti tvayi sā kadā kva nu jane kenekṣitā vā kṣitau (16)

Śrī Rādhikā said: "O Kṛṣṇa! We are very famous in Vraja for our thievery, and You are surely the greatest saint, who will not confirm that? What is the use of repeating it without reason? Can Your qualifications, like truthfulness, simplicity, purity, absence of desire for other people's property and so on be seen in anyone else in the world (but You)?"

yuṣmābhir viparīta lakṣaṇa juṣā vācāham evātra yac
cauro'kāriṣi sādhu-maṇḍalanuto vṛndāvanākhaṇḍalaḥ
tad garva hṛdi dhatta kañcana vinā yenedṛśīnāṁ girām
īśidhve kim u ḍambaraṁ racayituṁ gopāṅganā me'grataḥ (17)
so'yaṁ yauvana hetukaḥ kim athavā saundarya sampaj janiḥ
pātivratya-nibandhanaḥ kim u kalā śāstrajñatā sambhavaḥ
taṁ paśyāmy adhunā nikuñjam abhitaḥ svasyāpi bāhveḥ parāṁ
vaidagdhīm anubhāvayāti bhavatīḥ pekṣadhvam etām api (18)

Kṛṣṇa said: "O proud girls! Are you ~~turning the tables on~~ speak in this way with Me, the Lord of Vṛndāvana, who is praised by all the saints, by calling Me a thief? You carry such pride in your hearts! Even though you're just cowherdgirls you're showing such eloquence in front of Me! Are you so proud because of your fresh youth, your wealth of beauty, your fidelity to your husbands or your expertise in dancing and acting according to the scriptures on art? Now I will see how proud you are in this *nikuñja*, showing You the skill of My arms (in holding you)!"

ity āgatya dighīrṣuṇā giribhṛtā rādhāṁ tadānudrutāṁ
pṛṣṭhīkṛtya jagāda tat priyasakhī sāṭopa santarjanaṁ
kaḥ syās tvaṁ lalitāgrato'pi kulajāṁ spraṣṭum balād īhase
dūrībhūya paratra lampaṭa viṣa svaṁ cet śamatrecchasi (19)

Saying this, Giridhārī came up to Śrī Rādhikā, but Priya-*sakhī* Lalitā quickly came up before her fleeing friend and proudly chastised Kṛṣṇa, saying: "Who is there who wants to touch this chaste housewife by force in front of Lalitā? Go away, ~~Casanova,~~ libertine if You want to be safe (from me)!"

satyaṁ tvaṁ lalite prakāma samarākāṅksāṁ mayā dhitsasi
brūṣe māṁ yad ihaivam eva vigatāśaṅkaṁ balād unmanā
tvāṁ dorbhyaṁ madhunāpinaṣmi tad imāḥ paśyantu sakhyo'pi te
yena tvaṁ muhur eva durmukhi na mā mevaṁ bruvāṇāḥ bhavaḥ (20)

Kṛṣṇa said: "O Lalite! When I see you showing so much force it seems to Me that you want to fight (Cupid's battle) with Me! And, being bewildered, you will tell Me whatever you want. So now I will squeeze you in My arms and your friends may all see it! O foul-~~faced~~ mouthed one! You will repeatedly tell Me: "No! Don't!", and you will never speak to Me so impudently again!"

anyāstāratahiṇḍa dharṣayasi yā mugdhā muhur vibhyatir
eṣā'haṁ lalitā parāḥ sahacarīḥ svaṁ cāsta śaṅkaujasā
rakṣantī purato'pi te prativanaṁ puṣpāṇi neṣye balāt
kartuṁ kiñcid iheśiṣe yadi tadā kiṁ dhṛṣṭa naḥ kṣāmyasi (21)

Lalitā said: "O woman-thief! You're always ~~raping~~ violate innocent housewives, but I am Lalitā, and I'm not afraid of You at all! On my own strenght I can protect myself and my dear friend

Rādhikā, and I can take flowers from any forest right in front of You! O impudent One! Why don't You stop us by force? Why would You tolerate us?"

rādhe paśya sakhī yam āsya kuharād āyāti yad vakti tat
sammatyā tava cet tvam apy ahaha me pāṇeḥ kva vā mokṣyase
asyādyann adharaṁ radair apanudaṁs tuṇḍasya kaṇḍūyatān
yāyāto'smi samakṣam eva tava yat tvaṁ maunini vartase (22)

Kṛṣṇa said: "Look Rādhe! Ahaha! If You agree with the words coming from Your friend's mouth, then You will never get free from My grip! I will bite Lalitā's lips with My teeth and scratch her itching tongue also! After that I will come to You! (If You won't speak then I know it is allright) Silence is a sign of agreement!"

rādhā prāha śaṭhendra kiṁ vadasi no jānāsi māṁ yās tv ahaṁ
goṣṭhe'sti prathitātra yauvata-kule sādhvī na mat te'dhikā
tasyā me'tanu-dharma vartmaṇi ratāḥ sakhyaḥ yademāḥ sthirās
tāsv eṣā lalitā parā prakharatā yasyā jayet tvām api (23)

Śrī Rādhikā said: "O king of cheaters! What are You saying!? Don't You know who I am? There's no young girl in Vraja more famous for her chastity than Me! My friends are atanu very dedicated to dharma ~~the ways of the incorporal Cupid,~~ and Lalitā is the best of them! Because of her harsh nature2 she can defeat even You!"

(attached to the amorous activities = dhvani)

sūryopāsana dharma varty atitarāṁ sādhvy asmi ceti sphuṭaṁ
mūrtaṁ te hṛdi garva parvata yugaṁ barvvarti rādhe'dhikaṁ
tac chīgraṁ nakharair vikhaṇḍya bhavatīṁ jeṣyāmi tenaiva cen
mad vakṣaḥ prahariṣyasi tvam adhikaṁ tac cāpi soḍhuṁ kṣatte (24)

Kṛṣṇa said: "Rādhe! Your two mountain-like breasts represent Your mountain-like pride of two things: 'I am worshipping the sun' and 'I am very chaste'! Today I will defeat You by piercing them and scratching them with My nails! Even if You hit Me back then with these two mountains, I can tolerate it!"

ity uktvā smita candrikārcita mukhīr ālīr vilaṅghya vrajan
rādhāya nijadhāvur asyuru madāt pāṇiṁ yadā mādhava
kandarpaḥ sa hi kiṁ na darpam atanod āpāda śirṣa śaraiś
cakre jarjaram eva tat tanu-yugaṁ romodgama vyājataḥ (25)

Hearing these words, the *sakhīs* all flashed beam-like smiles from their moonlike faces. Kṛṣṇa passed them by and when He touched Rādhikā's breast with His hand, both His and Rādhikā's body were studded from tip to toe with goosepimples of loving ecstasy, being pierced by Cupid's arrows. Shouldn't Cupid be proud of the erotic affliction he gave Them at that time?

kiṁ kartuṁ kitava tvayātra rabhasād ārabdham ity ucca gīs
tāṁ prabodhayad ālibhir viracitā sparśottha mohād yadā
sā kāntasya karaṁ sasītkṛti raṇat pāṇy ambujābhyāṁ tadā
roddhuṁ saṁbhramam āpa śuṣkam arudat vāmābhyanaiṣīd rujaṁ (26)
tāvad vāma-kareṇa hanta sudṛśaḥ śīrṣṇaḥ paṭe sraṁsite
mādhuryāmṛta vīcayaḥ samudagur yā vyāśnuvānā diśaḥ
āśleṣādhara pāna cumbana-vidhiṁ pāripsitaṁ mādhavo
vismṛtyārabhataiva kevalam aho snātuṁ muhus tāsu saḥ (27)

Śrī Rādhikā became totally enchanted when She was touched by Hari's hands. Then Her friends loudly told Him: "O Cheater, what are You doing?" Śrī Rādhikā screamed and carefully stopped Her lover's hands with Her lotus-like hands (that were endowed with bangles whose jingling resembled bumblebees that were attracted to the lotuses of Her hands), crying without tears (feigning anger) in an averse mood. When She stopped Kṛṣṇa's right hand, Kṛṣṇa pulled at Her veil with His left hand. This inundated all the directions with indescribable waves of sweet nectar, causing Mādhava to forget His desires to embrace Rādhikā or to kiss Her lips and He just remained standing there, constantly immersed in this shower.

candrasyopari sāndratāṁ katham agād dhvāntaṁ samantād balat
taṁ kiṁ hanta mṛdhe jigāya nahi yat so'nalpam udbhrājate
maitra yady anayor abhūt samucitā noparyyadhaḥ sthāyitāṁ
dāsyaṁ ced dvija-rāja āpa tamaso loke na kiṁ lajjate (28)

At that time the dishevelled hair on Kṛṣṇa's head resembled the deep darkness which could not be dissipated by His brightly shining moonlike face. Or was the moon defeated by the darkness, that swooped down upon Him? That is also not possible, for how can this moon shine so brightly, despite being defeated by the darkness? Has he made friends with his conqueror? No, that is not possible, because friends don't stay up-and-under, but share equal positions! Then has the moon become the servant of darkness? Wouldn't that be embarrassing in this world?

candre'smin api ke ime śapharike sindhoḥ sahaivodgate
ced ete kim u niścale yadi punar nīlotpale te kutaḥ
bandhor aṅkam upetya mudrita mukhe manye tataḥ khañjanā
vetaus to nahi kena vātra gamitau no nṛtyato vā kutaḥ (29)
ity evātmagataṁ vadan nija dṛśor diṣṭa mahan mānayat
svāṅgaṁ tat suṣamā samāmṛta rasa sārair muhuḥ plāvayan
tan netrānta taṭānurāga madhubhiḥ pītair dṛśā svaṁ manaḥ
kṣāvatvaṁ gamayan bhajan vivaśatām ālīḥ sadhinvan vabhau (30)
tāvad tad bhuja pāśataḥ śithilitān svaṁ mocayitvā vrajan
mādhuryāstram iva prayujya kim iyaṁ taṁ jṛmbhayitvā jayat
pāṇibhyāṁ pratimucya kañcukam atho kāñcīkaṣantīṁ vabhau
badhnāti sma kim astabhīḥ parikaraṁ kāmājirājīcikīḥ (31)
veṇīm arddha vimarditāṁ kavarayanty udbhrānta dṛṣṭiḥ sakhīs
tarjanyaiva tatarja tiṣṭhata śaṭha bhos tiṣṭhatety ātta-gīḥ
tīkṣṇāpāṅga-śara-prahāra vivaśo'py asyās tathāvasthitāṁ
taṁ paśyann atanur vyatho'py amanuta svīyaṁ sa dhanyaṁ januḥ (32)

[Krsna thought:]

"~~And~~ Where have these two fishes on that moon come from? Did they get stuck on him when he rose from the Milkocean? That is not possible, because fishes are naturally restless, and these fishes aren't (they are almost closed out of bashfulness)! Then are they blue lotus flowers? No, that cannot be, because they would not remain closed, sitting on the lap of their friend the moon! Then are they two wagtail birds? If they were, then who has brought them to the moon and why are they dancing there?" Saying this to Himself, Kṛṣṇa considered His eyes to be very fortunate. His own body and all the directions were constantly inundated by the nectarean stream of Śrī Rādhikā's bodily splendour. ~~(Śrī Rādhikā, who had kept Her eyes half closed in anticipation of Kṛṣṇa's first kiss, now opened Her eyes, since that kiss did not come.~~ Śrī Kṛṣṇa drank the sweet nectar of *anurāga* that emanated from Śrī Rādhā's sidelong glance and became completely intoxicated) In this way Hari became stunned, giving joy to the *sakhīs*. Because of Kṛṣṇa's astonishment Rādhikā was able to loosen Herself from the bondage of His arms. Kṛṣṇa was as if defeated by the missile of (Rādhikā's) beauty and He began to yawn (as Śiva yawned from Kṛṣṇa's *jṛmbha-jvara*, yawn-missile). Śrī Rādhikā became very beautiful when She tightened Her blouse and sash, that were loosened from Kṛṣṇa's grip. It was as if She bound Her assistants up in Her erotic fight with Kṛṣṇa. She tied Her half-loosened braid into a knot on the back of Her neck with Her left hand and chastised Her *sakhīs* with the index finger of Her right hand, loudly saying: "O cheaters! Just wait, just wait! I will revenge Myself in time!" Then She gave Kṛṣṇa *atanu* (intense or erotic) pain by piercing Him with the arrows of Her sharp glances, but She also gave Him joy by showing Him Her eagerness to bind up Her hair and dress. This vision made Kṛṣṇa consider His birth blessed.

aho vṛndāvana bhūmideva sukṛtin vikhyāta kīrte bhavān
yat karma vyadhitāsya samprati gṛhaṁ gatvā tayaivāryayā
dāsye te khalu dakṣiṇām anupamām aprāpta pūrvāṁ yayā
pūrṇo yāsyasi mādṛśīṣu na punaḥ kvāpi prakāmārthitām (33)

Aho!

Śrī Rādhikā said to Kṛṣṇa: "~~Bho~~ Lord (*brāhmaṇa*) of Vṛndāvana[3]! Bho pious soul! Bho famous One! I will go to the house of My mother-in-law to get a reward (*dakṣiṇā*) for Your (brahminical) activities here (no *karma* can be accomplished without a *dakṣiṇā*)! Once You had that matchless, extraordinary reward (abuse) You will never pray to us for *prakāma* (pious benefit or sex) anymore!"

rādhe dakṣiṇayā tvayā'nupamayā sāntoṣyam evāgrataḥ
kintv āśu smara-yāga-karma śubhadaṁ māṁ śikṣitāṁ kāraya
tat tat karmaṭhatām ihākalaya me sāphalyam āyātu sā
pāṇḍityaṁ viphalatvam eti kṛtibhir yannānumodya stutaṁ (34)

Kṛṣṇa said: "O Rādhe! I'm a qualified person to receive Your matchless reward! Look at My endeavours in preparing the sacrifice to Cupid, before You give Me the *dakṣiṇā* and teach Me the procedures, so that My auspicious work will become successful! The learning of any scholar who does not praise and approve of such work is useless!"

proce kundalatāpi devara bhavad vaiduṣya dūṣya bhaved
asyāḥ sammatir atra ced iyam api prajñī tad ājñāyate
tāvat kiṁ nikaṣāśma hema mahimā jñānaṁ bhavet kasyacid
yāvat tan mithunaṁ na vindati mithaḥ saṁgharṣa kautūhalaṁ (35)

Kundalatā then said: "O cousin-in-law! If Rādhikā agrees in this, then we will know Your scholarship and we will know that She is a learned girl also! As long as a grinding slab and a piece of gold do not rub together, how can we know their glories?"[4]

gāndharvāvadad ātmanaḥ priyatamād bhadre subhadrād api
premāsmiṅs tava devare nirupamaṁ pratyāyitāhaṁ tvayā
adhyāpy atanu śāstram etad atha tad vijñaṁ tvam evānvabhūḥ
sva khyātyai prakaṭī cikīrṣasi yataḥ pāṇḍityam asya svayaṁ (36)

Gāndharvā (Rādhā) said: "O pious Kundalate! I can see that you love Your cousin-in-law Kṛṣṇa even more purely than you love your dearmost husband Subhadra! That must be why you are teaching Him the *kāma-śastras* (scriptures on eros) and now that you experienced His expertise in it you personally want to reveal the qualities of your disciple?"

proktaṁ tatra viśākhayā prathamato'syam eva rādhe'sya cet
tat tat karmaṭhataṁ nijākṣi viṣayī-kṛtya pratītiṁ bhajeḥ
tarhy evainam iheṣṭa karmani vṛṇu tvaṁ kāma sampattaye
no cet syāt kim anaṅga sādhanavataḥ kṛtyasya te sāṅgatā (37)

Viśākhā said: "O Rādhe! If You have faith in Kundalatā's examination of Kṛṣṇa's expertise in the sacrifice to Cupid, then engage Him in the desired work! Otherwise, if you let this job be done by ignorant people Your *anaṅga* (bodiless, or erotic) work will not be completed (Cupid will not become embodied, viz: You will not be satisfied, or: If Kṛṣṇa cannot accomplish His satisfaction through Kundalatā His desires for You will simply increase, but will not be accomplished)."

kṛṣṇa prāha parīkṣayā kim anayā rādhe viśākhā bhūvi
khyātaivātanu-dharma karmaṇi yataḥ sākṣād bhavatyāḥ sakhī
ye vātsyāyana paddhati kramagatās teṣāṁ manūnāṁ mad a-
bhyastānām api śuddhyaśuddhi vimṛśyatveṣā rahasy añjasā (38)

Kṛṣṇa said: "O Rādhe! What's the use of this vain examination? In this world Your friend Viśākhā is famous for her dedication to *atanu dharma* (erotic duties). Let her come with Me to a lonely place to test if I pronounce the *mantras* from Vatsyāyana Muni's *kāma śāstra*, that I have studied, purely or impurely. It is forbidden in the scriptures to pronounce these *mantras* in public!" (Note: Vatsyāyana Muni wrote the famous Kāma Sūtra).

sādhūktaṁ hariṇeti kundalatayā rādhā tad abhyarthitā
tatrādeṣṭum imām atha smita sudhā snātādharā sāha tāṁ

kaundīyāṁ sudurāgraha sakhi tato gatvā viśākhe raho
viddhīty añcala saṁvṛtādhara-taṭāḥ sakhyo'hasan saṁghaśaḥ (39)
rādhe tvam avahitthayā prati-padaṁ kṣīṇāyuṣā duḥśakāṁ
goptuṁ samprati vīkṣya dūna-hṛdayā nopāyam anyaṁ labhe
kintv agre sahakāra eṣa bhavitā dhanyo'vitā te mahān
tat kuñjam śaraṇaṁ raho vraja yadi svīyaṁ śamāśaṁsasi (40)
asmābhis tava yad vidhitsitam aho sāhāyyam etat tvayā
dākṣyāt tan nirapekṣayā na racitaṁ kiṁ piṣṭa peṣāyitaṁ
punnāgaṁ sumanaḥ pradaṁ ghana-rasaiḥ sva vyāhṛtaiḥ sincatī
yat tvaṁ phullayasīti sa smita-mukhī proce viśākhāpi tāṁ (41)

Kundalatā said to Rādhikā: "Hari has spoken well! You must order Viśākhā to test Him!" Hearing this, Śrī Rādhikā sprinkled Her lips with the nectar of Her smile and said: "*Sakhi* Visakhe! Kundalatā cannot give up her very bad desires in any way, so go and be tested by Kṛṣṇa in solitude!" Hearing this, all the *sakhīs* giggled, covering their mouths with their veils. Then Viśākhā smiled and said: "O Rādhe! Only Your indifference has protected You from Kṛṣṇa's hands, but alas! That is now also dying out at every moment! Now I don't see any other means for Your protection than Your fortunate assistents. O morose heart! If You desire Your own happiness, then enter into this solitary *kuñja* and take shelter of that! (Why should You delay or hesitate in following the natural course after You have abandoned Your indifference?) We have come here to help You to get Kṛṣṇa's bodily association, but now You became so favorable to Him that You don't need any help anymore. You have already sprinkled the *sumana prada* (giver of flowers, or of the mind) Punnaga-tree (tree or Kṛṣṇa, the best of men) with *ghana-rasa* (water, or sweet words), causing Him to blossom (with desires)."

atraivāvasare samāgatavatī nāndīmukhī vṛndayā
sārddhaṁ kāñcana-patrikāṁ hari-kare dattvā śaśaṁśāsya śaṁ
tam udghāṭya hṛdā paṭhan pramuditas tābhiḥ sa saṁlakṣito
'nuktvā kiñcana kāmapīkṣita rahā prāg ādudīcī mukhaḥ (42)

Just then Nāndīmukhī came with Vṛndā, handed Hari a letter and blessed Him (being a *brāhmaṇa*-girl), saying: "O Kṛṣṇa! All godspeed to You". Kṛṣṇa opened the letter and read it to Himself. Everyone could see that its contents made Him very happy. After reading it, Kṛṣṇa left towards the north without saying anything.

yāte tatra tad īkṣaṇā kṣaṇa vinābhāvena dūnānanāpy
ātmānaṁ bahir āpta nirvṛtim iva svā jñāpayanti sakhīḥ
sārddhaṁ tābhir upetya sambhrama-bharān nāndīmukhīṁ rādhikā
sā nānāvidhata kasaṅkulita-dhīḥ papraccha sapraśrayaṁ (43)
patrīṁ kā prajighāya sā bhagavatī kasmai nahi jñāyate
bhadre mac chapatho vadaiṣa ramayan kāñcit tad uktāṁ gataḥ
hāsyaṁ muñca karomi divyam api ced evaṁ bhaven no vrajen
mat sākṣād ayam eṣa tac caturimā durlakṣatāyai tava (44)
prāvocaḷ lalitā tad īkṣita mukhīm āsaṁśayiṣṭā harer
anyasyāṁ bhavad antika sthitimataḥ kiṁ sambhaveḷ lālasā
phullāṁ mālatikāṁ dhayann ali-yuvā vallīṁ kim anyāṁ smared
agre prāpya sudhāmbudhaḥ katham aho dhatte paratra spṛhāṁ (45)
eṣa tv ātmajanuḥ prabhṛty anupadaṁ narte'nṛtaṁ bhāṣate
yaj jihvā gurur eva tasya na kaleḥ kiṁ bhāvino bhāvinī
tan mithyaiva sa no gataḥ parihasan mithyaiva patrī ca sā
kiṁ mithyaiva viśaṅkase sakhi yato mithyaiva nāndīmukhī (46)

Although Rādhikā was sad for not seeing Kṛṣṇa for even a moment, She appeared very happy externally (in the mood of: Good riddance! That menace Kṛṣṇa is gone!), just to make a show before Her *sakhīs*. Then She and Her girlfriends respectfully approached Nāndīmukhī and anxiously asked her: "O Nāndīmukhi! Who sent that letter?" Nāndīmukhī: "The holy mother Paurṇamāsī!" Rādhikā: "What for?" Nāndīmukhī: "I don't know!" Rādhikā: "Come on, tell Me the truth!" Nāndīmukhī: "She sent Him to another *kuñja* to enjoy another girl." Rādhikā: "Come on, stop joking!" Nāndīmukhī: "I swear You, I speak the truth!" Rādhikā: "He would never go to another woman right in front of Me!" Nāndīmukhī : "He is so clever that You would never notice it!" Hearing this, Rādhikā doubtfully (and anxiously) looked at Lalitā, who pacified Her, saying: "Rādhe! When He is with You, Hari can never desire another girl! If the young bee tasted the honey from the blooming Mālatī-vine, can he ever remember anything else? Will an intelligent person desire anything else but nectar? This Nāndīmukhī speaks nothing but lies ever since she was born. Her tongue will be the *guru* of Kali yuga (Kali Yuga will become her disciple and spread irreligion). What do You think, O beautiful One? Kṛṣṇa falsely left us just to tease us! That letter was also false, so why should You be in vain anxiety? Nāndīmukhī is falsehood personified!"

yā sākṣād iva saṁvid atra mahitā ya sarva dharmaikabhūr
vedārthaṁ khalu mūrtam eva nikhilaṁ yā'sūta sāndīpaniṁ
tasyāḥ pāriṣadī bhavāni lalite śrī paurṇamāsyāḥ sadā
mithyāvāditayā parābhava dhurā pātrī kṛtāhaṁ tvayā (47)

Nāndīmukhī said: "Lalite! Paurṇamāsī is knowledge personified, she is the leading lady here in Vraja, she's the birthplace of all religious principles and she's the mother of Sāndīpani Muni, who is Vedic purpose personified, and I am her assistent. Can you just call me a liar?"

tasyā eva dadāti hanta śapathaṁ tatvaṁ yad etad vade-
ty uktāsāha vadāmy ahaṁ katham aho taiva nyaṣait sidyataḥ
kiṁ tvaṁ nākathanaṁ ca nocitam ato vacmya pratītiṁ kṛthām
aivāsminn iti rādhikāpi śapathaṁ sā kāritaivānayā (48)
pūrvedyu madhusūdanena bhagavaty abhyarthitā sādarād
āryye mantramaṇī mahauṣadha-vidaṁ mukhye mahā tāpasi
rādhāṁ vāmya mahīdharopari sadāsīnām upāyāt kutas
tasmad dāg avarohya sādhu ramayāmy ālī-tatīr mohayan (49)
gopyo'nyāḥ kila man manobhava sukhodañcac camatkārita
sampatyai śata koṭayo'pi natarāṁ paryāpnuvanti kvacit
kintv ekaiva madīya hṛd bhuvam alaṅkartuṁ kṣamā rādhikā
kiṁ sā kalpa-latā nu samvid atha kiṁ vaijayantī nu sā (50)

Lalitā said: "We keep You on Paurṇamāsī's vow! Now tell us the truth! Nāndīmukhī said: "*Sakhi*, what should I say? Paurṇamāsī forbade me to reveal it. But taking your oath I can also not remain silent anymore. Swear me, don't disbelieve what I say!" Śrī Rādhikā swore it and Nāndīmukhī said: "Yesterday Kṛṣṇa went to see Paurṇamāsī and politely requested her: "Holy mother! You are the greatest knower of all *mantras* and herbs! O great ascetic lady! Śrī Rādhikā always sits on a mountain of *vāmya* (opposition towards Me)! How can I delude Her *sakhīs* and take Her off that mountain (so that I can sport with Her in so many ways)? O goddess! Not even a billion *gopīs* are able to astonish Me with erotic bliss as She can! Only She can adorn My *manobhū* (support of My mind, or: erotic bliss). Is She a *kalpalatā* (fancyvine), *akalpalatā* (a vine of My ornaments - these lifeless ornaments themselves do not look so beautiful, because Śrī Rādhā is my very life. Without Her I have no life in My heart), or a *vaijayantī mālā* (a garland around My neck, or: a victory flag. I am supreme only when I have Her for My sweetheart)?"

śrutvaitan madhuraṁ dhuraṁ punar imām aṅkī-cikirṣuś cirāt
pratyākhyāna pareva saha sahasā śakyaṁ kathaṁ syād idaṁ
sādhvīnāṁ pravarātrapā jala-nidhir jātā kulīna tvaye
kiṁ sānyā capaleva te ghana-rucer aṅkaṁ samārokṣyati (51)
evaṁ saty aghabhin nivṛtya sa tato gehaṁ svam āgat tadā
sāsarvāgama tantra mantra-paṭalīṁ paryālu loke niśi
patrīṁ prāpaya nāndi kṛṣṇamadhunety ādiśya mānātayā
dāyaitā mahamāgamaṁ drutam ato jānāmi no kiñcana (52)

Hearing these sweet words, Paurṇamāsī was pleased within, but outwardly she said: "Kṛṣṇa! How can I do such a thing all of a sudden? Śrī Rādhikā is the most chaste girl, She's an ocean of bashfulness and She's highborn! Should She just sit on Your lap like the lightning embracing a raincloud?" Hearing this, Aghabhid (Kṛṣṇa) went home. At nighttime Paurṇamāsī practised all the Vedic *mantras* and in the morning she came to me and said: "Nāndīmukhi! Go and give this letter to Kṛṣṇa!" Following her order, I quickly went to give Him this letter, that's all I know!"

mantraṁ kañcana patrikā vilikhitaṁ preṣṭhopadiṣṭas tayā
kṛṣṇas taṁ japituṁ rahaḥ sthalam agād asman mano mohanaṁ
hantālyo vrajata sva veśma tadinas tatraiva sūryārcitaṁ
kāryyaṁ yatra hariḥ kurudhvam acirad deśāya tasmai namaḥ (53)

Śrī Rādhikā said: "Bho *sakhīs*! Paurṇamāsī has written some *mantra* on that leaf and sent it to Kṛṣṇa through Nāndīmukhī and now He went to practise it in solitude. Let's run home and then do our *sūrya pūjā*! Kṛṣṇa is enchanted by this *mantra.* Let's offer our obeisances to the place where He stays (viz. Let's avoid Him)!"

pītvaitaṁ vṛṣabhānujodita sudhāṁ provāca kaundī hasan-
tyaitat kiñcana yujyate nahi tato rādhe vṛthā śaṅkase
yasyaikāṅga ruci cchaṭaika kaṇikāpy unmādya sādhvī-vrataṁ
tvāṁ sadya sakhi hāpayed aham aho mantraṁ kim arthaṁ japet (54)

Nāndīmukhī laughed when she drank the nectarean words coming from Vṛṣabhānu's daughter and said: "Whatever you said was improper! Why should you vainly be afraid? Why would that boy, who makes You give up Your chastity, maddening You with a single drop of His beauty, practise this *mantra* just to destroy Your *vāmya*?"

rādhoce bhagavaty asāv anupamaṁ sannyāsa dharmaṁ dadhe
nāndīyaṁ śrita tat padaiva viṣaya vyāvṛttya vārtā parā
kaundy eṣa tu punaḥ subhadra sahaja svātmaikya bhāvā bhaved
eta eva samādhi vartmani nayanty āryāḥ kula strīr api (55)

Śrī Rādhikā said: "Bho *sakhīs* ! Bhagavati maintains a matchless *sannyāsa* vow, studying the *kāma-śāstras* the whole night (in order to initiate Kṛṣṇa in its *mantras*), and Nāndīmukhī has given up all sense enjoyment under her guidance (or: she has learned the art to speak in a duplicious way), but Kundalatā has realised the auspiciousness of the oneness of *brahma* and the *jīva* (soul) (*subhadra sahaja svātmaikya* also means: she has attained oneness in sexual union with her husband Subhadra's cousin Kṛṣṇa). In this way these three ladies (Paurṇamāsī, Nāndīmukhī and Kundalatā) take the housewives to the stage of *samādhi* (or: they make the housewives give up their righteous principles, giving them much affliction + an even more intimate meaning)."

atraivāvasare vyajijñapaditas taṁ rūpa mañjary amuḥ
pūrvāsyāḥ kakubho vidhuṁ vana-taṭād drāg ājihānaṁ puraḥ
sambhrāntā vṛṣabhānujāha suṣamā pūrṇaḥ sa evaiti naḥ
śaṅke mohayitaiva mantra balabhāgālyaḥ karomy atra kiṁ (56)

While this discussion was going on Rūpa Mañjarī suddenly saw the moon (Kṛṣṇa) rising in the eastern side of the forest and she told this to Śrī Rādhikā. The daughter of Vṛṣabhānu (seeing the ever-fresh beauty of Kṛṣṇa) then said: "Kṛṣṇa has attained full beauty on the strenghth of His *mantra japa* and He has come here to enchant us and give us trouble. O *sakhīs*, what shall I do?"

kaumudy eva dhṛtiṁ dyatīyam acirāt sadyo yad adyāsya me
manye sādhita vidyatā nirupamā jātasya kāmāptaye
tat kvāpy atra nilīya sādhu lalite tiṣṭheyam eṣo'nyathā
mad buddhiṁ bhramayed aśakyam abale mantrasya kiṁ jāgrataḥ (57)
ity uktvaiva śanaiḥ sasambhrama pada nyāsaiḥ sva mañjīra gīḥ
sātaṅkaiva kadamba-ṣaṇḍa viṭapaiḥ svaṁ nihnuvānaiva sā
tiryag grīvam apāṅga mārgana gaṇaṁ paścān nudanty ātmano
rakṣāvāgra-dhiyeva kubjita tanuḥ sadmāviśad vāñjulaṁ (58)

"O *sakhi* Lalite! This moonlight is quickly destroying My patience from afar! What shall become of Me when this moon of Vraja comes close to Me? I understand He has attained matchless perfection in having His desires fulfilled. Lalite, where is a good hidingplace? If I stay here He will confuse My intelligence! Who knows what will happen when this *mantra* awakens?" Saying this, Śrī Rādhikā contracted Herself in anxiety and carefully walked towards the temple in the Aśoka-*kuñja*. When She heard the jingling of Her own anklebells She was afraid that it was Kṛṣṇa following Her. She hid Herself between the branches of the Kadamba tree, fearfully looking behind Her again and again with a crooked neck, anxious to protect Herself from a possible attack from Kṛṣṇa (Her glances were like a shower of arrows launched for Her own defense).

dūrād eva niraṅka kuṅkuma-ruciṁ yāntīṁ dadarśācyutaḥ
kāntā-vṛnda-maṇim athaitya ca sabhāṁ papraccha tāṁ tat sakhīḥ
sā kṛṣṇa sva gṛhaṁ jagāma lalite kālaḥ sa yāto yadā
yuṣmābhiḥ katidhā pratāraṇa-dhurā pātrīkṛto'haṁ na vā (59)
karṇe'syās tu tadābhyadhattarabhasān nāndīmukhī mādhavaḥ
sarvaṁ mantra-balena veda lalite tat kiṁ mṛṣā bhāṣase
dṛṣṭaivādiśa tāṁ labhasva ca yaśaḥ sa te mṛṣā kopataḥ
kiṁ kartuṁ prabhaviṣyatīti lalitāpy astve vam ity abhyadhāt (60)

Although Acyuta saw the pure *kuṅkuma* splendour of the jewel of ladyloves, Śrī Rādhikā, from afar, He did not follow Her, but instead asked Her *sakhīs*: "Where is Rādhikā?" Lalitā said: "Kṛṣṇa, She went home! " Kṛṣṇa said: "Lalite, the time that you always cheated Me is gone now! I've now attained mystic perfection and I can see through your deceit!" Nāndīmukhī whispered in Lalitā's ear: "Lalite! If Mādhava now knows everything, then why should you vainly be at fault by refusing to tell Him where She is? Become glorious by indicating Rādhikā's whereabouts to Kṛṣṇa with your eyes! And if you say: "Rādhikā will become angry if I She finds out that I revealed Her presence to Kṛṣṇa", then I say: "Don't be afraid, what can Rādhikā do to you with false anger?"

gatvā vañjula kuñjam āha mahile kiṁ tvaṁ vidhatse raha-
syekā mantram aho japasy adaramām ākruṣṭa kāma kim u
vṛttaṁ tat kuru yac cikīrṣasi balād bhoḥ paśya baddhaṁ nu vā
kiṁ vāmāṁ svaradāstra khaṇḍitam ahaṁ
na tvaṁ niṣeddhuṁ kṣamaṁ (61)

On Lalitā's indication Kṛṣṇa went to the cane-grove where Rādhikā was hiding and said: "O girl Lady, what are You doing? Are You sitting alone here to attract Me with some *mantra*? Here, I have come (You have succeeded)! Now You may do with Me what You like! You have become so powerful with this *mantra* that I won't be able to stop You if You want to bind Me up in Your arms or bite Me with the weapon of Your teeth!"

sa-cilli kauṭilyāṁ smita nava-sudhā gadgada vaca
sa-huṅkāraṁ tasmai prathamam upajehreyad abalā
piban so'kṣi śrotais tad api sahasā'muhyad atulaḥ
sa dūres tv etasyādhara madhupānasya mahimā (62)

Weak Rādhikā launched the first strike with Her knitted eyebrows, Her fresh nectarean smile and Her unfavorable shouts with faltering voice (hearing the clever words of Her playful lover She looked at Him once in a crooked way and then smiled slightly and said with faltering voice: "O shameless one! You have accumulated sin Yourself by practising a *mantra* that attracts other men's wives, and now You want to infuse that sin also into the chaste girls that are dedicated to their husbands?"). After saying this Śrī Rādhā left. Kṛṣṇa drank the nectar of Her form through the cups of His eyes and the nectar of Her words through the cups of His ears and became enchanted by it. What to speak of knowing its greatness, what condition would Kṛṣṇa be in when He actually tasted the nectar from Her lips?"

dhṛta pāṇau hā hānucitam iti jalpanta payayau
kuca-dvandve spṛṣṭā śapathamajṛt kubjita tanuḥ

balād daṣṭa bimbādharam anudadhau sītkṛti-taṭīr
niketāntar nītāpyatanutana cen nṛtyam atanoḥ (63)

Kṛṣṇa then came up to Rādhikā and held Her hand, but Rādhikā fearfully said: "No! No! This is not proper!", and when He touched Her breasts She repeatedly contracted Her body, cursing Kṛṣṇa. When Kṛṣṇa forcibly wanted to bite Her lips, that were as red as Bimbafruits, Śrī Rādhikā yelled again and again. Then, when Kṛṣṇa wanted to take Her inside the *kuñja*-cottage, Cupid began to dance.....

tadā tām uddhṛtyorasi bhuja-balād ucchalad uru
sphuraj jaṅgha grīvāpadam ati nanoktyā kuṭilitām
smarāś cāpaṁ svaṁ cāmpakam iva sakampaṁ sarasayan
naṭad vidyud vallīm iva nava ghanas talpam aviśat (64)

Kṛṣṇa forcibly held Rādhikā to His chest and brought Her to the bed in the *nikuñja*. Śrī Rādhikā swung Her thighs, neck and feet out of protest, saying: "No! No! No!" It seemed as if Cupid twanged his flowerbow of Campaka-flowers, or that a monsooncloud took possession of the restless lightning......(The Campaka-flowers and the lightning represent Śrī Rādhikā, because of their golden colour, and the monsooncloud Kṛṣṇa, because of its darkblue colour).

prabodho moho vā smara-samaram āripsitam anu
dvayor yo yo rājīn madhurima-bharān eva sa dadhe
tadātvabhivyaktī bhavad atanu vaidagdhyam ubhayor
nabhinnatvaṁ premāmṛta kiraṇato yad viruruce (65)

During Their erotic fight Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa were sometimes unconcious and sometimes enchanted, being filled with profuse sweetness. Their erotic cleverness was shown through rays of nectarean love in an undifferentiated way.

Thus ends the ninth chapter of Śrīla Viśvanātha Cakravartī's "Kṛṣṇa Bhāvanāmṛta Mahākāvya", called 'Flowerplays and loveplays'.

1 The sun may be compared to Kṛṣṇa and the lotusflowers with the *gopīs*. Śrī Rādhikā shows Her advanced *anurāga* by saying this, because the lotusflowers blossom when the sun rises, but they can never unite with him, and now Śrī Rādhikā thinks that Kṛṣṇa can also just make Her and the *gopīs* blossom of desire, but cannot unite with Her. This shows how unsatiable Her *anurāga* is.

2 The word *prakharatā* can also mean heroism in love-making.

3 Bhūmideva can mean *brāhmaṇa* or he who plays and enjoys in the area.

4 There is a very intimate second meaning to this verse.

CHAPTER TEN

Relishing the nectar of playing in the *kuñja*

nāndīmukhī kundalate savṛnde cirān mano vāñchita vṛndavinde
amandam ākandatale sakhīnāṁ sabhām abhātām abhito'bhiyāte (1)

While Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa blissfully spent Their time in the *kuñja*, Lalitā and the *sakhīs* sat in their assembly under a tree and Nāndīmukhī and Vṛndā had their long cherished desires fulfilled by seeing Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's loving pastimes (thus their eyes floated in oceans of bliss).

tatretya mūrta ṛtu ṣaṭka lakṣmīḥ prati sva-sevāvasarāv agatyai
sthitā nirīkṣyādiśad āśu vṛndā sva svāṭavīr bhūṣayata svabhābhiḥ (2)

The six seasonal Lakṣmīs then came to that assembly of *sakhīs* to hear what their services were. Seeing them, Vṛndā said: "Bho seasonal goddesses! Adorn the forest (with your own beauty) for Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's pleasure!"

govardhanādriṁ samayā tu rāsa sthalyāṁ tvam evāssva vasanta lakṣmi
adhyāsyatām arka-sutā taṭa-sthā kalpāga-bhūmiḥ śaradaiva kāmaṁ (3)
rādhāsaro'raṇya bhuvaṁ tu sarvā niṣevya sarvasva samarpaṇena
sva svāminor vismaya kautukābhyām
agaṇya puṇya bhavathādya dhanyāḥ (4)

"O Vasanta Lakṣmi (goddess of vernal beauty)! Go to Govardhana Hill and stay at the Rāsa-sthalī (the place where

Kṛṣṇa dances the Rāsa-dance in the springtime at Parāsauli village and Candra Sarovara)! O Śārada Lakṣmi (goddess of autumnal beauty)! Stay on the bank of the Yamunā in the land of desire trees! O all of you Lakṣmīs! Surrender everything to the service of Rādhākuṇḍa and its forests to give fun and astonishment to your masters, Śrī-Śrī Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa! Be blessed, O limitlessly fortunate goddesses!"

tatrāpi pūrvādiṣu dikṣu sattvamī
varṣādayas tat taṭa vārti śākhiṣu
madhor mahattvaṁ jalakeli-siddhaye
madhye saro grīṣma gurutvam astu vaḥ (5)
tās tāṁ pranamyācyuta keli vijñā
vijñāna cāturya samāstad ājñāṁ
prāṇya svakṛtyāya yayur manojñāṁ
kaḥ svāṁ na lipseta janaḥ samajñāṁ (6)

"The rainy season should stay east of the *kuṇḍa*, the autumn south, the Hemanta (the season between autumn and winter) in the west, the winter in the north, the spring should stay in the trees around the *kuṇḍa* and the summer inside the water to accomplish Śrī Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa's watersports!" Hearing these words, the *ṛtu lakṣmīs* (seasonal goddesses) that are incomparibly experienced, offered their obeisances to Vṛndā and the *sakhīs* and went to render their services as was proper, for who will not endeavour to become blessed like this (with such service)?

kṛṣṇas tu kṛṣṇāguru yuṅ madadravair
ārajya rādhāngam anaṅga-raṅgadaṁ
veṣaṁ sva vastrābharaṇair atha vyadhāt
tasyāḥ sva vaṁśīm api tunda sanditāṁ (7)
udaṅmukhī tām upaveśya vṛṣyāṁ hriyaiva
naisargika maunam āptāṁ
svāṅgaṁ tayālaṅkṛtam eva vibhrat
pītāmbaropyāsta tad eka pārśve (8)

ārād atho nūpura kiṅkiṇī svanair
āyāsyatīr āli-tatīḥ parāmṛśan
bhruveṅgitenaiva vaśe vyadhād araṁ
pura-sthitāḥ kaścana kiṅkarīr hariḥ (9)

Meanwhile, in the *nikuñja*, (after making love) Kṛṣṇa anointed Rādhikā's erotically delighting body with black *aguru* and musk (brought in at once by the maidservants) and dressed Her in His own clothes and ornaments, giving Her even His own flute from His sash. He seated Her (on a seat of Kuśa-grass covered by a sheet and a deerskin) facing the north and She silently sat there in Her usual bashful mood, dressing and ornamenting Kṛṣṇa with His usual items, like His yellow *dhotī* (assuming the role of the *svādhīna bhartṛkā).* Then Kṛṣṇa sat down next to Her (Śrī Rādhā closed Her eyes and pretended to practise *mantra japa*). He heard the sounds of anklebells and waistbells so He knew that the *sakhīs* were approaching and He gave a wink with His eyebrows to some maidservants that stood before Them not to say anything to the *sakhīs* (otherwise the fun would be spoiled).

āgatya tās tāv avalokya vismayā nūhurvad dūnūcur atho parasparaṁ
kiṁ deśam āptā vayam adya hanta bhoḥ
kṛṣṇa-dvayaṁ yady atirocatetamāṁ (10)
tāpiñcha-bhāsau śikhi-piñchamaulī dvāv
eva rājad vana-dāma bhājau
pītāmbarau kiṁ suṣamāṁ samānām
asman maho mohayituṁ dadhāte (11)
dvayoḥ sakhī naḥ katareti pṛṣṭhā
dāsyo'pi tāḥ procur idaṁ na vidmaḥ
hantādhunaivaivam ihāgamāma
praṣṭuṁ punar dvau vibhimaḥ prabhūṣṇū (12)

When the *sakhīs* came there and saw the two Kṛṣṇas on one seat, they were amazed and said to eachother: "Bho *sakhīs*!

What country have we come to, where there are two Kṛṣṇas? They both wear peacockfeather-crowns, They are both black like the Tamāla-tree, They both wear garlands of forestflowers and beautiful yellow garments! Aho! Their equal beauty enchants our minds!" The *sakhīs* inquired from the bystanding maidservants: "Surely one of these Two must be our friend Rādhā, but we can't recognize Her. You tell us!" These maidens said: "We also don't know who is who! They were already like this when we came here and when we ask Them what happened They become scared!"

vṛndāha nīcair lalite'nayor yo mantraṁ
japan pāṇi dhṛtākṣa-mālaḥ
vibhāti vṛṣyām upaviṣṭa eṣa
śrī kṛṣṇa evetyanumātum īśe (13)
mantraujasaivādyatanāhināḍ yato
rādhāṁ sva sārupyavatī pradarśayan
loke virājiṣyati yatra kutracin
niḥśaṅkam evaṁ vijihīrṣur etayā (14)

Vṛndā softly said: "Lalitike! I think the One doing *mantra japa* with the *rudrākṣa* beads in His hand, sitting on His *kuśa āsana* is Kṛṣṇa! He gave Rādhikā a form like His own with the use of some *mantra*, because He wanted to enjoy Her without having to be afraid of the people around!"

uce viśākhā sakhi saiva sarvathaivāsmāsu
vṛttā bhagavaty anartha-kṛt
punaś ca mantraṁ japatīha kāmukaḥ
kartuṁ svasārupyavatīṁ parāṁ nu kāṁ (15)

Viśākhā said: "*Sakhī* Vṛnde! Holy mother Paurṇamāsī has become a troublemaker for us in all respects! This lusty Kṛṣṇa has given Rādhikā a form like His own by practising these *mantras*. I don't know Who is Who!"

citrāha sakhyaḥ śṛṇutādya gehaṁ
prāptā jaratyā nikaṭaṁ prayātāḥ
kva me vadhūḥ seti tayābhipṛṣṭhā
brumaḥ kim etām iti saṅkataṁ naḥ (16)

Citrā said: "*Sakhīs*, listen! What will we say to Jaṭilā when we come home and she'll ask us: "Where's my daughter-in-law?" That's our dilemma!"

nāndīmukhī vyāharati sma śaṅkāṁ
citre svacitte bhajase kim arthaṁ
tasyāḥ pratīpyartha-mayaṁ punar
yan mantreṇa rādhāṁ striyam eva karttā (17)
kintvatra mantraṁ japato'sya pārśve
sthitir yad asyā na ca sāpi sādhvī
ko veda kiṁ tiṣṭhati māntrikāṇāṁ
manasy ato'nyatra sakhīṁ naya svāṁ (18)

Nāndīmukhī said: "Citre, why are you worried? In order not to disturb Jaṭilā's faith in Śrī Rādhikā, Kṛṣṇa will certainly give Her Her female form back! But it's not good that She sits by Kṛṣṇa's side on the strength of this *mantra japa*! Who knows what's on the mind of He who practises that *mantra*? We must take Her along elsewhere!"

bho bho svabhāso bhajataṁ prabhūṣṇū
jñātau stha evāśvatha māyayālaṁ
rādhā tvam evāsi nirehi kuñjā
kṛṣṇas tu vṛṣyāṁ upaviṣṭa eva (19)
mantraṁ japatv eṣa vayaṁ tu
gehaṁ yāmo vṛthā yāpita eṣa yāmaḥ
bhāvāṁś ca neṣṭaḥ kva nu vā kṣaṇe
'trāyāsiṣma gehād ahahādya mugdhaḥ (20)

Then the *sakhīs* said to Kṛṣṇa, thinking Him to be Rādhikā: "Bho bho! We know Who of You is Who! Now put on

Your own dress again! Rādhe! What's the use of anymore trickery? Come out of the *kuñja*, let Kṛṣṇa sit there on His Kuśa-seat, practising His *mantras*! We're going home, we've wasted so much time! Ahaha! What a mistake! Have we left home ~~at an~~ inauspicious moment (that we're having all this ~~trouble~~)?"

ity āha yāval lalitā sa tāvat kaṇṭha
svarābhyāsa-paraḥ priyāyāḥ
avarttatātha kṣaṇato'bhinīya hriyaṁ
parāṁ tāḥ pratibhāṣate sma (21)
yad adya vṛttaṁ mama vedanāvahaṁ
na vedanārhaṁ tad athāpi ced rahaḥ
labheya vakṣyāmi tadaiva te śrutau
nānyatra yat tvaṁ lalite gatir mama (22)

As Lalitā said this, Kṛṣṇa, who had practised Rādhikā's voice and bashfulness, said: "Lalite! Whatever mishap happened to Me today, should not even be spoken out loud! I will whisper it in Your ear in a lonely place! *Sakhi*, you are My shelter!"

tat kaṇṭhaja svāna vidhūta saṁśayā
rādheyam eveti tadā tad ālayaḥ
niścikyur avābrur atho gata hriyo
nītyānyato'ṅgāny api sādhu paspṛśuḥ (23)
aho karāvaṅgulayaḥ pada dvayaṁ
netre kapolāvalikaṁ śrutī api
aṅgāni sarvāṇi harer ivābhavan
nābhidyataikas tava kaṇṭha nisvanaḥ (24)
ālyatra ko hetur ayaṁ prakathyatām
ity eva papracchur imaṁ tad aṅganāḥ
tat sparśajāntaḥ smara-vikriyā kramo
yo'bhūt pratisvaṁ na tu tasya kāraṇaṁ (25)
kṛṣṇākṛter anya gṛhītatāyām apyeṣu
kaścit prakaṭaḥ svabhāvaḥ
yat kṣobhayed ittham iti sva citte
samādadhus tāḥ svayam eva tatra (26)

When the *sakhīs* heard Kṛṣṇa speaking in Rādhikā's voice, they had no more doubts that He was Her and they surrounded Her/Him. When He wanted to take one *sakhī* to another place, touching Her with His hand, that *sakhī* was startled and said: "Aho, Rādhe! Your hands, fingers, feet, eyes, cheeks, forehead, ears, every limb of Yours feel just like Hari's! Only Your voice has remained the same! Tell me, how did this happen?" But they did not ask why the touch of Her body caused the same erotic sensation as the touch of Kṛṣṇa's body did. They thought that Kṛṣṇa could naturally transfer this ability on another person's body also.

sa prāha sakhyaḥ sa hi māṁ vimohayaṁś
cakre yad etan nitarām avediṣaṁ
cirāt tad ante punar ātta cetanāpaśyaṁ
ad etat śṛṇuta bravīmi vaḥ (27)
ācamya pāṇau drutam eṣa nītvā
gaṇḍūṣam ekaṁ prajapan sva mantraṁ
daracchadau kuṭmalayan vyadhattris
tam āsya phuṭkāra samīra viddhaṁ (28)
tenaiva nīreṇa madīya gātrāpy
ānañjanāneti nivārito'pi
svāsyaṁ tadāmudrayam eva diṣṭyā
tatas tad ambho na gale viveśa (29)
tadaiva tad rūpa dharāṇi gātrāṇy
etānya bhūvan mama vismitāyaḥ
tadaiva vṛṣyāṁ punar āhitāsyaḥ
pracakrame'sau japituṁ sva mantraṁ (30)
anyac ca yat kiñcid aho vaco'bhūd
vaktuṁ nacāvaktum ahaṁ tad īśe
kintv ekikāṁ kāñcana vo bravīmi hrīr
māṁ nirundhe bata kiṁ karomi (31)

Then Kṛṣṇa, playing Rādhikā, said: "Bho *sakhīs*! I don't know what Kṛṣṇa did after He hypnotised Me with these *mantras*, but listen to what I saw much later, when I came back to consciousness: Kṛṣṇa took some water in His hand for *ācamana* (washing the mouth). He curled His lips and blew on the water thrice. Then He smeared My whole body in with this water, although I tried to stop Him. Fortunately that water didn't touch My throat, as I kept My mouth closed (hence only My voice has remained the same). I was amazed to see that I had taken Kṛṣṇa's form! Then Kṛṣṇa sat on His Kuśa-mat again, practising His *mantras*. Whatever else happened cannot be said openly, but I can also not keep it to Myself. If I find any of you alone, I will tell it. I'm too shy to speak out in front of all of My *sakhīs* !"

kiṁ te hriyā vedaya naḥ sakhīḥ svā ity ucamāno'pi yad āha nāsau
tatrāsthitaikā lalitaiva sarvās tad āpa sasrur bahir eva mugdhāḥ (32)

Hearing this, all the *sakhīs* said: "O Rādhe! We are Your intimate friends! Why should You be shy before us?" But Kṛṣṇa, playing Rādhikā, remained motionless and silent, so all the *sakhīs* went out in a bewildered state, leaving only Lalitā behind.

na vaktu kiṁ tena vayaṁ tu no kiṁ jñāsyāma evākhilam āsyato'syāḥ
ity ātta viśvāsatayā sthitās tāḥ kṛṣṇo gṛhāntar lalitāṁ viveśa (33)
āśleṣa bimbādhara pāna kañcukī nīvī stanākarṣaṇa tat paraṁ tu taṁ
sāhāli kiṁ nv etad asau tad ābravīd
bhadre rahasyaṁ param etad eva nau (34)

The *sakhīs* outside thought: "If we cannot hear it, then no problem, we'll ask Lalitā everything when she comes out!" With this faith they all waited outside while Kṛṣṇa entered the *kuñja* with Lalitā, where He embraced Her, drank the nectar of Her Bimbafruit-like lips and pulled at her blouse, girdle and breasts. Lalitā said: "*Sakhi* Rādhe! What are You doing?" Kṛṣṇa said: "*Sakhi*! This is the secret that I wanted to tell you! (This is what Kṛṣṇa did to Me! I'm too shy to tell you, so I just enact it for you!)"

yadā sva kaṇṭha-svaram ādadānas
tayā sahālāpa paraḥ sa reme
tadā smayo vismayavān śuciḥ kiṁ na
prāpa sāmrājyadhurāṁ tayoḥ saḥ (35)

Then Kṛṣṇa began to speak with Lalitā in His own voice and enjoyed her. Wasn't their erotic mood enriched with the *rasa* of laughter and astonishment at that time? (Surely it was!)

dvi tra kṣaṇānantar āmātta mantrā
prāha svatantrā lalitā mudoccaiḥ
ehy ehi nau śīghram ito viśākhe
jijñāsase ced avagaccha tatvaṁ (36)
prāptaṁ viśākhām atha tāṁ tathaiva sā
chalāt sva sādharmyam avāpayad drutaṁ
anyā apītthaṁ madhusūdanena tāḥ
prāsañjayac campakavallikādikāḥ (37)
atho mithaḥ sammilane ratāṅkita
svānyāṅga samvṛty avalokanonmukhāḥ
hrīṇā bhavantyo'pi na hrīṇatāṁ
yayuḥ sarvaikarūpyaṁ khalu nirvivāditā (38)

Lalitā consulted Hari for a few moments and then she quickly went outside where she blissfully told Viśākhā: "Come, come quickly and inquire from ~~Hari~~ Radha about what happened!" When Viśākhā came to Kṛṣṇa, Lalitā made her experience the same as what she had experienced. After that, Viśākhā called Campakalatā in, Campakalatā Citrā, and so all the other *sakhīs* were also gradually enjoyed by Madhusūdana. When the *sakhīs* met eachother again they were not very shy about the signs of Kṛṣṇa's lovemaking on their bodies, as they were all in the same condition. There was no contradiction between them.

rādhātha vṛndādi kṛtāntikopaveśāsti yatrātta mukunda veśā
tatrājihānā lalitādikālīs tāṁ jñātum icchūr nijagāda kaundī (39)

āgacchatāgacchata bhadram ālyaḥ
kveyān vilambo'jani vaḥ satīnāṁ
aṅgair anaṅgodaya sūcakāni kva
vādya lakṣmāṇy alamarjitāni (40)
nirañjano vaś capale apīkṣaṇe v
ibhānti bālā api mukta bandhanāḥ
dvijārjito'py ūḍha viraktiko'dharaḥ
stabdhau stanau labdha punarbhava kṣatau (41)
sāyujyado vaḥ khalu mādhavo bhaved
ayaṁ tvad āddhyānam ihāsthitāsanaḥ
kenedṛśīṁ lambhatayā gatiṁ kṛtā
yūyaṁ kṛtārthās tad idaṁ mahādbhutaṁ (42)

Then Lalitā and her *sakhīs*, along with Vṛndā and Nāndīmukhī, went to the place where Rādhikā was sitting in Kṛṣṇa's dress. Seeing them, Kundalatā said: "Come, come O *sakhīs*! O chaste girls! Where do you come from so late? Where do these *anaṅgodaya sūcaka* (erotic signs, or signs of liberation, accepting no more material bodies) on your bodies come from? Your restless eyes are devoid of eyeliner (*nirañjana* also means: free from designations), your hairs are loosened (*bālā* also means living entity and *mukta bandhanaḥ* also means they are liberated from all bondage), your lips have lost their colour (*viraktika* also means renounced) because of someone's bites, and your breasts have become hard and have been scratched (*punar bhava kṣata* also means the cycle of rebirth is broken) by someone's nails! Mādhava, who has given you *sāyujya* (union with Him or integral liberation) is sitting here on His mat meditating, then tell me who has done that to you? This is very amazing!"

provāca nāndī lalite vada drutaṁ vṛttaṁ
svasakhyā alam anya vārtayā
kva sāsti tasyā adhunāpi kiṁ punaḥ
kṛṣṇākṛtitvaṁ bata vartate na vā (43)

Nāndīmukhī said: "Lalite! There's no need to speak about anything else now! Tell me quickly what happened with your *sakhī* Rādhā! Does She still have Kṛṣṇa's form? Where is She staying?"

asmat sakhī valli-gṛhāntarodare
jihreti kṛṣṇākṛtim eva vibhratī
ciraṁ vimṛśyaikam upāyam aikṣata
prāhātha naḥ sā nibhṛtāṁ matīṣiṇī (44)
nāndīmukhī kundalate krameṇa
mām āliṅgataś ced anurāga saṅgate
tadaiva vairūpyam idaṁ trapāspadaṁ
līyeta na tv auṣadhi sañcayair api (45)
ekatra vavarti tapo'ti tīvratā nyasyāṁ tu
sādhvītvadhurā'nupāyinī
dvābhyām iyaṁ lampaṭa-veśa
dhāritā mantrottha vaiguṇya bhavāpayāsyati (46)

Lalitā said: "O Nāndīmukhi! Our *sakhī* Rādhikā stays in the vine-cottage, having Kṛṣṇa's form! She's too shy to come out, but wisely She thought of a solution for a long time, after which She privately told us: "If Nāndīmukhī and Kundalatā passionately embrace Me, then My embarrassing misforming will fade away. It will not fade even after using thousands of kinds of medicine! On the strength of Nāndīmukhī's severe penance and Kundalatā's great chastity the contamination of this *mantra* and the dress that this debauchee Kṛṣṇa made Me wear, will vanish!"

tvad ādi sakhy arbuda lakṣa bhājas tasyāḥ kim āśleṣa daridratā'bhūt
samāhvayen nau yad asāv atas tvaṁ brūṣe mṛṣaiveti jagāda nāndī (47)

Nāndīmukhī said: "Lalite! Is there any loss if Rādhikā embraces you or any of your billions of *sakhīs*, who are all worshipping Her? I think you're lying to us about who's calling us!"

vṛndāha naitāsu sakhīṣu kiñcit tapo'sti mugdhāsu kulāṅganāsu
satītvam īsad atulaṁ yad etat kṛṣṇaḥ sva puṣpāyitam eva cakre (48)

Hearing this, Vṛndā said: "Nāndi! These stupid housewives like Lalitā have not performed any austerities. Their chastity is all the virtue they had and Kṛṣṇa has already turned that into a will-of-the-wisp!"

vṛnde'si vipinādhikāriṇīty atas
tvayi syuḥ katiśo na siddhayaḥ
tathauṣadhānīty api yāhi tad rujas
tvam ekikaiva pratikartum īśiṣe (49)
kaundī giretthaṁ kalita smitāsu
vartāsu vācaṁ lalitā sasarjā
kiṁ vo vivādai harir eva kasmānn
apṛcchyate maunadharo'pi kā bhīḥ (50)
ity antar udbhūta manāk smitāṅkura
āsedur ālyaḥ sahasā tad antikaṁ
tāsvagraṇīḥ sā lalitaiva kiñcana
prāhābhinītatrapa locanāñcalā (51)
bhoḥ kiṁ vyavasyasyasi māntrikāṇāṁ
cūḍāmaṇir labdha nijārtha siddhiḥ
jaḥīhi maunaṁ kalayottaraṁ
naś cikīrṣite kutra canānuyoge (52)
ity ucyamānātha tadātva jāta
svasupti-bhaṅgeva vilakṣyamāṇā
sasambhramodghāṭita locaneva
prāvocad ālyo'tra kadāgatāḥ stha (53)
itas tataḥ sā nudatī dṛśaḥ svaḥ
kva vaḥ sakhā dhūrta iti bruvāṇā
sva savya-hastena javāt samūrdhnaś
cikṣepa śaikhaṇḍa-kirīṭam ārāt (54)

Kundalatā said: "Vṛnde! You are the goddess in charge of the forest! How many perfections haven't you attained and how many herbs don't you know? Therefore quickly go to Rādhikā (in the vine-cottage) and cure Her alone!" Hearing these words, all the *sakhīs* laughed and Lalitā said: "Why are you vainly quarreling? Hari sits on His mat, practising *mauna* (silence). Are you afraid to ask Him (now is the right time to ask Him: You were the one who misformed Śrī Rādhā like this with Your *mantras*, now how can we remove this)?" Hearing this, the *sakhīs*' faces became beautified with slight sproutlike smiles and they went to see Rādhikā, who was still wearing Mukunda's dress. With Lalitā upfront they came before Her, the corners of their eyes playfully shy as they said: "Bho crownjewel of *mantra*-knowers! You've had Your desires fulfilled now! Why are You still practising silence? Answer my questions!" Śrī Rādhikā, taken to be Kṛṣṇa by the *sakhīs*, was as if awakening from a dream. She carefully opened Her eyes and said: "O *sakhīs*! When have you come?" Looking around here and there, She said: "Where is that impudent boy Kṛṣṇa (who has dressed Me like this)?", and threw the peacockfeather from Her head with Her left hand.

tvam eva kiṁ naḥ sahacaryy asi
sphuṭaṁ rādhā tatas tvāṁ prati kiṁ trapāmahai
nilīya yāntyā hari-veśa-dhāriṇī
kuñje'sti kiṁ saiva mṛṣādya mohinī (55)
vihāya tāṁ tāvad aviśvasatyo
yad āgamā mātra vayaṁ tad eṣā
daivena rakṣā'jani no hṛd
eva tatrādya śaṅkām ajahat pramāṇaṁ (56)

Lalitā said: "*Sakhi*! You are Śrī Rādhikā! Why were we vainly shy in Your presence? There is another Rādhā, dressed up like Hari, hiding in the *kuñja*! This false Rādhā bewitched us! We thought that She was You and we went with Her, but luckily we were saved. Fear could not leave our hearts when we saw this false Rādhā!"

itthaṁ tad ālīṣv abhinīta vismayāsv
āha smitāsyā vipināli pālikā
ālyo nibhālya svadṛśaiva nīyatāṁ
sakhā sakhīvaiṣa jano manoṅgabhāḥ (57)

Speaking like this, the *sakhīs* pretended to be astonished. Seeing this, the keeper of the forest, Vṛndādevi, slightly smiled and said: "O *sakhīs*! These two are your most beautiful boy- or girlfriend, you can see Them with your own eyes!"

nāndy ābravīt pūrvam aloki mādhava
dvayaṁ tathā samprati rādhikā-dvayaṁ
na naḥ kṣatiḥ kācana kintu saṅkaṭaṁ
yuṣmākam eveti dadhe'ti dūnatāṁ (58)

Nāndīmukhī said: "O *sakhīs*! Previously we saw two Mādhavas and now we see two Rādhikās! It's no loss to us, but we know it's a great loss to you, for which we are very sad!"

nāndīmukhi dvāpara eṣa no'dhunottad
antam ākāṅkṣasi yat tapasvini
varddhiṣṇutam eṣyati tat svadharmajaṁ
phalaṁ tavaivatyuditaṁ viśākhayā (59)

Viśākhā said: "Nāndīmukhi! Only Dvāpara (doubts, or a cosmic age) gives us sorrow. You desire its end, that is proper, for ascetics like you always like to end the suffering of others! Doing this, the merit of your occupational duty will increase!" (Or: It's normal for You to desire the end of Dvāpara-yuga, and for Kali-yuga to start, because at that time all the ascetics like you fall down! You will reap the results of such irreligious acts!")

visṛṣta tad varṇa vibhūṣaṇāyāṁ
prasādhitāyāṁ punar āli-pālyā
śrī rādhikāyāṁ drutam etya tasyāḥ
kaṇṭha-svarenaiva punaḥ sa kṛṣṇaḥ (60)

darābhinītānṛjutātrapā bhīḥ sṛṣṭvā
mahā vismayam āsya bimbaṁ
arddhaṁ pidhāyekṣaṇa koṇa
bhṛṅgī nipīta kāntasya rucir jagāda (61)
mad aṅga vairūpamayaṁ vyadhādyat
tad astu sampraty aticitram īkṣe
mad rūpa lāvaṇya nisarga veśān
dhatte'dhunā mohayituṁ sakhīr me (62)

Then the *sakhīs* removed Kṛṣṇa's colour and ornaments from Rādhikā's body and dressed Her with Her own ornaments again. Then Kṛṣṇa came and imitated Rādhikā's voice again. While speaking He imitated Her slightly feigned fear and shyness, half covering His greatly astonished moonlike face with His veil. Drinking the honey of Śrī Rādhikā's lotuslike face with His bee-like glances, He said: "Bho *sakhīs*! Let this impudent boy misform My body, it's allright! The most astonishing thing is that He enchanted My *sakhīs* by wearing My dress and by imitating My beautiful, elegant form and nature!"

kiṁ hanta sakhyaḥ kuruthāsya pārśvam
āyāta māyā śata paṇḍitasya
naivāti mugdha bhavatādya sarva
hāsyāspadī-bhāvam imaḥ kim andhāḥ (63)
nītvaiva māṁ tāvad itaḥ palāyya
kvacid girer gahvara eva guptāḥ
cet tiṣṭhathāvāpsyatha tarhi bhadraṁ
no ced abhūd eva daśā mameyaṁ (64)

"O *sakhīs*! Why do you stay at the side of this boy, who is expert in conjuring up hundreds of illusions? Don't be so deluded, come here! Are you blind, making yourselves laughing-stocks like this? It would be good if you could help Me escape and hide in a mountaincave, otherwise, if you stay here, the same thing that happened to Me may happen to you all!"

vṛndādayaḥ prāhur aho mahonnatir
māyā vitāyā giridhāriṇo'dbhutā
rādhām imāṁ yan niranaiṣur ālayo
rādhā tu sākṣād iyam āgatā parā (65)
sakhyaḥ kurudhvaṁ yad asau bravīti vo
yātānayā hanta vihāya mohinīṁ
śrutveti vṛndāvana kalpavally
api smitaṁ dadhe labdha manorathā cirāt (66)

Vṛndā and the others said: "Aho! How wonderful is the greatly sophisticated trickery of Giridhārī! That person whom the *sakhīs* first took to be Rādhā has now again appeared as Rādhā! O *sakhīs*! Now just do what Rādhikā tells you to! Go along to that mountaincave and leave this bewildering second form of Rādhā!"Hearing this, even Vṛndāvana's desirevines began to smile, finally having their desires fulfilled (seeing that Kṛṣṇa, after making love with all the *sakhīs*, now once more went to make love with them).

ekāsti yuktir nahi tām ṛte'nyaṁ kam apy upāyam lalite'valoke
nāndīha sāndīpani mātaraṁ tāṁ samānayetv etad uvāca kaundī (67)

Kundalatā said: "O Lalite! I can only think of one solution to this problem: Nāndīmukhī should go to Sāndīpani Muni's mother, Paurṇamāsī, and bring her here (She alone will be able to say who is the real Rādhā)!"

hantāli saivaitad anartha mūlaṁ
kiṁ vakṣyate satyam ito'pi kiñcit
anyac ca naḥ pratyuta hā sakhīnāṁ
viḍambanaṁ srakṣyati tāṁ namāmaḥ (68)

Lalitā replied: "O *sakhī*! Paurṇamāsī is just the cause of all the trouble! She won't speak the truth about this, but rather she'll just play another trick on us! We offer our obeisances to her from a distance!"

ity uktir ālī-vitater hariṁ ca rādhāṁ ca vṛndā prabhṛtiś ca sabhyāḥ
ajīhasad devi sarasvati tvāṁ numo yad atra prakaṭāsi satyā (69)

Hearing these words of the *sakhīs* (about Kṛṣṇa's duplicious enjoyments), Rādhā, Kṛṣṇa, Vṛndā and Nāndīmukhī began to laugh and said: "O Sarasvati, who gives these words to the *sakhīs*! You have revealed the truth now! Obeisances unto you!"

mithas tāsāṁ premāmbudhim athanajāṁ vāṅmaya sudhāṁ
dhayan kṛṣṇas tṛṣṇām adhikam upalebhe śruti-bhṛtām
tad āsyābjenāpi pravara parihāsāmṛta madhu dravā-
sārair vṛṣṭair atula mudam ādyanta mahilāḥ (70)

Kṛṣṇa became even more thirsty after drinking the *sakhīs'* nectar-like words, that were churned from the ocean of love and all the *gopīs* became intoxicated from drinking the honey-shower of the most nectarean jokes that rained from Śrī Kṛṣṇa's lotuslike mouth.

Thus ends the tenth chapter of Śrīla Viśvanātha Cakravartī's "Kṛṣṇa Bhāvanāmṛta Mahākāvya", called 'Relishing the nectar of kuñja-līlā"

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's Swinging Pastimes

niryan kuñjād ālipālī parītaḥ kṛṣṇaḥ
kāntāpāṅga-bhṛṅgī vilīḍhaḥ
pañceṣūṇāṁ sañcayaṁ prāñcayan
kiṁ pādāgraika tviṭ kaṇaṁ svaṁ vireje (1)

Surrounded by the *sakhīs*, Kṛṣṇa came out of the *kuñja* and the bee-like glances of His beloved drank the honey of His sweetness. It was as if millions of Cupids, being defeated by Kṛṣṇa in beauty, worshipped a drop of the beauty of His toenails.

vīkṣyākasmāt preyasaḥ savyadoṣṇā rādhā
skandhaṁ sanditaṁ svaṁ cakampe
mādhuryābdher uttaraṅgeṇa kenāpy
abhyamṛṣṭā kanakāmbhojinīva (2)

Looking at Rādhikā, Kṛṣṇa suddenly placed His left arm on Her shoulder, making Her shiver of ecstasy, like a golden lotusflower trembling on the high waves of an ocean of sweetness (and this is only a slight comparison).

pārśva-dvandve dīyamāne sakhībhyāṁ
rādhā kṛṣṇau cāru tāmbūla vīṭyau
nītvā savyāsavya pāṇāṅgulībhir
vaktra dvandve'nyonyam evādadhāte (3)

From both sides *sakhīs* handed Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa betel-leaves. Śrī Rādhikā took one with the fingers of Her left hand and put it in Kṛṣṇa's mouth, and Kṛṣṇa took one with His right hand and put it in Rādhikā's mouth.

vāmā preyo vāma-pāṇiṁ nirāsyad
vakṣojaṁ svaṁ spaṣṭu-kāmaṁ kareṇa
citraṁ manye'rundha lāvaṇya-vāpī
padmaṁ cakrāsvādi raktotpalena (4)

Kṛṣṇa held His left arm on Rādhikā's shoulder and from there He wanted to touch Her bosom with His left hand, but She slapped Him with Her hand. It looked as wonderful as a lotus-flower (Kṛṣṇa's hand) trying to relish a Cakravāka-goose (Rādhikā's breasts), swimming in a pond of elegance (Śrī Rādhikā's body), being obstructed by a red lotusflower (Śrī Rādhikā's hand). (It is most amazing that the unconcious lotus of Kṛṣṇa's hand tries to relish the concious Cakravāka-bird of Rādhikā's breast. The second wonder is that the Cakravāka and the lotus are hostile to eachother, although both of them are friends of the sun, and the third wonder is that the red lotus, which is a friend of the moon, comes to the rescue of the Cakravāka-bird, which is a friend of the sun!)

śākhi-vrātair āvṛte'py antar antaḥ
sūrya-dyoti prasphuraty ākulātmā
sadyaḥ svedi śrī mukhaṁ sva priyayās
tiryaṅ mauli-cchāyayācchādayaṁ saḥ (5)

Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa walked over a path which was shaded by trees. Occasionally the sun (that shone through the foliage) afflicted Rādhikā, making Her perspire, so Kṛṣṇa anxiously shaded His beloved's beautiful face by bending over His crown (covering over the sun).

bhūmau vidyud vāridopary abhātām indū tat tad varṇa-bhājau dine'pi
bhavyālīnāṁ yau dṛg indīvarāṇi protphullāny avākṛṣatāṁ sadaiva (6)

Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa resembled a raincloud and the lightning on earth, above which were two moons (Their faces), that shone even in daytime, always causing the blue lotuseyes of the beautiful *sakhīs* to blossom.

kokāḥ śokaṁ kekino harṣa nāṭyaṁ
haṁsās trāsaṁ puṁścakorāḥ pramodaṁ
tābhyām āpus tena kiṁ vaktum īśe
tad vaiṣamyaṁ sraṣṭari brahmaṇīva (7)

Seeing the moons of Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa's faces rise, the Cakravāka-geese became sad, the peacocks blissfully began to dance (taking Them to be a lightning-cloud), the swans became afraid and the male Cakora-birds (who always drink the ambrosial moonbeams) became very happy. These contradicting moods of joy and sorrow (and the apparent partiality of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa) are a natural creation of Lord Brahmā.

mandaṁ mandaṁ vṛndayoddiṣṭa miṣṭaṁ
vartmāśritya sva śriyā rajyamānaṁ
yāntau narmodantaraṅgair aranyaṁ
varṣa harṣābhikhyam āptāvabhātāṁ (8)
vidyun meghau tatra khe vartamānāv etau
dṛṣṭvā bhrājamāṇau dharanyāṁ
sparddhāyāṁ sambhāvanām apātuh
kiṁ kvaikā saṅkhyā kvāmitaṁ vā parārddhaṁ (9)
noparyyāvām etayoḥ sthatum arhau
yāvo vā kva vyoma sarvaṁ niruddhaṁ
etad bhāsaiveti kampair abhūtāṁ
sadyaḥ pāṇḍūbhūya cikrindiṣu tau (10)
kiṁ vā hemodyoti nīlaśma divya
cchatrī-bhāvaṁ prāpya gharmāpanutyai

vaivarṇyāsre ūhatu gadgadodyan mandra
dhvānenāstuvātāṁ mudemau (11)

Slowly, slowly Rādhikā and Kṛṣṇa jokingly walked over the most beautiful path that was shown to Them by Vṛndā (who said: "O Rasika Yugala! Come this way!"), bringing Them to the playforest named Varsa-harṣa, the joy of the rainy season. Being defeated billions of times in beauty by Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa, Who were like the raincloud and the lightning on the ground, the raincloud and lightning in the sky thought: "We're not qualified to stay above Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa, but where shall we go? The whole firmament is pervaded by Their splendour! Where is a single entity (like us) and where is an unlimited number (like Them)?" Thinking in this sad way, they became white from shedding teardrops of rain (as clouds become white in the rainy season). They looked like a blue (cloud-) umbrella inset with (lightning-) gold, serving to protect Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa from the summerheat. These showers were like "tears" and "discolouring" symptoms of *sāttvika* ecstasies (they rejoiced over their great fortune). They offered praise to Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa with the soft faltering voices (another symptom of *sāttvika* ecstasy) of their soft rumbling (clouds).

ūrdhvorddhoru śyāma śākhā sahasrai
prītaiḥ puṣpaiḥ syandamānair marandaiḥ
śampāmbhoda śrī jayinyāṁ viśantau
nīpāṭavyāṁ rejatus tau lasantau (12)
madhye tasyā yā maṇi-kuṭṭimālyo
drāghīyasyaḥ kṛṣṇam udvaprabhūtāḥ
tā vindante'har niśaṁ sīdhu-vṛṣṭiṁ
jāgratyā satyāli pālyaiva pālyāḥ (13)
tat prāntottha stambhavat dvi-dvi
vṛkṣodañcac chākhānyonya saṁśleṣa bhaṅgyā
gopānasyevāñchitā bhānti puṣpa
prālambāḍhya mārakatyo balabhyaḥ (14)

tat tac chākhālambita dvi-dvi śoṇa
śrīman muktāmukta rajju-praṇaddhāḥ
hindolālyo dvi-dvi sauvarṇapaṭṭī
bhātā bātāndolitāḥ santi nityaṁ (15)

When Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa played in the Kadamba-forest (admiring the beauty of the forest), the trees with their thousands of gradually ascending bluish branches and their (numberless) golden flowers that lovingly showered honey, conquered the beauty of the rain clouds (the bluish branches) and the lightning (the golden flowers). The long row of jewelled platforms between these Kadamba-trees gave pleasure to Kṛṣṇa day and night, being showered by honey from the flowers in the trees that was protected by ever wakeful bumblebees. On each side of these platforms two pillar-like (blossoming Kadamba) trees were standing, whose branches embraced each other above the platforms, as if they were emerald balconies where flower garlands hung from. From these beautiful branches beautiful red ropes inset with pearls were hanging. They were holding up the swings, that each had two golden seats on them (one for Rādhikā, one for Mādhava), that were swung by a soft breeze.

puṣpaiḥ sūkṣma-ślakṣna celāntarasthai
vṛntonmuktaiḥ kiṅkarībhiḥ kalābhiḥ
ācchannās tāḥ saurabhaiḥ saukumāryais
tāv ākraṣṭuṁ sādhu-śaktiṁ tadādhuḥ (16)

The maidservants artistically picked the stems off fragrant flowers and spread them over the seats of the swings, covering these petals with soft thin sheets. With their nice fragrance and softness these swings were able to attract Śrī Kṛṣṇa.

madhye tāsāṁ kāñcid añcat patākāṁ vīkṣyāruhya śyāma dhāmā vireje
śobhā-devyā sevyamānam ivaitāṁ
manye mūrtānanda evādhyatiṣṭhat (17)

Śyāma saw the best of these swings, one with a flag on it, and climbed on it. It was as if ecstasy personified sat down on the swing that was served by the goddess of beauty.

karṣan kāntāṁ harṣa varṣāsu samyak
timyan hastālambam ālambamānām
uddāpyaitāṁ svāgrato jāgrataḥ
kiṁ premṇo vāpīm āpipat svābhimukhyam (18)

To get completely showered by the rain, Kṛṣṇa pulled His beloved, who held His hand, on the swing and placed Her facing Him. Have They now become like the embodiment of bliss facing a sleepless pond of love?

puṣpāvalyārātrikeṇāsya padma-dvandvaṁ
nīrājyāli-saṅgha sagānam
hāroṣṇīṣādyāpayan susthitatvaṁ
srak tāmbūla sthāsakaiḥ paryacārīt (19)

The *sakhīs* and maidservants served Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa by throwing flowers, offering *ārati* to Their lotus-like faces, singing, straightening Their necklaces and Kṛṣṇa's turban and serving Them *pān,* garlands and Sthāsaka (a mixture of sandal, vermilion, musk and camphor).

kāñcyāmukta prāñci śāṭyancalānte
kiñcit paurvāparyato'ṅghrī vilaṅghya
kubjī-bhūyād āya dolāṁ kṣipantyāvanvasthātāṁ
dve diśau prāṇa-sakhyau (20)
anye dhanye tiṣṭhataḥ smekṣamāṇe
dhṛtvā pāṇyauḥ puṇya tāmbūla vīṭyau
yūnor āsyāmbhojayor arpayantyau
vegopānte meṁkṣu labdhāvakāśe (21)
ālo mānyāḥ prema-vanyā ivānyāḥ
parvaśrīlāḥ sarvataḥ sādhu śīlāḥ

hastodastaiḥ śasta-rāgaiḥ parāgaiś cakrur
vṛṣṭiṁ dṛṣṭim āpayya hṛṣṭim (22)

The *prāṇa sakhīs* (maidservants), standing on each side of the swing, tucked their veils in their sashes and stepped back and forth to push the swing, bending their bodies as they pushed. Two other fortunate *sakhīs* stood on each side of the swing, holding tasty betel leaves in their hands, which they put in Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's lotus-like mouths whenever the swinging slowed down. Other advanced maidservants, who had sweet characters and who were floating in a current of divine love, showered Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa with the best flower pollen from their hands. In this way their eyes attained a peerless bliss.

devyas tv iṣṭaṁ mānayantyaḥ svadiṣṭaṁ
tau paśyantyaḥ syantya evākhilādhim
jāta stambhā apy asambhāvitāśā
divyātenuḥ puṣpa-varṣa satarṣam (23)
tat saṅginyo vipruṣo vṛṣyamāṇā hṛṣyan
meghais tan marandatvam āpu
rāmārāje raṅgasaṅgāt tadīyair
muktā-vṛndair anvavindanta maitrīm (24)

The goddesses in the sky praised their own fortune of seeing Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's swinging pastimes (saying: "Aho! How fortunate we are today, that we can see the wonderful swinging pastimes of Śrī Rādhā-Mādhava!"). They became stunned of ecstasy and, although their hopes for attaining a *gopī*-body (with which they could enjoy with Kṛṣṇa) were unfulfilled, they eagerly showered flowers on the Yugala Kiśora. The clouds also joyfully showered their rains, that turned into honey when it collided with the flower shower. These honey drops looked like pearls when they fell on the *gopīs'* bodies, and made friends with the pearls that were already there.

jṛmbhodañcat saurabha-vrātam ādyad
bhṛṅga śreṇi stotra bhājā mukhena
gītair nītair mādhurīṁ sādhu-rīti
dyāmācchādya dyotane smāli-pāli (25)

The sweet songs of the *gopīs* (unaccompanied by Vīṇā-playing) pervaded the sky and the fragrance that came out of their opened mouths stirred the bumblebees, that offered praises to these *gopīs*.

nṛtyaṁ bhejur hāra tāṭaṅka mālyānyatodyatvaṁ kiṅkiṇī nūpurādyāḥ
vaktre smitvā sabhyatām ādadāte yūnor dolānanda candre vivṛddhe (26)

The moon of bliss gradually waxed during Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's swinging festival, in which Their necklaces, earrings and garlands danced, Their waistbells and anklebells became suitable instruments for making music and Their faint smiles became the audience of all this.

anyonyāṅga procchalat kānti-sindhor
vīcī-vrātāmanda hindolikāsu
prāptāndolānyonya netrāravinda
śrī sandohair āḍhyatām āpurālyaḥ (27)

(Along with the rocking of the see-saw) Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's lotus-like eyes swung on the waves of the swelling ocean of Each other's bodily luster. Seeing this, the *sakhīs* gained a great wealth of bliss.

itthaṁ cetas tv etayor dolayan yat kāmo vāmo'ntarāyaṁ na cakre
līlā-śakter eva tatra prabhāvaḥ ko'py ojasvī hetur ity āhur āryāḥ (28)

That desire (lust) which worked unfavorably for the development of the pastimes by agitating Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's minds could not disturb this swinging festival at all. The sages say that this is because of the power of the *līlā-śakti* (playpower, personified by Vṛndā-devī).

dola rajjvālamba-śākhe sva laulyād
etau cañcat pañca śākhāgrābhiḥ
puṣpāḍhyābhiḥ pallavālibhir iṣṭaiḥ
sevete smāmodanair vījanaiḥ kim (29)
tat tat patrābhyantarānanta śilpa
protan dhartuṁ cañcalān mālya-khaṇḍān
yatnair bhṛṅga nāśakan yad
bhramantas tatrāguñjan kevalaṁ sāpi śobhā (30)

The branches of the tree on which the ropes of the swing were hanging began to swing along and the leaves and flowers could thus serve Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa by fanning Them (with fragrance). The flowergarlands hanging in these branches, that were strung in many different artistic ways, also swung along and the bees were unable to catch them, though they carefully tried that. These bees looked very beautiful as they buzzed and moved along with these swinging garlands.

dolāvegādhikya-kāmau svapadbhyam
ākramyaitāṁ svāvanatyunnatibhyām
svaṁ svaṁ sarvāḥ kauśalaṁ darśayantau
premānandaṁ tundilaṁ cakratus tau (31)
hindolāyā raṁhasi vindamāne paryāyeṇa
dve diśau sto yad antau
prāpyorddhādhaḥ sthāyino khelatoḥ
sā yūnoḥ kāntiḥ kautukaṁ kāpi tene (32)
rādhā hāraḥ saṁspṛśan kṛṣṇa vakṣaś
cakre nṛtyānyekato diśy udāram
anyatrāsyāḥ kañcukīṁ śliṣyati
sma srak tasyāpītyāyayur modam ālyaḥ (33)

Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa wanted to swing faster, so They kicked off more speed with Their feet, giving Their *sakhīs* lots of loving bliss with Their expert rising and descending. They looked very funny as They swung up and down (facing Eachother). When Rādhikā was up, Kṛṣṇa was down, and when Kṛṣṇa was up, Rādhikā was down (seeing this, the *sakhīs* and *mañjarīs* giggled, covering their mouths with their veils and pointing at the Divine Pair with their indexfingers, for this motion reminded them of some confidential pastime). When Kṛṣṇa was below, Rādhikā's necklace touched His chest, dancing in His direction, and when Rādhikā was below, Kṛṣṇa's flowergarland embraced Her blouse. This vision made the *sakhīs* very happy.

anyonyāṅgādarśa dṛṣṭa svabhāsor
anyonyānālokaja kānti-bhājoḥ
tarhy anyonya śvāsa-bhūmābhimarśād
anyonyaṁ saṁspṛśya tau hṛṣyataḥ sma (34)

Rādhā saw Her own reflection in Kṛṣṇa's sapphire mirror-like chest, but She could not see Kṛṣṇa, and similarly Kṛṣṇa saw His own reflection in Śrī Rādhikā's golden mirror-like body, but He could not see Her. This made both of Them very sad and They sighed deeply. This breathing dimmed the shining of Their mirrorlike bodies, and, not seeing Their reflections anymore, They became very happy.

itthaṁ līlā-vāridhiḥ kautukitvād
aty udrekaṁ raṁhaso nirmimāṇaḥ
pṛṣṭhāmṛṣṭottuṅga paryānta śākhā
patrālīkāṁ tāṁ cakāreva bhītām (35)
maivaṁ maivaṁ mādhikaṁ hanta
doletyuktiṁ tasyāṁ tat sakhīnāṁ ca śṛṇvan
smitvā smitvā varddhayann eva dolā
jaṅghālatvaṁ mādhavo bhrājate sma (36)
bandhād veṇī vicyutā nāvaguṇṭhas
tasthau mūrdhni vyastatā bhūṣaṇānām
pādau śāṭī nāpy adhād ity amuṣyā

vaiyagrye hā jahāsīti sma kṛṣṇaḥ (37)
ittham svākṣṇos tṛpyato raṁhasā tāṁ
vitrastākṣīm āsanān bhraṁśayitvā
svīyaṁ kaṇṭhaṁ grāhayamāsa madhye
dolākhaṭṭaṁ tāṁ ca jagrāha dorbhyām (38)
ekībhūte campakendīvarābhe mūrtī
yūnor udgirantyāvabhātām
sammardotthaṁ saurabhaṁ vyāśnuvānaṁ
pāre svargaṁ hanta padmādināsā (39)

Then the ocean of playful sports, Śrī Kṛṣṇa, Himself began to push the swing faster, just for fun, making it go so high that Rādhikā's back touched the leaves on the branches of the Kadamba-tree. Then She became afraid that She would fall and with Her *sakhīs* She said: "Aha! Don't swing anymore! No more!" When Mādhava heard this He began to laugh and, instead of slowing down, He began to push the swing even faster! Śrī Rādhikā's braid loosened, Her veil slipped off Her head and Her ornaments were dishevelled. Seeing that She could not break off the speed of the swing anymore with Her feet, because She needed them to keep Her *sāḍī* from blowing up, which She failed to do, Kṛṣṇa began to laugh. His eyes were satisfied and again He increased the speed, so that Śrī Rādhikā gave up Her seat and embraced Him around the neck. (That's just what Kṛṣṇa wanted!) Kṛṣṇa also embraced Her (now neither of Them were able to hold the ropes of the see-saw anymore and They had only Their feet on the pedestals left as support) In this way the bodies of the Yugala Kiśora, that looked like one blue lotusflower and one golden Campaka-flower, became one and from that union the fragrance of these flowers also emanated, piercing through the heavenly planets and ultimately reaching the nostrils of Padmā, the goddess of fortune, and other residents of Vaikuṇṭha.

sāmyag vegā sā samantād dhṛtābhūd dolāpy ārād āgatābhiḥ sakhībhiḥ
rādhā drāg evāvaruhyātha tasyāstāvistat tat saṁlapantī lalāsa (40)

mukhyāsvaṣṭāsvādya bhūtām athālīm
ārohyāsyāṁ tāṁ sa kṛṣṇāṁ svayaṁ sā
premṇā gāyad dolayantī sa cāpi
preyān dole pūrvavat tām ajaisīt (41)
evaṁ preṣṭhāstā viśākhādikālī
sāndraṁ dolāndolam āpayya tasyāḥ
hindolātaḥ so'vatīryy eva sarvā
svekaikasyām anya hindolikāsu (42)
tāsāṁ dve dve sundarīṇāṁ svadorbhyāṁ
tatrāgṛhyārohya mahyāḥ prasahya
bhrāmyann eko dolayat tāḥ samastāḥ
premāmbhodes tasya kiṁ vāstyakṛtyam (43)

Seeing Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa on the swing without any support from Their hands (as They embraced Eachother), the *sakhīs* came and stopped the swing. Śrī Rādhikā got off and mingled with Her *sakhīs*, telling them how Kṛṣṇa had been teasing Her. Then She took the chief of Her eight *sakhīs*, Lalitā, seated her next to Kṛṣṇa on the swing and personally began to push the swing and to sing with love. Kṛṣṇa did with Lalitā what He previously did with Rādhikā. After doing the same thing with Viśākhā and all the other *sakhīs* Kṛṣṇa got off the swing. Then He expanded Himself into many forms, sat on each swing in one form and forcibly took two *sakhīs* with Him on each of them, lifting them up with His arms and swinging with them. What is, after all, not possible to do for Kṛṣṇa, the ocean of love?

tāḥ sarvās tu sva sva hindolikāntas taṁ
cāpaśyan sva sva vaktraṁ dhayantam
naitac citraṁ gokulādhīśa sūnor
icchā-śakter kiṁ punaḥ syād aśakyam (44)

(Kṛṣṇa thought to Himself: "I will sit inbetween a pair of *gopīs* on each swing!" This desire of His was now fulfilled) Each *gopī* saw that Kṛṣṇa was sitting on the swing with Her, drinking the honey from Her lotuslike face. That is not so astonishing, for what is impossible to do for the desire-potency (*icchā-śakti*) of the prince of Gokula?

ekaṁ tatraivāsti hindolanābjaṁ
vṛndoddiṣṭa preyasībhir mukundaḥ
āruhyaitat karṇikāsthopabarhālambī
doṣāśliṣṭārādho rarāja (45)
aṣṭābālyo'py aṣṭa patrāntarasthās
tat tad bāhye ṣoḍaśālyo vibhāntyaḥ
vṛndānīta svādu kharjura jambu
drākṣāḥ prāśnan kānta bhuktāvaśiṣṭāḥ (46)
pīyūṣāntar garva sarvaṅkaṣasya
prāg evābhūt pānakādeḥ prapāṇam
ante hema-dyoti tāmbūla-vīṭi
vṛndānyonya prīti dānābhiyogaḥ (47)

There was a lotusshaped swing on which Mukunda climbed with His dear *gopīs* as soon as Vṛndā showed it to Him. The center seat (or whorl of the lotus) had pillows on it (filled with stemless flowers). Kṛṣṇa placed His left arm on Rādhikā's shoulder as the eight chief *sakhīs* (headed by Lalitā) sat down on the eight surrounding petals, and the sixteen secondary *sakhīs* sat on the sixteen outer petals. In great bliss Vṛndā brought tasty dates, Jambū-fruits (purple cherries), grapes and other kinds of fruits (and placed it before Them). The *sakhīs* ate what Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa left on Their plates. Before this, they drank a juice whose taste defied the pride of nectar and afterwards Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa and the *sakhīs* lovingly gave eachother shining golden betel-leaves.

nāndī vṛnde vindataḥ sma pramodaṁ
nodaṁ pāṇyodolanābje dadatyau
dāsyo'py āsyollāsamāpadya sadyo
nānā gānārambha śambhā vabhūvuḥ (48)

dolāndolana krīḍayā tāḥ samastāḥ
jitvā prāptāśleṣa cumbādi ratnaḥ
sārddhaṁ kānta maṇḍalenāvaruhya
prāgāt preyān kānanāt kānanāya (49)

Nāndī and Vṛndā (stood on either side of the swing and) were very happy to push the lotusswing, and the faces of the maidservants lighted up in bliss while they sang different songs. Through the swinging-pastime Kṛṣṇa attained victory over the *gopīs* and gained the jewels of Their kisses and embraces. Then He took them off the swings and wandered with them from forest to forest.......

rādhāsyotthā mudritā yā smita
śrīs tasyās tatra smārakān eva dṛṣṭvā
yūthy ālīnāṁ korakān sa vyacaiṣīt
hṛdyādhātuṁ tān srajaḥ saṁracayya (50)

(While wandering through the forest Kṛṣṇa saw budding Yūthi-flowers growing in the rain and thought:) "Śrī Rādhikā's beautiful face, with Her soft smile that casually opens itself (and then closes itself again out of coquettish pride), reminds Me of the buds of the Yūthī-flower", and He picked some of these Yūthī-flowers, strung a garland of them and wore them on His chest.(in this way He wore Śrī Rādhikā's slightly smiling face on His chest).

khe'gān meghaḥ kṛṣṇa-gātra-cchabitvaṁ
vidyut tāsām aṅga-bhāsā-tatitvam
bhūme rūḍhair indra-gopaiḥ samūḍhaiḥ
pādālaktābhyaktatā vyaktaṃ āsīt (51)

The rainclouds in the sky resembled Kṛṣṇa's bodily luster, the lightning resembled the *gopīs*' luster and the red Indragopa-worms on the ground resembled the red prints of the *gopīs*' footlac.

kṛṣṇābhreṇātula ghana-rasaiḥ sarvato vṛṣyamānair
utphullāḥ kila sumanasaḥ sarvavatyo latāś ca
tat sasyālyo'py asama suṣamāḥ śaṁ cirāyānvabhūvan
varṣā-harṣaṁ vanam api yato harṣa-varṣāsvamāṁkṣīt (52)

When the Kṛṣṇa-cloud showered its *ghana-rasa* (matchless rains) everywhere, the (Mālatī-) flowers and vines bloomed up (the trees blissfully bore ripe seasonal fruits) and the fruits on these trees became incomparibly beautiful (beginning to blossom) and experienced an everlasting festival of bliss (being nourished by Him). The monsoon-forest (*harṣāvarṣa*) was also immersed in showers of joy (*harṣāvarṣa*) (In other words: When the Kṛṣṇa-cloud showered its matchless rains of *ghana-rasa* (erotic mellows) everywhere, the excellent *sakhīs* experienced an everlasting festival of bliss, having become very *sumanā* (*anurāginī*) and blossoming. The monsoon-forest (*harṣāvarṣa*) was also immersed in showers of joy (*harṣāvarṣa*).

Thus ends the eleventh chapter of Śrīla Viśvanātha Cakravartī's "Kṛṣṇa Bhāvanāmṛta Mahākāvya", dealing with Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's pastimes on the swing in the rainy season.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Wanderings in the Forest, and the Toe-to-crest Glorification of Śrī Kṛṣṇa and Śrī Rādhika by Vraja's Parrots

atha tau puraḥ sara manoja padmināv
anurāga-rāja varavāhinī patī
prasarat śilī-mukha-bhaṭābhiveṣṭitau
yayatuḥ śarat sukhada nāma kānanaṁ (1)

Then Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa, the generals of king Anurāga's (constant passion) army, surrounded by Their Śilī-mukhī (bees or arrows) bodyguards and keeping the elephant named Cupid ahead of Them, (left the monsoon-forest and) came to the autumnal forest.

madirekṣaṇe kalaya maṅgalaṁ puraḥ
sva mukhasya cāru mukurāyitaṁ saraḥ
kanakāmbujaṁ caṭula bhṛṅga veṣṭitaṁ
naṭa khañjana-dvayam ihāti bhāti yat (2)

(Beholding the beauty of the autumnal forest Śrī Kṛṣṇa told Śrī Rādhikā:) "O restless-eyed girl! Look at this auspicious, beautiful pond with this golden lotusflower in it, surrounded by dancing bumblebees and Khanjana-birds! This pond is like a mirror reflecting Your face! (the golden lotusflower is Your face, the birds Your restless eyes and the bumblebees Your curly locks)!"

nabhasīha pāṇḍi madhurāṁ balāhakāḥ
sarasībhir āśrita-carīṁ dadhaty amī
nijamecakatvam ati meduraṁ punar
dadurābhya eva kim u mitratā kṛte (3)

"The ~~yellow~~ pale color that the ponds have in the rainy season has now been taken over by the clouds in autumn, and the blue color of the monsoonclouds has now been given to the ponds in autumn. O *Sakhi*! Have the ponds and the clouds made friends with eachother?"

athavātape'tula tapasvinīr imā nabhasi sva sarva dhana santatārpaṇaiḥ
paricarya viṣṇupada eva lipsavo layam āpur adya sahasāvadātatāṁ (4)

"(O Rādhe!) Wanting to merge into the Viṣṇupada (sky) the clouds give everything to the ponds (in the month of Śṛāvana), that were like female ascetics whose water and clay had dried up in the summerheat, and thus attained *avadātatva* (whiteness). Or: those who wish to merge in the Viṣṇupada (realm of Lord Viṣṇu) give almost everything away to the male and female ascetics, thus attaining *avadātatva* (purity)!"

abhito'pi paśya sumanassu rāgibhiḥ
sumanassu na kvacana rajyate'libhiḥ
tava tena sakhyatanu-dūnatāṁ yayau
sumano na veti vada satyam adya naḥ (5)
iti mādhavo'bhidadhadiddha dīdhiti
pramadā-maṇī mukhyam udañcita smitaṁ
dara bhugna tāra saraseksaṇaṁ
kṣaṇād adhayad dṛśoccalitayā bhṛśotsukaḥ (6)

"Look around, O beloved! The bees give up their taste for all the other flowers out of attachment to the Mālatī-flowers (just as I gave up My taste for all other *gopīs* simply to run after You)! Tell Us truly, *sakhi*, did your mind become afflicted because of that (the incompatible behaviour of the bumblebee, or: did your mind get afflicted by lust, seeing these incitemenst like the Mālatī-flower)?" Hearing Mādhava's joking words, Śrī Rādhikā, the jewel of ladies, smiled and slightly contracted the pupils of Her lotuslike eyes. Madhava drank the nectar of these (incomparibly beautiful) lotuslike eyes with His eyes, that swelled out of eagerness.

atha vṛndayopahṛtam ambujaṁ hari
parigṛhya hasta-nalinena śasta-ruk
samajighrad apy atula saurabhaiḥ
kṣitau jayasi tvam ity alaghu tuṣṭuve ca tat (7)

Then Vṛndā enthusiastically placed a lotusflower in Hari's lotuslike hand. He (looked once at Śrī Rādhā's face) kissed the lotus and praised it a lot, saying: "O lotusflower! You've defeated everyone on earth with Your fragrance!"

kamala stave sakhi kṛte mayā kathaṁ
vadanaṁ tavābhavad arāla cillikam
dara śoṇimā caṭulitāṅgyavediṣaṁ nija
gaurava cyavana hetukaṁ hi taṁ (8)
bhavatu kramād ubhayam eva jighratā
yatarad bhaven madhura saurabhādhikam
tad avetya tasya jaya eva sarvadā
nija veṇunāpy alaghu gāsyate mayā (9)
iti tāṁ nigadya tad alakṣitaṁ hariḥ
paricumbya tan mukham uvāca vismitaḥ
ahahātulaḥ parimalo'yam eva tat
sakhi nānṛtaṁ tvam api me samakrudhaḥ (10)

(When Śrī Rādhikā heard this She became a little jealous, so Hari told Her:) "Sakhi! Why do You frown Your eyebrows when I praise this lotusflower? Your face is glowing slightly reddish! O restless eyed One! Is it because Your pride was diminished while I praised this lotusflower? Anyway, after smelling both this lotusflower and Your face I will know who smells the best and I will sing the glories of that One with My flute!" Saying this, Hari kissed Rādhikā's face (repeatedly) in an unseen way and said in amazement: "Ahaha! Sakhi! Your face smells incomparibly nice! O fairfaced One! Don't be vainly angry with Me!"

dhig are vṛthaiva pariphulla mūḍha
kiṁ trapase na jaitra vanitāsya sannidhau
nija paṅkajatva jalajatvayor dvayor
anurūpam eva śaṭha ceṣṭase'thavā (11)

(Hari thought: "I have made Rādhikā angry by praising this lotusflower, so let me now criticize it and thus appease My *māninī*!", and then He told the lotusflower:) "O damn you fool! Aren't you ashamed to vainly blossom in front of the face of this girl who has defeated you in beauty and fragrance? O cheater! You're acting according to your born from mud *paṅkajatva* and *jalajatva*!" (This means: "You were born from the mud only (*paṅka-ja*= born from the mud, or: lotusflower) and you're so dull (*jalaja*= born from the water, like a lotusflower, or: dull) that you even dare to blossom after having been defeated by Rādhikā's lotuslike face!")

taru-valli lāsya-vidhi śikṣaṇaṁ pratikṣaṇam
eva sa kṣaṇam ito vitanvatā
tad upāhṛta sva makaranda saurabhoccaya
dakṣiṇābhir api na prasīdatā (12)
śṛṇu kopane tava mukhāmbujāñcalī-taṭam
eva kiṁ naṭayatā nabhasvatā
pratilabhya tat parimalān sudurlabhān
aham adya dhanya iti nābhyam anyata (13)

"O Rādhe! Your face is more fragrant than the lotusflowers, that can be seen in the wind, who teaches the vines and the treebranches how to dance at every moment. Although these vines and trees gave their honey to the wind as a reward, the wind is not interested in it! O angry girl! Listen! Instead, the wind makes the edge of the veil over Your lotuslike face dance to get its precious fragrance, thinking: "Today I have become fortunate!"

lalitāha yasya dara gandha mātratas
tvam udāram unmuraharābhilakṣyase
makarandam asya kim u hāsyasi tvam
ity aśaṅkayā kavalitāṁ karoṣi mām (14)

Lalitā said: "Why did you leave that honey from Rādhikā's lotuslike face, whose slightest whiff of fragrance even gives You topmost bliss? Today You devoured me with this anxiety, O Kṛṣṇa!"

sakhi mā viṣīda kati vā na mādhurī
saritaḥ sravanti parito yato'niśam
sakṛd eva pañcaṣa pṛṣanti pānataḥ
saraso'sya kiṁ nu bhavitā daridratā (15)
iti savya dor bhujaga-pāśa veṣṭanaiḥ
svabalād vaśīkṛta-tanor nata-bhruvaḥ
adharāmṛtaṁ yad apibat tad utthitā
vadana dvaya dyutir atītṛpat sakhīḥ (16)

Kṛṣṇa replied: "Sakhi, don't be sad! Is there any loss if just once five to six drops fall undrunk from the rivers of sweetness that constantly flow in all directions from Śrī Rādhikā's pondlike face?" Saying this, Kṛṣṇa lowered His eyebrows and forcibly embraced Śrī Rādhikā's body with His snake-rope-like left arm, freely drinking the nectar of Her lips. Seeing the faces of the Yugala Kiśora, the *sakhīs* were very satisfied.

prati vartma kuñja sarasī sarin nagaṁ
ramamāṇa evam anurāgiṇī gaṇaiḥ

nikhilāṭavī mukuṭa bhūtam ullasat
paridhīyamāna yamunaṁ vanaṁ yayau (17)
kalahaṁsa cakra kalahaṁ kalāspadaṁ
kṛta karṇa kairava kutūhalaṁ dadhat
satataṁ nagair asatataṁ phaloccayaṁ
kalayadbhir eva balayac chikaravair vṛtaṁ (18)
sphaṭikendranīla kuruvinda hāṭakair
acitāsti yatra bahu tīrtha-maṇḍalī
pratibimbitā tad itareti saiva nṛn
bhramayaty aśīta kiraṇātmajāmbhasi (19)
tad uparyyamanda ruci kuñja-puñja-bhāk
kusumāṭavī lasatī yatra sarvataḥ
ali mañju gīta jana rañji khañjana
vraja hāri nāṭya paripāṭy anekadhā (20)
nava-mālikā bakula kunda ketakī
karavīra keśara kadamba campakaiḥ
atimukta jāti śatapatra kubjakaiḥ
giri-mallikā kanaka yūthikādibhiḥ (21)
panasāmra lāṅgali guvāka gostatī
kadalī karañja karakeṣu kolibhiḥ
dhavanimba pippala baṭākṣa kiṁśukaiḥ
kalita sadāśramibhireva yatra bhūḥ (22)
caturas tarūn saharucaś catur-diśaṁ
vratati dvaya dvaya samākramāñcitān
viṭapaiḥ parasparam uparyyuparyutān
iha kuñja ityābhidadhāti kovidaḥ (23)
tata śākhatāṁ sa ca gatas tathā vabhau
dhṛta puṣpa-pallava dalāccha gucchakaḥ
baḍabhī-śikha śikhara bhitti toraṇa pratihāra
rāji maṇi-mandiraṁ yathā (24)
caturasratāṁ kvacana cāṣṭa konanāṁ
balayākṛtiṁ ca sa bhajan kvacit kvacit
nija nāthayor atanu kelaye mano
nayana pramodya laghu yatra rājate (25)
śuka śārikā caṭaka keki kokilair ali

cāṣa tittira kaliṅka cātakaiḥ
kalavāk cakora caraṇāyudhādibhir
dhvanitaiva yatra bata bhāti dik-tatiḥ (26)
ruru śalya kīśa mahiṣaiḥ samūrubhiḥ
sṛmaraiś camūru kapilā śaśadādibhiḥ
viharadbhir eva kila yatra nīyate
samayo'ti sauhṛda mitho'valehanaiḥ (27)

Kṛṣṇa and His *anurāgiṇī gopīs* (that were very much in love with Him) wandered through every *kuñja*, over every road and by every pond, river or hill until they arrived in Śrī Vṛndāvana, the crownjewel of all forests, which is surrounded by the Yamunā-river, where the swans and Cakravāka-geese give joy to one's lotuslike ears with the sounds of their quarrels (the word *kalāspada* also means 'sweet sounds', which indicates that even the quarrels of the swans sound sweet. The word *kalāspada* furthermore means 'the full moon' which destroys the darkness of the world. In the same way Vṛndāvana is the abode which destroys the darkness of the material world), where the trees constantly bear ripe fruits and where the hills all have round peaks. The many crystal, sapphire, coral (called Mugā in Vraja) and golden *ghāṭas* (bathingplaces) were reflected in the water of the Yamunā and appeared to the viewer like couples of *ghāṭas* (the orginals plus their reflections in the water). Near these *ghāṭas* are beautiful *kuñjas* with flowergardens where the bumblebees sweetly sing and where wagtailbirds dance in many beautiful ways. The Bakula-, Karavīra-, Keśara-, Kadamba-, and Kubjaka-trees with the fresh Malikā-, Kunda-, Ketakī-, Campaka-, Atimuktā (Mādhavī)-, Jāti-, lotus-, mountain-Jasmine and golden Yūthikā-vines are like householders that perform their duty by giving charity of jackfruits, mangoes, Guvāka, Lāṅgalī, grapes, bananas, pomegranates, jujubes, Dhavas, Nimbas, Pippalas, Banyanbeads, Kiṁśuka and other fruits and flowers with great respect. (Just see how these *kuñjas* have been constructed!) There are groups of four trees each, each of them entwined by pairs of vines. Their branches entwine eachother as they ascend, so the wise men call these places *kuñjas*. These big branches with their flowers, leaves and twigs look like jewelled temples with their balconies, roofs, turrets, walls, gates and doors. Some of these *kuñjas* are square, some octogonal, and some are round, shining to give great erotic joy to the eyes and minds of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa, their master and mistress. The Śukas, Śārikās, Caṭakas, peacocks, bees, Cāṣa-birds, Tittibhas, Kaliṅkas, cuckoos, pigeons, Cakoras, cocks and other birds fill all the directions with their songs, and the Ruru-deer, the porcupines, monkeys, buffalos, Samūru-, Sṛmara- and Camāru-deer, Kapilā-cows, rabbits and other animals always lick eachother there with great affection.

ahi-vaktra-vahni havanāttanościrān
malayānilaiḥ śrita tapovalarddhibhiḥ
kṛta nandanadru kusumopagūhanair
amarāṅgaṇāṅga pariśīlanādṛtaiḥ (28)
sura-dīrghikā salilapāvitātmabhi
girijā-saraḥ kamala reṇu ruṣitaiḥ
kamalālayā ramaṇa keli pādapa
pracaya prasūna makaranda nanditaiḥ (29)
atha bhūri puṇya pariṇāma cuṁbitair
abhipadya yāṁ avamatānya vāsanaiḥ
upalabhya kāñcana camātkṛtiṁ
parāṁ śrita-nīti yatra hṛṣitaiḥ sadoṣyate (30)

The Malayan breeze carried the burning poison from the snakes' fangs and touched the flowers in the celestial Nandana-gardens and the bodies of the demigoddesses there, thus polluting them. To purify himself (from the offense of polluting other men's wives and property) he bathed in the heavenly Gaṅgā and then proceeded to Kailāsa, where he bathed in Pārvatī's lake and anointed himself there with the pollen of the lotus. From there he proceeded to Vaikuṇṭha, where he became ecstatic from getting the honey from the flowers of the playtree of the husband of

Kamalā, the goddess of fortune (Lord Viṣṇu). Then he was kissed by the limit of fortune by coming to Vraja, where he became so astonished and blissful that he took shelter there and resides there now forever (completely giving up the desire to live in Kailāsa or Vaikuṇṭha, the abodes of Lord Śiva and Lord Viṣṇu).

mṛga vṛkṣa pakṣiṣu purovalokiteṣv
ati ramaṇīya kamanokṣi hāriṇaḥ
abhidhāma pṛcchad iha kasya kasyacin
nija tarjanīṁ madhuram unnamayya sā (31)
svakareṇa navya kusumāni mānitānyavacitya
tāni tanu valli tantubhiḥ
viracayya hāra kaṭakāṅgadādi tan
mithunaṁ mithaḥ sapadi bhūṣayad vabhau (32)
paridhāpane kusuma maṇḍanasya
kiṁ sva kucau prati tvam atiśaṅkase priye
kalayāsmi nirvikṛtir eva varṇitā
vara-varṇitā śrutibhir eva me muhuḥ (33)

While Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa thus wandered through the autumn-forest, Śrī Rādhikā pointed at the deer, the trees and the charming birds that She saw before Her and that enchanted Her mind and eyes. She pointed them out to Kṛṣṇa with Her indexfinger, asking Him what their names were. They saw many fresh flowers that They picked with Their own hands and which They strung on the stems of the vines. Thus they made necklaces, bangles and armlets with which They decorated Eachother. (When Kṛṣṇa wanted to place His handmade floral ornaments on His beloved Śrī Rādhikā She thought to Herself: "Now this shameless Kṛṣṇa is going to seize the opportunity to touch My breasts!", so Kṛṣṇa said:) "Priye! I will adorn You with these ornaments! Why do You keep away Your breasts? Look, I'm not agitated when I touch them! The Vedic scriptures (like the Gopāla Tāpaṇī Śruti) repeatedly describe Me as unaltered (or unagitated) and a *brahmacārī*!"

sakhi kundavalli vada satyam asya kiṁ
vara-varṇitā bhavati sādhu vā na vā
nija devarasya caritaṁ prajāvatī
yad avaiti tat kim aparo janaḥ kvacit (34)

Hearing this, Śrī Rādhikā (laughed and) told Kundalatā: "Sakhi Kundavalli! Can anybody know the cousin better than the niece? Tell Me the truth, is your cousin really so glorious?"

vara-varṇinī tvam asi rādhike tato
vara-varṇitāṁ mṛgayaso'sya yatnataḥ
gata śaṅka satata saṅgatau tathā
sva satītva siddhir iti te kilāśayaḥ (35)

Kundalatā replied: "O Rādhe! You are glorious (the greatest *brahmacāriṇī*) Yourself, therefore You seek the association of my equally glorious cousin! Thereby ~~only~~ two of Your desires have been revealed: fearless union with Him and fame as a chaste girl at the same time!"

sakhi tāpanīṁ śrutimaho na veda ko
viditaś ca raudra-munir atri-nandanaḥ
mama varṇitāṁ prati gṛhaṁ sa vakṣyati
kṣaṇam atra tad bhaja raho mayā samaṁ (36)

Kṛṣṇa said: "Sakhi! Who does not know the Gopāla Tāpanī Upaniṣad, or Durvāsā Muni, the son of Atri Muni, who is an expansion of Lord Śiva? He calls Me a *varṇī*, or *brahmacārī*, in the Gopāla Tāpanī Upaniṣad, and thus it is being recited in every house! O *sakhi*! Spend some time with Me in solitude therefore!"

capalatva nistrapayor upādadat puru
sāra-bhāgam iha nirmame sphuṭam

lalite vidhiḥ puruṣa jātim īkṣyatām
alir atra valliṣu gataḥ pramāṇatā (37)

Śrī Rādhikā (who heard the suggestive words of Kṛṣṇa, ignored Him and) told Lalitā: “Lalite! The Creator surely made the male sex with the essence of naughtiness and shamelessness! You can see that in these male bees, that taste the honey of those (female) vines (unable to stay fixed in any of them)!”

kim iyaṁ karoti kalayeti bhāṣiṇa priya
mānatekṣaṇam avekṣya rādhayā
prakaṭam tamālam abhiveṣṭayanty alaṁ
pidadhe’ñcalena nava hema yūthikāṁ (38)

Hearing this, Kṛṣṇa pointed at a Tamāla-tree which was entwined by a golden Yūthikā-creeper and said: “O Rādhe! Look! You call only males shameless, but look at this female vine openly embracing this (young) male Tamāla-tree!” Hearing this, Śrī Rādhikā quickly covered that fresh vine with Her veil. (Śrī Rādhikā did this out of shame, because the golden vine looked like Her and the Tamāla-tree like Kṛṣṇa.)

iti bhūri kautuka sudhā-taraṅgiṇī rasa
majjitāntaratayā tayā samaṁ
praviveśa tad vipina madhya-vartinī
kanaka-sthalīṁ kvaṇad aṅka kiṅkiṇiḥ (39)
samayānti yāṁ dyu-maṇi vidyud induja-dyuti
vidruhi sphurati ratna-kuṭṭime
maṇi yoga-pīṭham iha padma-rāga-jaṁ
sphuṭam aṣṭa-patram avabhāsate’mbuja (40)
anurāgi bhakta-nivahaḥ sva-mānase
prakaṭī-bhavad yad abhilakṣya sakṣaṇaṁ
makarandam ṛddham atulaṁ piban
pibaṁś ciram eva jīvati yadīyam adbhutaṁ (41)
sura-śākhino’ti surasārtha varṣiṇaḥ

surasārtha durlabhatarasya kasyacit
suratotsavan asuravaiviṇaṁ sadā
surasayya nitya dhṛta saubhagāmbudheḥ (42)
harid aśma-patra pariguccha vidruma
pratha pallavāmbujamaṇī-phalāvaleḥ
nikhilartu sevitatamasya yat sadā
talavarti hantṛ sudṛg ārti santateḥ (43)

Thus Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa were immersed in a river of nectarean fun. With jingling waistbells They entered a golden place in the middle of Vṛndāvana, where there was an eight-petalled lotusflower made of rubies on a jewelled platform (Yogapīṭha), with gems shining like the sun, the lightning and the moon. When that lotusflower appears in the minds of the *anurāgī* devotees, it creates a festival there. They consider their lives to be successful when they drink its incomparibly sweet honey. This lotusflower, that showers nice *rasa* which is rarely obtained even by those who are eager after it, is situated at the foot of a desire-tree, that always makes Kṛṣṇa and the *gopīs* relish their erotic festival and it is here that they attain an ocean of good fortune. (Kṛṣṇa Himself praises the tree, saying: "O Kalpavṛkṣa! Blessed you are that We can enjoy such festivals of eros here at your base like nowhere else!") The leaves of this desiretree resemble sapphires, the clusters diamonds, the sprouts coral, and the fruits rubies. All the six seasons serve him, so he removes all the distress of the faireyed *gopīs* (with the lotusflower at its base).

tad upetya sa śrita tadīya karṇikaḥ
sphuṭa karṇikāra ramaṇīya karṇikaḥ
vanitā nitānitam ahāḥ sahālibhir mumude
mukhodghatana lobhitālibhiḥ (44)

When Kṛṣṇa came there and climbed on the whorl of this lotusflower with Śrī Rādhikā, (who is the whorl of the lotuslike *gopī*-group) the lotusflowers that decorated His ears were dangling. When the *gopīs* opened their mouths, groups of happy bumblebees greedily began to swarm around them (being attracted to their fragrance).

taḍid ambu-bhṛd balayite kim ambu-bhṛt
taḍitāv acañcalatayā dhṛta prathe
sura-śākhino vavṛṣatuḥ sva-vāñchitaṁ
bahu tasya kiṁ nu kṛta tat-tala-sthitī (45)

(Seeing Pītāmbara Kṛṣṇa and Nīlāmbarā Rādhā by the Kalpavṛkṣa one may think:) Is it a steady raincloud, embracing a lightningstrike and a steady lightningstrike holding a raincloud (Śrī Rādhikā holding Kṛṣṇa), coming down to earth to shower the desire-tree with all it desired? (It is most amazing to see the lightning and a cloud at the base of a tree and it is even more amazing to see a cloud embracing the lightning instead of vice versa!)

smara koṭi mohana nakhāñcala dyuteḥ
smara vihvalī-kṛta tanor aghadvisaḥ
nayanānta sṛṣṭa saśara smarārbuda
glapita priyākṣi-tata pīta rociṣaḥ (46)

(Seeing Śyāmasundara and His beloved under that tree a parrot sitting on its branches sang:) "Aho! The tips of the nails of Madana Mohana, who enchants even Cupid, enchant millions of Cupids and the corners of His eyes create billions of Cupids who agitate Śrī Rādhikā by firing their arrows at Her. Śrī Rādhikā also relishes Kṛṣṇa's luster with the corners of Her eyes!"

lalita tribhaṅgi vapuṣo'sya mādhurīṁ na
viduḥ sanandana parāśarādayaḥ
tad api vrajāśrita śukokti cāturī
viṣayīkṛtām anubhavanti sādhavaḥ (47)

"Although the great sages like Sanandana and Parāśara do not know the sweetness of Kṛṣṇa's lovely threefold bending form, the devotees that take shelter of Vraja can hear about this from the clever words of the Śuka (means: the parrot of Vraja, or Śukadeva, the lector of the Bhāgavata)!"

sa hi veda-kalpatarum āśritaḥ sadā
phalamasya sāram upabhoktum agraṇīḥ
yad avarṇayat tad amṛtaṁ sudurlabhaṁ
vibudhair apīti jagati prathāṁ dadhe (48)

"The sweet nectar of Mādhava's pastimes, that are described by this Śuka-parrot, is rarely obtained even by the demigods! Śuka, the son of Vyāsa, described it in the Bhāgavata, which is the nicest fruit for those who took shelter of the desiretree of the Vedas (and he is the foremost eater of these fruits). Although this nectar is precious, it thus became known to the world."

sukumāratāṁ pada-yugasya kiṁ bruve
rasikendra yasya dharaṇau yiyāsataḥ
svadṛśo'pi pādukayituṁ viśaṅkate skhalad
aśru te praṇayiṇī kadambakaṁ (49)

[Parrot said:]

"O King of *rasikas*! Kṛṣṇa! What can I say about the tenderness of Your feet? When they touch the ground, Your loving *gopīs* shed tears of anxiety, wishing to give You shoes (fearing the ground is too hard for Your feet)!"

nikhilāṅga-bhāra vahanābhibhūtitaḥ
kupiteva śoṇima dhurā durāvarā
bahir etum icchatitamām ivekṣyate
tava savya pādatala pārṣṇi vartinī (50)

"When You stand in Your charming threefold bending form, You carry Your whole bodily weight on Your left foot. Then the profuse reddishness on the sole of that foot becomes angry (thinking: "It is not fair that I always have to carry the whole weight of the body while my adversary, the right foot, is also there, able to pull his weight!") and wants to leave to go to the heel! We have seen that!"

tad upary adeti śitimā tayor dvayor
adhisīma kāpi ruci rekhikāsti yā
iyam eva dṛṅ madhukarī śvarīkarīty ati
vihvalāḥ sva madhubhir natabhruvāṁ (51)

"There is an indescribably beautiful line between Your reddish footsoles and the bluish upper side of Your feet, whose honey is constantly agitating the bee-like eyes of the abashed *gopīs.*[1]"

yad asavyam eva caraṇaṁ puras tiraścara
jaṅgham āpa rabhasena savyatāṁ
ati-rāgiṇā nija-talena rādhikā
padalambi śāṭyalaghu cumbanāya tat (52)

"You keep Your left foot on Your right side (when You bend Yourself like that) so that Your heel can kiss the border of Rādhikā's *sāḍī,* which hangs down over Her feet, with great passion."

idam iddha hiṅgula-rasena carcitaṁ
vidhinā sva citrakaratā prathākṛte
dhvaja paṅkajādi likhatā dhruvaṁ
yataḥ sakṛd īkṣayan kulavatīr amūmuhuḥ (53)

"The Creator shows his skill in craftsmanship by anointing Your footsoles with liquid vermilion and drawing a flag, lotusflower, etc. on them. When You show this even once to the housewives of Vraja they ~~are~~ become enchanted!"

katham apratītim abhipadyase priye
kalayeśvaro'smi nahi nety adīdṛśaḥ
sva-padāṅka-sampad imāṁ kim āgrahān na
tathāpi labdha dara-gauravo'pyabhūḥ (54)

"You eagerly show these signs of the lotus etc. to Your Beloved, saying: "Look, Priye, at these divine signs on My footsoles! I'm the Lord! Why don't You believe Me?", but still She won't give You the proper respect! (the *gopīs* just think: "O, we also have so many different signs on our feet, that doesn't make us God!")"

tanujānujāta suṣamāpaṭāvṛtātanu
jānutāpa viṣamām ānāvrtāṁ
tanate daśāṁ sakṛd avekṣitaiva te tanu
madhyamā-tati hṛdaḥ kalānidheḥ (55)

"O moonlike Kṛṣṇa! As soon as the slender *gopīs* just once see the beauty of Your knees that are covered by Your *dhotī*, their uncovered hearts are afflicted by Cupid!"

ati pīna vṛta ruciroru rociṣa jagati
satīr api ratīśa-vellitāḥ
sahasā vidhāya sahasādharāmṛtaiḥ
saha sādhutābhir api deva tisyasi (56)

"O Deva (Sundara Śekhara, most beautiful One)! Seeing the beauty of Your very broad and round hips, the chaste girls of the world are shivering, being pierced by Cupid's arrows! Be sprinkled by their nectarean smiles and let them be sprinkled by the nectar from Your lips!"

tava nābhi roma-tati-paṅkti rūpatāṁ
yayatuḥ sudhā-hrada tad ūttha vallike
paritastu ye sumanasāṁ nivāsa-bhūr ati-ramaṇīya kavatī virājate (57)

"Your navel is like a lake of nectar and the hairs coming up from it are like vines. There is a charming abode of flowers (or *rasika* devotees, who always live in charming abodes) all around it!"

subhagordhva-nālam api na nyagānanaṁ
smara-sadma padmam idam adbhutaṁ bhavet
patita dṛśo'tra sudṛśāṁ yad andhatāṁ
tad iṣūpaghāta galad ambubhir yayuḥ (58)

"O beautiful One! Your lotuslike navel is like the abode of Cupid. How amazing! Usually the lotusflower is on top of its stem, but with You it is under! As soon as the beautiful-eyed *gopīs'* eyes fall on this they become blind of the water flowing from them (tears) as they are pierced by Cupid's arrows!"

trijagat tviṣām akhila sāra saṁgrahais
trivalī vyadhāyi vidhināti śilpinā
anayāvalagnam iha tena kīrtayanty
avalagnam etad ṛta bhāṣiṇo budhāḥ (59)

"(O Rūpa-nidhe, or ocean of beauty!) The very crafty Creator collected the essence of beauty of all the three worlds and made Your three-lined belly with that. The wise men, who speak the truth, say that these three lines are joined with Your middle like no other man's waist."

ati-tuṅga pīna ghana vakṣaso bharaṁ vahad
eva madhyamam agād iva śramaṁ
nija vāmato'namadivātitanv idam trika
bhaṅgi laṅgimabhareṇa lakṣyate (60)

"When You stand in Your threefold bending form it looks very beautiful, as if Your very slender waist tilts to the left out of fatigue of carrying the heavy burden of Your broad chest!"

navalīlatā laṣatī dakṣiṇe'sya yat tad idaṁ
vimohana-kṛte mṛgī-dṛśāṁ
itaratra puṣkalavalitvam asty ato
guru bhāra-ghāraṇam ihaiva sambhavet (61)

"When You stand in Your threefold bending form, the right side of Your middle shows *navalīlatā*, lowness and weakness of the three lines, and the left side *puṣkala-valitva*, or nourishment and strength, because it is now able to carry Your bodily weight. This sight enchants the doe-eyed *gopīs*!"

śvasanai darāvanam unnamat kramāt mṛdu
pippala-cchadana-nindi sundaraṁ
nija tundam indu-vadanā maṇi-srajāṁ
nayasi kvacin naṭana raṅga-bhūmitāṁ (62)

"Your belly, which is more beautiful than a soft Banyan-leaf, slightly inflates and deflates along with Your breath, and on some romantic moments it is the dancing-stage for moonfaced Rādhikā's jewelled necklace!"

urasīndirāṅka-latikā virājate
nikaṣāśmaṇīva tapanīya-rekhikā
visa tantu cūrṇa-tati tulyatāṁ śritā
bhṛgu-lakṣma loma-latikāpy aṇīyasī (63)

"The vine-like mark of Indirā (Lakṣmī) on Your left chest looks like a golden stripe on a whetstone, and the very thin hairvines showing the footprint of Bhṛgu Muni resemble the fibers of a lotusstem."

iha vāma dakṣiṇa dig utthite ime purataḥ sphuṭat puraṭa tāra hārayoḥ
pratibimbite dyuti-kale ivekṣate bhavato masara mukurāyite tava (64)
kim amānivāntariha te samṛddhimān anurāga eva bahir eti dṛśyatāṁ
uditendu sūrya śata nindī kaustubhāc
chalato yato jagad avāpa raktatāṁ (65)

"The Lakṣmī-sign on Your left chest and the Śrīvatsa-sign on Your right chest look like golden and pearl necklaces reflected in a shining sapphire mirror (the Lakṣmī-sign is like a golden necklace and the Śrīvatsa-sign is like a pearl necklace) and the great passion within Your mind comes out in the form of Your Kaustubha-gem, which shines like hundreds of moons and suns, pervading the whole world with a reddish glow (or with passionate devotion)." (64-65)

mṛdula tri-rekhā dara tiryag añcita
dyuti-maṇḍalī lalita kaṇṭha mādhurīṁ
svadṛśa dhayantyadhidharaṁ dhṛti-cyutā
kulajāpi dor-balayitāṁ vidhitsati (66)

"The housewives of the world desire to be embraced around their necks by Your arms when they drink the sweetness of Your beautiful neck that has three soft, slightly crooked lines on it, with their eyes and thus they lose their patience."

bhuja-daṇḍa daṇḍita bhujaṅgama
śriyas tava pāṇi paṅkaja palāśa pālibhiḥ
nija nṛtya-kṛtya dara gauravādṛta
muralī vileḍhi laghurādharīṁ sudhāṁ (67)

"The sproutlike fingers on Your lotuslike hands that adorn Your arms, that defy the beauty of snakes, make Your Muralī-flute drink the nectar of Your lips if they even slightly dance on its holes and thus make this light flute at once very respectable! (just as a saint from a low class easily becomes very respectable)."

snapitaḥ smitāmṛta pṛṣadbhir arcitaḥ
śikhara-prabha dvija nijārciṣāṁ cayaiḥ
adharo'nurāga dhurayā nacādharaḥ
katham etu bimba tulanāparābhavaṁ (68)

"Your lips are sprinkled with drops of the nectar of Your smile and are worshipped by the shining peaks of Your teeth. Although they are known as *adhara* (lips) they are not *adhara*, or insignificant, in their attachment to You. How can they not defeat the Bimbafruits in comparison?"

balabhin-maṇi-druma navāṅkure'grato
ravijāmbu budbuda-yugena pārśvayoḥ
dara tiryag eva yadi yujyate tatas
tava nāsikāpy upamayā mayārcate (69)

"If the fresh sprout of a sapphire tree (Your nose) was connected with two bubbles of blackish Yamunā-water (Your nostrils) on each side, I could worship Your nose with some kind of analogy!"

sama sanniveśa nava pallavopama śravasor
maṇi makara kuṇḍala tviṣāṁ
mṛdu gaṇḍa maṇḍalam anudbhaṭa-cchaṭā
patitekṣaṇaḥ kulabhuvo'gurandhatāṁ (70)

"The *gopīs* are blinded by the glistening of Your Makara-earrings - that is reflected on both Your soft cheeks as they swing on them, hanging from Your fresh, sproutlike ears, that are at equal height -shines in their eyes!"

rasikatva lāsya ruci satya sandhatāśrita-sāratād
i nija dharma bindubhiḥ
jhaṣa khanjanāmbuja cakora ṣaṭpadādyapi
yena sādhu gamitaṁ kṛtārthatāṁ (71)

"Your eyes make the fishes, the wagtailbirds, the lotus-flowers, the Cakora-birds, the bumblebees and other items successful with mere drops of their tastefulness (the fish), playfulness (the wagtailbirds), attractiveness (the lotusflowers), truthful target (the Cakora-birds) and the ability to select the essence of things (the bumblebees)! (For instance, the tastefulness of Your eyes is like an ocean, of which even a drop can bless the fish completely; how can the fish then ever be compared with Your eyes? The love of a fish for the water, without which it will die, is only a drop compared with the ocean of Your love. Similarly, the wagtailbirds are surely great dancers, but compared to the ocean of the sweet dancing of Your eyes their dancing is just a drop. The lotusflowers are certainly attractive, but compared to the ocean of the beauty of Your eyes they are not even worthy to be called drops. The Cakora-birds are certainly fixed in their target, the lunar nectar, but compared to the ocean of the fixation of Your eyes in the nectar from the *anurāgiṇī gopīs*' lustrous moon-faces it is just a tiny drop, and since they only teach one how to be fixed in lunar nectar they can also not be compared with Your eyes. And also the bumblebees, that teach us to only take the essence of things, in their case the honey of the flowers, and to ignore inessential things, can only be compared to drops in front of Your ocean-like eyes.)"

śruti-vartma vartyapi tad īkṣaṇa-dvayaṁ
tavamādyati dyati sadā satī-vrataṁ
ati lampaṭaṁ taralatāram ucchalaj
jala vīci-majjad iva rāga sāgare (72)

"Although Your eyes follow the Vedic injunctions (*śruti vartma* also means: they extend to Kṛṣṇa's ears), they have become mad and began to destroy the vows of all the chaste girls, becoming great debauchees like the bumblebees, being immersed in the waves of a swelling ocean of constant passion (*anurāga*) (this analogy suggests that Kṛṣṇa's eyes are always full of water or tears)."

alikārdha candram alakāli veṣṭitaṁ cala
cillī kārmuka bhṛto manobhuvaḥ
niśitārdha candram iva bharma
citrakaṁ sakṛd eva vīkṣya tava kā na kampata (73)

"Which girl will not shiver of passion when she even once sees Your halfmoon-shaped forehead (which is adorned by Your *gorocana-tilaka* and), which is surrounded by Your restless curly locks and which is carried by Your eyebrows, that are like Cupid's bows that shoot (golden) halfmoon flowerarrow-glances (accompanied by bumblebees) at them?"

na kacā amī kila mṛṇāla tanvate
mṛga-nābhibhiḥ śuci-rasaiyad añjitāḥ
nija cāmarārtham asameṣu bhū-bhṛta
kuṭila vabhuvur iti yat sa tad guṇaḥ (74)

"These are not Your hairs, but the whisk of king Cupid, that is made of the fibers of lotusstems marked with musk and erotic *rasa.* These fibers became crooked because of their association with Cupid and his nature."

nikhilāṅga rūpa yaśa eva candramās
tava manda hāsya vapur āsya-maṇḍale
samuditya sarva bhuvanādhipāntarālaya
madhyam anvapi tanoti kaumudīṁ (75)

"The moon of Your sublime glories, that pervade all of Your limbs, becomes embodied in the soft smile that appears on Your face and that illuminates the mind of even Lord Brahmā and other Lords of the universe with its rays! (In other words they always meditate on Your slight smile)"

vraja mīna jīvana jagad vimohana tvam itīḍyase tava tu jīviteśvarī
kurute bhavantam api mohitaṁ
svarukvaṇikāṁ kirantyaham imāṁ kathaṁ stuve (76)

"O life of all the fishlike *gopīs* of Vraja! O enchanter of the world! Thus I praised You, but how can I praise Śrī Rādhikā, the Queen of Your life, who enchants You with even a mere drop of Her luster?"

ati śoṇa sāndra nava kuṅkuma-dravac
churitanyagāsya kanakāmbujan manī
kusumeṣu hāṭakaniṣaṅga saṅgate
maṇi sampuṭe subhagatābhivādite (77)
krama pīna hema-ruciraika-mūlabhā
kadalī-dvayaṁ samam adho-mukhaṁ tataḥ
amṛtoda pānam atha vṛtta vīcibhis
tisṛbhiḥ svam eva rabhasena veṣṭitaṁ (78)
nalinaika patram adhimadhya rājita
smara-lekha-paṅkti-karake nirantare
visa vallike kisalayādṛte daraḥ śarad indur
aṅka-rahitaḥ sphurat kalaḥ (79)
sphuṭa bandhu-jīva nava kunda
korakais tila-puṣpa nīla nalināli pallavaiḥ
ayam arcito'bhra paṭalī yamānujā
tanudhoranī-yug iti yārtha saṁhatiḥ (80)
vidhinānayaiva racitā kalāvidā
nava keli-kalpa-latikā bhavat kṛte
upabhujya yan madhurimāṇam ātmano
na na pūrṇakāmata matāṁ bhavān agāt (81)

(Although it is actually impossible to properly glorify form and qualities of the Queen of Your life as She leans against You while You stand in Your lovely threefold bending form I will still offer a short praise, listen:) "The expert Creator collected the very red downward lotusflowers anointed with deep liquid vermilion (Śrī Rādhikā's feet), a golden quiver for Cupid's flower arrows (Her shanks), two jewelled boxes (Her knees), two downward pointed tapering bananatrees at equal height (Her thighs), a well of nectar (Her navel), the sky (Her waist) surrounded by three circular waves (Her threelined belly), a lotuspetal (Her belly) with a series of Cupid's lines (Her hairs) on them, two inseparable pomegranates (Her breasts), lotusstems (Her arms) with sprouts (Her hands), a conchshell (Her neck), Bāndhulīflowers (Her lips), fresh buds of the Kunda-flowers (Her teeth), a sesameflower (Her nose), blackbees (Her curly locks), fresh sprouts (Her ears), a full autumn moon (Her face), clouds with the thin drain of the Yamunā (Her hair), to make the young desire-vine of play named Śrī Rādhikā."

praṇavāni devi nakharān padoḥ sadocchalad
aṁśubhiḥ śakalitendu ninditaḥ
namitaṁ hriyāntika kṛta sthiter hares
tava vaktram ekam api yeṣu vīkṣyate (82)

"O Devi Rādhike! I offer my obeisances unto Your toenails, whose rays defeat the shining of the moon! When You shyly bow down Your head when You come before Hari, He can still see Your face reflected in each of Your toenails!"

bhavad āsya saurabha-patan madhuvratāvali
vāraṇāya kara-dhāritāmbujā
lalitā puro laṣati tuṅgavidyayā dhṛta
vīṇayā saha tathendulekhayā (83)
anūdakṣiṇottara diśau viśākhayā
saha citrayā vyajala cāru cālanaiḥ
vyati darśanopadhika gharma-bindavaḥ
sahasāstatāṁ dadhati vāṁ sahoditāḥ (84)
sicayāñcalena kalitena pāṇinā
praṇayāśru mārjana parāpibāmiya
svadṛśau dhṛtāśru-vitatī vyadhād aho saha
raṅgadevyanujayā'bhitaḥ sthitā (85)
anupṛṣṭha deśam anurāgiṇau yuvām
adara pramodayasi campavallikā
tapanīya kānti jayi nāga-vallikā dala-vīṭikāḥ
pradadatī mukhābjayoḥ (86)

"(When You mount the Yogapīṭha, Your meetingplace in Vṛndāvana, Your eight *sakhīs* also mount their individual places and thus look wonderfully beautiful) Lalitā, who stands on (the first of the eight lotuspetals that surround You on) the east, whisks away the bees that come to Your lotuslike faces with her handlotus. South of Lalitā (north-east of You) stands Tuṅgavidyā and north of her (south-east of You) Indulekhā, who is playing her Vīṇā. South of her (north of You) stands Viśākhā, and on her left (south of You) stands Citrā, who waves a whisk to fan the sweatdrops, that arise from Your ecstasy of seeing Eachother, from Your faces. North-west of You is Raṅgadevī and her younger sister Sudevī is on Your southwest, who is wiping the lovetears from Your eyes with Her veil, while she sheds of love herself also. West of You stands Campakalatā, who very blissfully places golden betelleaves, that shine brighter even than the sun, in Your mouths!"

praṇayādri-rāja dhurayā hṛd ūḍhayāvagatena
sāhasa-bhareṇa santarat
tava rūpa keli jaladhau mahormim
aty adhikaṁ nimajjad ativelam eva yat (87)
tad anaṅga nakra-dhṛtam aṅganārbudaṁ
kim u varṇitaṁ bhavati mādṛśāṁ girā
kamalādrijādibhir apīha mṛgyate
suciraṁ yadīya padavī davīyasī (88)

"These girls that try to cross over the oceans of Your forms and pastimes drown, because of carrying a big mountain of love in their hearts and thus they become afflicted. Can my voice possibly describe (the glories of) these countless *(gopī-)*girls who are grasped by the crocodile named Cupid and whose position is ever coveted even by Kamalā (Lakṣmī) and Adrijā (Pārvatī)? (Although the above description of the *gopīs'* situation appears miserable, their position is nonetheless coveted by the greatest goddesses)"

iti labdha-varṇam udayad vivarṇataṁ
rabhasena ruddha-giram īkṣayan śukaṁ

vana-pālikāṁ sarasa gostanī-phalair
anutarpayan mudadhatta mādhavaḥ (89)

In this way the expert *(labdha-varna)* parrot turned pale *(vivarṇa)*, while he described *(varṇana)* Śrī Rādhikā's glories and his voice choked, so Mādhava told Vṛndā, the keeper of the Vṛndāvana-forest, to reward him (for glorifying His beloved Rādhikā) with some juicy grapes.

ati saubhagāspadam abhūt sabhā-janaiḥ
śuka eva bhavya suhṛd āli-saṁsadaḥ
anubhāvya bhāgavata mādhurīṁ parīkṣitam
eva yat svam akarod asau kṛtī (90)

This Śuka-parrot became very fortunate to be praised by the gentle and friendly *sakhīs* like this. He passed the test (*parīkṣit*) by describing Rādha and Kṛṣṇa's *(bhāgavata)* sweetness, just as Śuka Muni described the Lord's *(bhāgavata)* sweetness to king Parīkṣit in the Bhāgavata Purāṇa.

kala gāna gāna vara kauśalāvadhi
vyativedanena vijigīṣayaiva kiṁ
atha vallakī muralike tayoḥ karāmbuja
haṁsike iva cireṇa reṇatuḥ (91)
salilāśmatāśma salilatvayoḥ kṛtiḥ
kṛtitāṁ tatāna kiyatīm aho tayoḥ
yad abheda-darśi muni hṛt paver
api drava vṛṣṭir āśvajani satya-lokataḥ (92)

After the parrot fell silent, Śrī Rādhikā began to play Her Vallakī-Vīṇā, holding it in Her lotuslike hands as Kṛṣṇa held His Haṁsika-flute in His lotuslike hands. It was as if They wanted to defeat Eachother in expertise in singing and playing (eachother's) music(al instruments)! Their music turned water into stone and stone into water. That's quite normal, but even the stone-like hearts of the sages in Satyaloka, that were absorbed in nondual vision, melted and poured down on earth. That was most amazing! (Rain was created because the Vīṇā and the Muralī played the Mallāra Rāga, which is being played in the monsoon-season)

kṣanato'bha ratna-sadana praviṣṭayoḥ
sukha-talpa tallaja talopaviṣṭayoḥ
smara sindhu vīci-bhara majjitā tayor
lalitādikāli-tatir āpa vāñchitaṁ (93)

After (making music for) some time, Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa entered a jewelled abode and most happily sat down there on a lovebed, where They fulfilled the wishes of Lalitā and her *sakhīs* by submerging in the waves of the ocean of Cupidity.......

kāñcī kuṇḍala hāra mauli kaṭakaiḥ śayyātapatrālayair
vallī vṛkṣa mṛga dvijair bahu-vidhair nānā kalā kalpitaiḥ
pauṣpair eva mudā vyadhuḥ parijana śreṇyas tayoḥ svāminauḥ
sevāṁ svādita vanya mūla phalayos tāmbūla pūrṇasyayoḥ (94)

With great skill the maidservants then made sashes, earrings, necklaces and crowns etc. of flowers, a bed of flowers, a canopy and a whole cottage of flowers, as well as different kinds of vines, trees, deer and birds for Their master and mistress. Śrī Vṛṣabhānurāja-nandinī Rādhā and Śyāmasundara Śrī Kṛṣṇa sat down (on Their bed of flowers) and Their maidservants served them tasty fruits and roots from the forest there along with betel-leaves.

Thus ends the twelfth chapter of Śrīla Viśvanātha Cakravartī's "Kṛṣṇa Bhāvanāmṛta Mahākāvya", called 'Wanderings in the forest and the glorification of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's toe-to-crest beauty by a Vraja-parrot'

arched brows (frowning)

[1] The word *nata-bhruva* literally means ~~‘lowered eyebrows’~~.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa Tour the Seasonal Forests and Drink Honey-wine.

atha punar api bhrāmyan vṛndāvanaṁ vanajekṣaṇaḥ
kṣaṇa paravaśo hemanteṣaṁ pradeśam upavrajan
taruguṇa ghana chāyāchannāṁ śritām api tāṁ jahau
saraṇim atha sā mamlau manye tadīya viyogataḥ (1)

Again, after having been overwhelmed for a while, lotuseyed Kṛṣṇa wandered through Vṛndāvana-forest and after a while He came to the Hemanta-forest (The season in November-December), named Hemanteṣṭa. The paths that were shaded by thick trees to protect Him from the summerheat were now morose out of separation from Him (they became at once covered with grass, just as pathways that are abandoned by people gradually become covered over by grass).

nija nija vapuḥ saṅkocayāśu prasārya varāmbarā
-ṇyalaghu jaghanā romāñcāḍhya mukhodita sītkriyāḥ
gatim api jahur jāḍyākrāntāḥ susaṁhata jānavaḥ
sa ṛtur abhavat tāsāṁ sadyo harer iva saṅgamaḥ (2)

The Hemanta-season looked just like Hari's union with the *gopīs*, who have big buttocks, because now they covered their bodies with clothes from the cold, just as they covered their bodies in an unfavorable mood when Hari wants to make love with them. They scream and shiver of cold just as they scream and shiver when Hari makes love with them and they keep their knees together of cold just as they keep their knees together in an unfavorable mood when Hari wants to make love with them.

iti sakhi tuṣārāṁśor aṁśo niśā'tisamedhate
hrasati divaso bhāgo bhā-gopater api tāmyati
tanur api dhṛtotkampa śaṁpāsamāpya tanūddhṛtā
hima mahimabhiḥ kānte kāṁ te gamiṣyate vā daśām (3)
tad iha mama hṛd veśmany asmins tvad utkalikālibhis
tad ucita nivāsārthaṁ koṣṇīkṛte nibhṛtekṣaṇam
praviśa sahasā jaḍyaṁ dūre vihāya vihāriṇīty
ati java bhuja dvandvenaināṁ cakarṣa sa harṣadaḥ (4)
nahi nahi nahīty uktenāpi priyeṇa dṛḍhaṁ balād
urasi rasikā sā bāhubhyāṁ nyabadhyata vallabhā-
śithila rasanā-bandhād bandhos tad uru vimarditād
apatadavanau vaṁśī roṣād ivādara lāghavat (5)
tvam asi kaṭhine śītā gītāśrayāpy uru doṣa-bhūs
tad ucita phalaṁ viśvodvejiny avāpnuhi sāmpratam
iti lalitayā sa veṇy agre nibadhya nijuhnuve
smara madhu madāttāṁ tat svāmī cirād api nāsmarat (6)

Śrī Kṛṣṇa told Śrī Rādhikā: "Sakhi! The moonlit nights in the Hemanta-season become longer and the sunlit days become shorter. The sunrays grow weaker, so Your lightninglike body starts shivering of cold (or lust). O beloved Lover! I cannot describe the condition You came in because of the great cold! Quickly enter into the abode of My heart, which is a suitable shelter in the cold seasons, being warmed up by My eagerness for You! Here You can give up Your stunned condition, which was caused by the cold!" Saying this, Kṛṣṇa forcibly pulled Śrī Rādhikā close to Him with His strong arms. Although Rasikā Rādhikā said "No, no, no!!" She was firmly and forcibly embraced by Priya Kṛṣṇa, who kept Her at His chest. Because Her waist firmly rubbed against His waist, Kṛṣṇa's sash loosened and His flute, that He kept there, fell on the ground as if it was angry. Lalitā picked it up and told it: "O hard cold (and dry) flute! Although Your only quality is the beauty of your song, you are full of faults! O disturber of the world! Now you shall get your just dues!" Then she hid the flute in her braid. Śrī Kṛṣṇa, the flute's master, did not notice it out of erotic intoxication.

samayavidataithābhyaḥ sārddhaṁ priyeṇa vihāriṇā
sarasam aṭavīpālī pālī pramoda dhurādharā
aruṇa kapiśa śyāman ślakṣṇān suvarna rasāñjitān
laghu laghu laghun nīśārāṇāṁ cayān samupāharat (7)

When Śrī Rādhikā thus wandered through the Hemanta-forest with Vihārījī (Kṛṣṇa, the enjoyer), Vṛndā-devī, the keeper of the forest, most joyfully presented Them with small winter-coats (called Nīśāra) of crimson, tawny, blue and golden colours.

kurubakaghaṭā jhiṇṭī-śreṇi kuruṇṭaka-maṇḍalair
hṛd atanu-tanūnāṁ te kānte yato dadhire rucaḥ
tad adaramadāmodair eṣāṁ sadeha virājināṁ
nava sumanasāṁ mālā mā lālasaty adhikaṁ na kiṁ (8)
kalaya mahile nāraṅgākhyā latā tava sannidhāv
api nija phala-dvandvaṁ naivāvṛṇoty ati-garvini
sva kuca suṣamāṁ kañcukyās tvam darāpi karāgrataḥ
prakaṭayasi ced eṣā garhāmbu-nidhau nimajjati (9)

Kṛṣṇa said: "O Beloved! These red Amarantha-flowers carry the colour of Your heart's passion for Me, the yellow Jhiṇṭi-flowers carry Your bodily complexion and the blue Kuruṇṭaka-flowers carry the colour of Your heart's erotic feelings for Me. Wouldn't this garland of fresh flowers increase My desires? O Lady! Look at this orange vine! She's so proud that she won't even hide her fruits in Your presence! But if You just slightly open Your blouse with Your finger and show her Your orangelike breasts, that vine will fall into an ocean of embarrassment!"

iti nija girā rādhārālekṣaṇa smita bindubhiḥ
snapita dṛg ato vanyām anyā viveśa sa keśavaḥ
śiśira sukhadāṁ yām āsannā vrajākhila padminī
ravir ataravidyoto'dhinod abhipadya tāḥ (10)

Hearing these words, Śrī Rādhikā smiled gently and showered Keśava with the nectar of Her crooked glances. Then They came to the forest named Śiśira-sukhada, the forest that gives joy in the winter, where the lotusflowers are happy always to receive sunrays from the sky.

śiśira pṛtanādhāvad durgā pitur vara bhū-bhṛto
ravi paribhavāyāsau vibhyat sutasya diśaṁ gataḥ atha
dhṛta balo yuddhāyāyāty udaṅmukha eṣa yat tad
iyam adhunā sva-vikranteś cayaṁ cinutetamāṁ (11)

(Kṛṣṇa told His beloved: "O Rādhe! Just see how amazing! Perhaps You know that) The sun is the enemy of the Vindhya-mountains, so Durgā, who lives on the mountains, asked her father Himālaya to send his snow-soldiers there to defeat the sun. Seeing them chasing him, the sun fearfully fled to the direction of his son Yama, the south. Later he will be strong enough again to return northwards and to fight the cold, but at present he is afflicted by these attacks.

iti kutukato nirvanyāgre calaḷ lalanā-sakhaḥ
sa khalu paramānandaṁ kundair avāpa vilokataiḥ
vyacinuta yadā tāni preṣṭhā prasādhana-kṛt tadā
dara kara-vṛtaṁ sāsyaṁ cakre prakūṇita nāsikaṁ (12)

In this way Kṛṣṇa, the friend of the women, moved about with great fun (describing the beauty of the winter-forest). He saw some Kunda-flowers and in great joy He began to pick them to decorate His Priyājī with them. Seeing this, Śrī Rādhikā smiled, covering Her face and pulling up Her nose (showing Her *sakhīs* how Kṛṣṇa touched the blossoming Kunda-vines).

kim api dadhatī vaktraṁ rādhe hriyā smita miśrayā
vṛtam api ghṛṇāvyanji svālīdṛśekṣayaṁse'dya māṁ
iti giribhṛta pṛṣṭhāpy āha svayaṁ sahasā na sā
yadi sapadi taṁ kaundy agre'pi sphuṭaṁ lalitābhyadhāt (13)
tribhuvana-janaiḥ puṇyaśloko mahān iti kīrtase
spṛśasi ca dhṛtotkaṇṭhaḥ kaundīṁ latām iha puṣpiṇī
iyam api cirāyeṣṭa neṣṭe tvayīśa nivāraṇe
yad ati mṛdula klāntā hantātanūgra śilimukhaiḥ (14)

Then Kṛṣṇa said: "O Rādhe! Why are You pointing at Me to Your *sakhīs*, covering Your shy smiling face, that suggests disgust?" When Rādhikā failed to reply (but kept on giggling), Lalitā came up before Kundalatā and told Giribhṛta (Kṛṣṇa): "All the people of the three worlds praise You as Puṇya-śloka, One who is praised with nice verses. Now why are You so eager to touch this flowering Kunda-vine (or menstruating Kundalatā)? You are her long-desired object, so she cannot refuse You. She has become very much afflicted by *ugra atanu-śilimukha* (horrible big bumblebees or Cupid's horrible arrows)!"

jagati lalite śuddhāḥ santi kva vā nu bhavādṛśaḥ
sva kulakalitaṁ dharma marma-vyathām iva yā jahuḥ
na nija samatāṁ tāḥ prāpsyanti kva cāpy ati-mārgaṇa
śramam iha tad udabhijjeṣv evaṁ vṛthā bata kurvate (15)
iti nigadita kaundyāḥ sarvāḥ ajīhasad uccakair
ahaha kim iyaṁ svaṁ naḥ śaṅkāsyadi kurutetamāṁ
yad iha lalanā sveṣaivaikā prakupyati nirbharaṁ
tad amala dhiyaḥ sabhyā abhyūhayanty api kāraṇaṁ (16)

Kundalatā said: "O Lalite! Ahaha! Where in the world are there such pure women as you? You have given up all householdduties (chastity) like a headache! Now you are vainly looking amongst the vines as Kunda-vine Kundalatā, for women like you can never find your peers in this world!" When she said this, everyone laughed loudly and Śrī Rādhikā said: "*Sakhīs*! There is only one Kundalatā amongst us, and she's in great fear! But we're just speaking of a Kunda-vine and this made her so angry! The spotless *sakhīs* can now ascertain why!"

iti puru parihāsā nāsām udāramudāvahāna
parikalitān śrutvā śrutyākanvayya calana puraḥ
alabhata rasāsāraiḥ saura rasāla-śikhāṅkura
śruta madhu-kaṇaiḥ klinnāḥ svinnā ivāti mudāvanīḥ (17)

While Kṛṣṇa drank Śrī Rādhikā's ambrosial joking words, that are not heard even by the Vedas, through His ears, He came to the forest named Vasanta-sukhada (delighter of the springtime), where the mangotrees are dripping from top to root with drops of honey, that make the earth very happy.

viṭapi gṛhiṇo vallikāntāvalī valitā-śiṣaḥ śubha
madhu dineṣūccaiḥ parvotsavaṁ kalayanty amī
parabhṛta mukhair ājīvārthaṁ dvijaiḥ prati-vāsaraṁ
madhura nutibhir yeṣāṁ bāṭyaṁ saharsam aṭāṭyate (18)

Kṛṣṇa said: "Here the trees are householders and the vines are their wives (who are having great wealth of fruits and flowers). They're holding a great charitable festival on each auspicious spring-day (like full moon and new moon). That's why the cuckoos and other birds happily return to them every day to keep themselves alive."

ajani madano rāja mantrī madhur malayānilo
nikhila vijayi senānīndraś carā bhramarā iha
pika pariṣadaḥ prāpu daṇḍe'dhikāra mad akṣiṇā
vraja-kulabhuvo daṇḍyākārāḥ kṛtā giri gahvarā (19)

"Here Cupid is the king, the spring is his minister, the Malayan breezes his general, the bees his spies, the Pika-birds the punishers, the (unsubmissive) housewives of Vraja are to be punished and the mountaincaves are the jails."

kalaya purataḥ kānte govardhano'khila bhūbhṛtāṁ
nṛpatir abhavac chakraṁ śatruṁ cirasya nirasya kiṁ
nija nija rucātatyā merv ādibhiḥ karabhūtayā
yad ayam adhunāpā sañcakre vinihnuta vigrahaiḥ (20)
kvacana kanaka prasthāt svasthā prasarpati jāhnavī
kvacid iha guhā vidyotante himair vihitālayāḥ
kvacana śikharair vīthīṁ roddhuṁ raver abhilāṣate
kvacana rajata grāvaiḥ siṁhāsanāny api bhānti nau (21)

"Look, O Lady! Has Govardhana become the king of all mountains, destroying their enemy Indra (By defying Indra, who usually cuts the mountains' wings, when Kṛṣṇa lifted Govardhana hill)? The great mountains like Meru and others have now hidden their giant forms and are worshipping him with their luster. The Gaṅgā flowing from Govardhana's golden tablelands (Mānasi Gaṅgā) make him look like mount Meru, the snowy splendour of his caves make him look like the Himalāya, his high peaks that want to block the sun are like those of the Vindhya-hills and the silver boulders that form Our thrones make him look like mount Kailāsa."

iha sakhi parā rāsa-sthaly antike paricīyatām
anurajati ya yuṣmat keli vilāsa kalaika bhūḥ
kṣaṇam iha maṇi-vedyāṁ viśramyatāṁ tad iti bruvan
harir upaviveśāthāninye madhūni vanādhipā (22)

"Sakhi! This Rāsa-sthalī(named Parāsaulī[1])is where You display the arts of the Rāsa-dance-pastime every night. Let Us rest here for a while on the jewelled platforms!" When they did so, Vṛndā-devī, the keeper of the forest, brought Hari His honey-wine.

rajata caṣaka nyaste śaste madhuny adhutānanā
nihita dṛg idaṁ kīdṛk syād ity upāttam iṣā tṛṣā
priya mukha-sudhāṁ sādhvīṁ svādvīṁ tato'pi mṛśanty amūm

adhayad adhikaṁ rādhāvādhām iha pratibimbitāṁ (23)
vraja-kula-bhuvām utkaṇṭhāgni jvalan manasāṁ vidhe
hriyam iha sṛjan no'bhūḥ śāpāspadaṁ katiśo na kiṁ
yad idam asṛjo mādhvīkaṁ tac cirāya nirāgasas
tava nuti-śataṁ kurve dhanyety uvāca hṛdaiva sā (24)

When Śrī Rādhikā looked into the silver cup to see how sweet the honey was, She saw Priyatama's face reflected in it and began to drink the nectar of this face, considering it to be sweeter than the honey. She said to the Creator: "O Vidhe! How many times haven't you been cursed by the *gopīs*, whose minds were burning in the fire of anxiety, for creating the bashfulness that witholds them from looking straight at Kṛṣṇa's face (see Śrīmad Bhāgavata 10th Canto)? But now that you created this honey in which we can see Kṛṣṇa's face without obstacle, our minds are no longer burning in the fire of agony, but attained the pinnacle of ecstasy instead! We praise you a hundred times for this!"

sakhi yad adhunaivāsyābjaṁ me balāt pibasi sphuṭaṁ
madhu punar idaṁ pitvā kiṁ vā na vedmi kariṣyase
iti nigadati kṛṣṇenaitāṁ vidhāya parāṅmukhīṁ
madhu madhurimaivāsau tat kālikaḥ kim apāsyata (25)

(After seeing His own face reflected in the silver wine-goblet Kṛṣṇa saw Śrī Rādhikā's face in it and said:) "Sakhi! Now You're forcibly drinking up My lotuslike face! I don't know what the drinking of this honey will do to You!" Hearing this, Śrī Rādhikā became annoyed with Kṛṣṇa, as if He had clumsily removed the sweet reflection of Their faces in the glasses.

piba piba pibetyoṣṭasyādho dadhāra sasāraghaṁ
caṣakam asakṛt kṛṣṇo rādhocchalad bhruvalat smitaṁ
nahi nahi nahīty āsyāmbhojaṁ tiro'ñcayati sma sā
tad api sa calāpāṅgo raṅgī balāt samapāyayat (26)

Kṛṣṇa held the glass with honey under Śrī Rādhikā's lips and said: "Drink, drink, drink!", but Rādhikā raised Her eyebrows, smiled and said: "No, no, no!", turning Her lotuslike face away, but with playfully moving glances Raṅgī Kṛṣṇa forced Her to drink. playful

tad anulalitādy ālī-vṛnde tathaiva nipāyite
dadhati nayanāruṇyaṁ bāḍhaṁ pramādyati mādyati
dyati nija hriyām ojo'nyonyaṁ punaś ca nipāyayaty
ati madhu madodbhrāntā kāntāpy aghūrṇata kīrṇadhīḥ (27)

He also forced Lalitā and her *sakhīs* to drink, so that their eyes turned reddish, their garments loosened and their intoxicated state destroyed their shame. Then the *sakhīs* made eachother drink also. Śrī Rādhikā became confused and dizzy from intoxication.

pa-patati su-sū-sūryo bhū-bhūr ghū-ghūrṇati dru-drumo
na-naṭati ta-tatras tā asmān ra-rakṣa pi-pi-priya
iti yugapad evāsya skandhe bhuje hṛdi pṛṣato'py
alaghu lalaghurniḥ samvyānā vikīrṇa kacāḥ striyaḥ (28)

In their intoxicated state the *gopīs* said: "Why does the su-su-sun fa-fall from the sksky? Wwhy doe-does the e-earth tturn? Wwhy do the te-trees da-da-dance? Dededear One, prprotect Me!" Saying this, some *gopīs* hung on Kṛṣṇa's shoulder, some on His arms, some at His chest and some on His back, while their veils fell off and their hair loosened.

sa ca rasanidhiḥ pratyaṅgaṁ tat kucair abhipīḍitaḥ
sva niviḍa bhuja-pīḍaṁ śliṣyan balād abhicumbitaḥ
capala madhura grīvābhaṅgaṁ cucumba catur-diśaṁ
pihita vadanā dāsyo hāsyodayaṁ kati rundhatāṁ (29)

Rasanidhi (Kṛṣṇa, the ocean of *rasa*), having all His limbs pressed upon by the *gopīs'* big breasts, embraced them all tightly with His arms. The *gopīs* then forcibly kissed Him, restlessly bending their sweet necks (towards Him). How many times then the maidservants did not try to stop their giggling by covering their mouths?

ayi caladṛśaḥ sva svāminyaḥ kim adya viśikṣitāḥ
yugapad iha mām ekaṁ sarvāḥ ima vijigīṣavaḥ
yad ahaha balāt kurvantyeṣo mahān anayo'thavā
nahi bhavatha pārṣṇi-grāhā kiṁ na diṣṭam alaghvidaṁ (30)

Kṛṣṇa told these maidservants: "O fickle-eyed girls! Look what your mistresses are doing! They're all joining together to defeat Me whereas I'm but alone! It's improper of them to ~~rape~~ hurt Me like this! It is My great fortune that you're not helping them!"

atha madhumatī taṁ gatvā'jīgrahan madhusabhṛtaṁ
caṣakam asakṛt so'py ādāya sva kubjita pāṇinā
svam adharam amūr madhye madhye vidaṁśa tayārpayan
pipiba pipibety etad bhāṣānukāram apāyayat (31)

Then (a maidservant named) Madhumatī came and handed Kṛṣṇa a cup of honey to make Him drunk, and Kṛṣṇa accepted it with bent hand. Again and again He made the *gopīs* drink, saying: "Di-drink, di-drink!" (but He did not drink Himself). He held the drink to His mouth but He bit on His lips, so that none of the wine came into His mouth.

vayam iha dine kimvā rātrau striyaḥ puruṣā nu vā
kalita vasanāḥ kimvā nagnas tathā karavāma kiṁ
iti kim api tā no jānānā ananvita bhāṣiṇīr aramayad
asau saṁdarśyāgre sthitā api kiṅkarīḥ (32)

In their drunken state the *gopīs* wondered: "Is it day or night? Are we women or men? Are we dressed or naked? What are we doing?" with unordened speech. Kṛṣṇa pointed at them, showing the maidservants.

na pibasi kathaṁ kiñcit tvaṁ ca priyety abhibhāṣito'
vadad api tulasyāsāmāsyair ahaṁ madhu saṁbhṛtaiḥ
kanaka caṣakair apy aśrāntaṁ piban na kim īkṣyase
paricara tad etyāsmān svedāplutan mṛdu vījanaiḥ (33)

Tulasī Mañjarī asked Kṛṣṇa: "Dear one, why don't You drink any honeywine?" Kṛṣṇa said: "Tulasi! I constantly drink the honey of their golden faces that are reflected in My glass! Can't you see? My body is studded with drops of perspiration! Just come and serve Me by softly fanning Me!"

sva savidham athāpy āyātuṁ tā vilakṣya viśaṅkitāś
caṣaka paṭalīm āsye dhṛtvā'bhinīta nipītikaḥ
aruṇa nayanodghūrṇābhyāsī ślathīkṛta gātrakaḥ
samajani yadā tarhyaivaitā hasanta upāyayuḥ (34)

But none of the (dedicated, fanning) *kiṅkarīs* came close by, (thinking: that king of impertinents is going to rape us!), so clever Kṛṣṇa took His cup to His mouth and pretended to drink (thinking to Himself: "when I drink these maidservants will not be afraid anymore to come close by, thinking I will be too intoxicated to do them anything!") Then He made His eyes turn red and roll as if He was drunk, as He was practised in doing that, and He made His limbs slacken so the *mañjarīs* smilingly approached Him.

atha caturayā kaundyā dvāre kabāṭikayāvṛte
prakaṭita-bale lole kṛṣṇe niruddhya niruddhya tāḥ
dhayati madhurāṇy asmin dīnāni nānā-girātanur
api dhanur dhunvan manye nanarta samūrti-bhṛt (35)

Then clever Kundalatā closed the gates of the cottage, naughty Kṛṣṇa stopped the *kiṅkarīs* from escaping and forcibly drank the sweet nectar of their lips. Then Cupid personally began to dance, twanging his bow as he saw the *kiṅkarīs* helplessly trying to stop Kṛṣṇa, saying: "No! No!"

svayam api papauḥ paunaḥ punyād apāyayad eva tās
trividha sarakodbhūta bhrāntis tad apyavati sma yāḥ
smara-raṇa viyad bhūṣaṁ kāntaṁ sakāntam imā vyadhuḥ
śrama-kaṇa lasan muktā-mālyacyutam mṛdu vījanaiḥ (36)

Again and again Kṛṣṇa drank three kinds of honey - from cane, from flowers and from ground cane and He made the *kiṅkarīs* drink also. The maidservants, being protected by Kṛṣṇa's drunkenness, began to softly fan Him, seeing that His body, that was now without any ornaments, was studded with pearl-like sweatdrops of fatigue after His erotic battle.

madhurasa paripāka prakrame samvid indau
madabharatam aseṣan mucyamāne priyāṇāṁ
surata paṭima ratnānyonya dānād apūrva
prathima mudanubhūter vyasmayann āli-pālyaḥ (37)

The *sakhīs* that had not drunk the honey out of great ecstasy of giving wonderful jewels of their love to Hari, became amazed to see that the moon of wisdom of the drunken *gopīs* was getting slightly freed from the eclipse of ecstasy that was caused by drinking the honey of sweet erotic *rasa*! (When one is too drunk there is no real experience of lovemaking, but when one is just slightly intoxicated one enjoys the most, so this was the best situation for lovemaking).

Thus ends the thirteenth chapter of Śrīla Viśvanātha Cakravartī's "Kṛṣṇa Bhāvanāmṛta Mahākāvya", dealing with the continued tour of the forest and the honeydrinking play.

[1] This name is derived from the Sanskṛt word *para-rāsa-sthalī*, which means 'the other Rāsa-place', the primary one being in Vṛndāvana. This place is situated about 4 km. south of the town of Govardhana. Ed.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's Watersports

nidāgha-subhagaṁ vanaṁ vanaja-nindi padmāṁ bhraman
vilokya madhumaṅgalaṁ kathaya kasya hetoḥ sakhe
ciraṁ virasam ekako vasasi hā vihāyaiva no
rasāla panasāṭavī-taṭa bhuvīti taṁ so'bravīt (1)
vayasya rasiko'ham ity alaghu manyase svaṁ yatas
tad adya vivade tvayā vada raso bhavat kīdṛśaḥ
vidantu tava vaduṣīṁ mama ca tam ime sākṣiṇo
rasālu guru śākhino dvija-kula stutā vastutaḥ (2)

As lotuseyed Kṛṣṇa wandered through the forest called Nidāgha Subhaga (the beautiful summer) with His feet, that defeat the beauty of forest-lotuses, He saw Madhumaṅgala back and asked him: "O friend! Why did you leave Me to go to the tasteless, without rasa forest of ~~sweet~~ mangoes and jackfruits all alone?" Madhumaṅgala said: "O Friend! You think You're such a great *rasika* (connoisseur), so today I will argue with You. Tell me what is *rasa*! Let the brahminical *dvijas* (or birds) of the *rasa śāstras* (the scriptures on *rasa*, or the blooming mango vines) witness our discussion!"

sakhe paśupa-nāgarī nayana vellita krīta yad vane
bhramasi niṣphale vikaca mālatī mallike
tathāpi rasikāgraṇīr yad iha ghuṣyate bhānti tat
prasiddha jana-vartino guṇatayaiva doṣā api (3)

"O friend! The cowherdwomen can purchase Your heart with the mere movements of their eyes and You wander in the barren gardens of unfolded Jasmine- and Malati-flowers with them, but still You call Yourself the greatest *rasika* and so do the people, because they always consider a worthless person to be qualified!"

ahaṁ tu panasāmrayo rasanidhī-kṛta svodaras
tad apy arasiko'bhavaṁ tava mate dhṛtāhaṅkṛte
bhramann iha vane vane tvad anugo vubhukṣāturo
bhavāmi yadi taḷ labhai rasikatā prathāṁ tvat kṛtāṁ (4)

"I make my belly an ocean of flavour by filling it up with the juice of mangoes and jackfruits, but still You consider me to be a tasteless person. O Proud One! You can call me a relisher like You if I can hungrily wander from forest to forest!"

jagat tritaya durlabhātula phalaiva vṛndāṭavī
tava tvam api nitya tad viharaṇa priyaḥ khyāpase
parantu tad uditvarāmṛta rasaikatāto bhavān
abhūn na tad iyaṁ sakhe mama sakhedatā nāparā (5)

"O friend! Your Vṛndāṭavī is full of fruits that are rarely available within the three worlds, and You are fond of rambling there, the whole world knows that. But You are not interested in the flavours arising from this Vṛndāvana! Nothing else but that can give me sorrow!"

nidāgha divase baṭo śiśira nirjharāmbhorasair
naṭat sarasijānilair madhura mallikā saurabhaiḥ
palāsa nava pallavair vana-kapota mañju svanair
mameyam akhilendriya pramada sādhikaikāṭavī (6)

Kṛṣṇa replied: "O ~~brāhmaṇa-boy~~ batu! !I Don't wander in the forest as an *arasika* (tasteless person)! I wander around in

Vṛndātavi because the cold water pleases My tongue in the summer days, the touch of the lotusflower-wind pleases My skin, the fragrance of the sweet Jasmine-flowers pleases My nose, the fresh red Palāsa-leaves please My eyes and the sweet cooing of the pigeons pleases My ears! Thus all My five senses experience topmost bliss!"

bahir marakata-dyutiḥ kamala rāga nindi prabhā
dravāmṛta bhṛtāntarā parimalamradimnoḥ svaniḥ
rasāla padavācyutām upagatā phalānāṁ tati
mad indriya satṛṣṇatāṁ sapadi kṛṣṇa cakretamāṁ (7)

Madhumaṅgala said: "O Kṛṣṇa! (Now I know what pleases Your five senses; now listen to what pleases My senses!) These ripe mangoes please all my senses at once! They give joy to my eyes with their emerald-like splendour, their juice pleases my tongue with their rubylike taste, their fragrance delights my nostrils, their softness pleases my skin and their name [rasāla] pleases my ears! They always increase the desires of all my senses!"

puraḥ kalaya mādhava dyuti-matī matītyāṭavīr
imā api jagat trayī mukuṭa nūtna ratna-prabhāḥ
vilāsa nivahāvanīm iha vanīm imāṁ vāṁ na vāṅ
mahā kavi-pater api prabhavatīva yad varṇane (8)

Vṛndā said: "O Mādhava! Look ahead at this effulgent forest near Rādhākuṇḍa, which is like a new jewel on the crown of the three worlds, protecting Your pastimes with Śrī Rādhikā! Even the greatest poets are unable to find the proper words to describe it!"

iti pramada medura sphurad amanda vṛndāvacaḥ
sudhāṁśu kiraṇocchalad vipula tarṣa kīlālaghī
uditvara puratvaraṁ rasa-puraḥ saraṁ prāpatuḥ
sva keli sadanāyitaṁ priyatamau sva kuṇḍa-dvayaṁ (9)

ihāpi labhate prathām adhikam eva rādhā-saraḥ
krameṇa lalitādibhir yad abhito nikuñjāvalī
haritsu dhanadeśvarāntaka śacī śanīrādhipā-
nalāsrapa nabhasvatāṁ nija nijākhyayāṅgīkṛtā (10)
pratikṣaṇam upāsitā vipina-pālikā pālibhiḥ
prasūna maṇi-darpana prabala toraṇopaskṛtā
vilāsi varayor madhūtsava nikāma hindolana
prasūna-raṇa nihnavāplavajala sthala krīḍanaiḥ (11)
sudhā-mada-vimarda-kṛt phala-paraḥ śatāsvādanair
mitho'kṣa-kali narmabhir vividha hāsya lāsyādibhiḥ
kavitva rasa carvaṇair vividha māna tan mārjanaiḥ
sadā subhagatāspadaṁ nikhila dṛṅ mano mohinī (12)
tathā taṭa catuṣṭayī vividha ratna sopāna bhṛt
tad anya maṇibhiḥ kramād iha tathāvatāraḥ kṛtāḥ
taru dvitaya kuṭṭima dvaya virājitac chatrikā
sadolana catuṣkikā yad uparisṫha pārśva-dvayī (13)
dhaneśa diśi tīrthataḥ kalita setu madhye saro
vidhūpala gṛhaṁ vibhāty amala mañju kuñjāvṛtaṁ
anaṅga-yuta mañjarīṁ svabhaginīṁ svanāmāṅkitam
śucau tad adhiśāyayantyagabhṛta sukhe majjati (14)

Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa were very enthused by Vṛndā's (pleasant, delightful and loving) words, that worked on Them like the ambrosial moonrays that made the waves of Their desires swell, so They went to the shore of Their lakes (Rādhākuṇḍa and Śyāmakuṇḍa), that are the abodes of Their pastimes, and whose waters are filled with divine flavours. Of these lakes, Rādhākuṇḍa is the foremost. It is surrounded by the *kuñjas* of Lalitā and the other *sakhīs.* Lalitā's *kuñja* is on the north, Viśākhā's on the north-east, Citrā's on the east, Indulekhā's on the south-east, Campakalatā's on the south, Raṅgadevī's on the south-west, Tuṅgavidyā's on the west and Sudevī's on the north-west. The forest maidens always maintain these *kuñjas*, making gates of flowers and jewelled mirrors there. Vilāsī Yugala Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa always swing here, or play Holi, flower ball games, hide-and-seek and water-sports on the banks or in the waters. They relish hundreds of kinds of fruits there that defeat the taste of nectar, They play dice, dance, joke and relish the poetry of the parrots. Śrī Rādhikā becomes *māninī* (angry and proud) here and Kṛṣṇa breaks that pique. This Rādhākunda is the abode of all auspiciousness and the enchanter of everyone's eyes. All four sides of the *kuṇḍa* have jewelled steps and jewelled bathing places *(ghāṭas)* on each side of which there are jewelled platforms shaded by parasols. Each *ghāṭa* has trees on either side, whose branches hold ropes with swings hanging on them. In the middle of the *kuṇḍa* is Anaṅga Mañjarī's island, which is named after her and which is connected with a bridge to the northern bank of the *kuṇḍa.* Śrī Rādhikā is immersed in bliss when She lays Her sister to rest here with Kṛṣṇa in a moonstone cottage, surrounded by lovely and immaculate *kuñjas* (in the summertime).

tathāgni hari dig gataḥ kanaka setubandho'ghabhit
saro milana hetuko nikhila tīrtha khelāspadam
tato'sti subalādy urīkṛta nikuñja mālāvṛtam kṣitau
nirupamāṁ prabhāṁ gatam ariṣṭa-kuṇḍaṃ mahat (15)

Between the east and south-east of Rādhākuṇḍa is a golden bridge which connects it with Śyāmakuṇḍa, the abode of all playful sports that is famous like nothing else in the world. Around this *kuṇḍa* are the *kuñjas* that are accepted by the cowherd boys like Subala[1].

taṭanti śikhinas taṭe madakalāḥ kalāpāñcitā
raṭanty adhijalaṁ kalaṁ svarati śaṁsikā haṁsikāḥ
bhramanty amala guñjita nabhasi puñjitāḥ ṣaṭpadā
itīkṣaṇa vilakṣaṇa kṣaṇabhṛd āha kañjekṣaṇaḥ (16)
pika prakara ṭiṭṭibhā pracaya cātaka śreṇayo
marāla pariṣat śukāvali samūha hārītakaiḥ
sahaiva yugapat pṛthak svaratayā lapanto mama
śravo vidadḥaty amī sarasam artha ṣaṭ-kagraham (17)

When lotus-eyed Kṛṣṇa stood on this bridge with His dear ones, they saw that the peacocks were dancing on the shores with spread-out tails, swans that were agitated with lovepangs were singing in the water and swarms of bumblebees buzzed around in the sky. Seeing these extraordinary things, Kṛṣṇa said: "O Rādhe, look! The Pikas, Ṭiṭṭibhas, Cātakas, swans, parrots and Hāritakīs all join together, singing their own songs! Here We can hear all the six seasonal birds together!" (The six seasonal birds are: The Pikas, or cuckoos, in the spring, the Ṭiṭṭibhas in the summer, the Cātakas in the rainy season, the swans in the autumn, the parrots in the Hemanta-season and the Hāritakīs in the winter.)

praphulla nava-mālikā mṛdula mallikā yūthikāḥ
saroruha kuruṇṭaka pravara kundavallīr aliḥ
sadā pibati kaścana kvacid aneka bhāryā gṛhī
yathartu gamana-vrataṁ prati-dinaṁ kramād vindate (18)

"O Kutukini (funny girl)! Look at the great festival of the young bees by Your lake! In the spring they drink the honey from the blooming new Mallika-flowers, in the summer they drink from the soft Jasmine-flowers, in the monsoon from the Yūthikā-flowers, in the autumn from the lotusflowers, in the Hemanta-season from the Kuruṇṭakas and in the winter from the best Kunda-vines. They're like householders with many wives of whom they enjoy one each day according to the (their) season! (according to scriptural injunctions)!"

varāṅgi paritasthuṣī parita eva yuṣmat saras
taru vratati saṁhatir vipula tuṅga śākhā śataiḥ
mitho balayitais tathā vṛṇuta sādhu madhye dina
prabhākara marīcayo na salila spṛśaḥ syur yathā (19)

"O beautiful One! The hundreds of high branches of the trees that stand on all four sides of Your *kuṇḍa* meet each other, covering Your pond in such a way that the sun cannot touch the water even in the daytime!"

tathāpy anu caturdiśaṁ catur anāvṛta dvārato
viśadbhir anilaiḥ sadārthibhir athāpta tat saurabhaiḥ
udāra nalinī-gaṇād ali-pati vrajānāṁ punar
bhabhaṅga raṇa tarjanair api na mārdavaṁ tyajyate (20)

"The wind enters through the four open *kuñja*-gates like a beggar to beg some of the fragrance of the generous lotusflowers. The bees become angry at that and they chastise him, saying: '*bhaṃ bham*!', but still the wind does not give up its softness (begging saints are naturally endowed with a tender nature)."

praphulla kamalānana cala navīna mīnekṣaṇo-
cchalan madhurimormija pratanu pheṇa mañju smitā
bhramad bhramara-maṇḍalī lalita veṇikā cakra-yuk
kucelita rucekṣyate tvam iva te sarasy ancitā (21)

"O Rādhe! All the beauty of the *kuṇḍa* reminds Me of You: Just as Your lotuslike face always blossoms, Your *kuṇḍa* is also filled with blossoming lotusflowers (that form her face). Just as You have restless, young fishlike eyes, Your pond is filled with restless young fishes (that form her eyes). Just as Your soft sweet smile emits foam-waves of abundant subtle sweetness, Your pond is also filled with a lot of sweet foam-waves. Just as Your charming braid dangles like so many wandering humming bees, Your pond is also covered with humming bees (that form her braid), and just as Your breasts look like (mutually embracing) Cakravāka-~~flamingoes,~~ birds Your pond is also filled with playing Cakravākas (that form her breasts). The *kuṇḍa* also shines as brightly as You do!"

priye sura-taranginī tvam asi bhānujā sarvadā
kvacit tvayi sarasvatī sarasayanty udeti śrutīḥ

tvam eva mama narmadā sphurasi bahudāpy aṁsataḥ
sadā tu sarasī bhavaty udita pūrṇata viskṛtiḥ (22)

Kṛṣṇa then compared Rādhikā to all the holy rivers, saying: "O Rādhe! You are Suratараṅgiṇī (the Gaṅgā is the river - *taraṅgiṇī-* of the gods *-surāḥ-* and Śrī Rādhikā is a lady *(raṅgiṇī)* enjoying erotic play *(surata).* You are Bhānujā (the daughter of the sun is the river Yamunā, and the daughter of Vṛṣa-bhānu is Śrī Rādhikā), sometimes Sarasvatī arises in Your words (Sarasvatī is a river and also the goddess of music, sound, learning and speech), You are My only Narmadā (giver of joy, or holy river of the same name) and You appear as Bahudāṁsa (keeping Your arm *-bāhu-* on My shoulder *aṁsa*, or: the holy Bāhudā-river), but in Your *kuṇḍa* You are fully manifest to Me!"

atho ghana-rasair ghana praṇayato ghana dyotinīṁ
nijāpaghana maṇḍalīṁ sujaghane'vanenejmy ahaṁ
iti kvaṇita kaṅkaṇaṁ madhubhidā karaṁ karṣatā
dyutī radara varṣatā vijahase rasena priyā (23)

"Thus, O nicely thighed One, the holy rivers are purified by Your *ghana rasa* (water, or erotic mellow, crystallized by Śrī Rādhākuṇḍa), as the lightning illuminates My deep cloud-like *(ghana-rasa)* form!", Kṛṣṇa said and held Śrī Rādhikā's hand that had jingling bangles, with His own hand. Śrī Rādhikā laughed at this with humour *(rasa).* (In this way They both looked indescribably beautiful).

iyaṁ na sarasi bhavaty agadharāti vāmyopalā
jahīti tad imam iti vraja-vidhoḥ karātāṁ balāt
vimocya vipinādhipānayad atah paratra sthale
'mbarādi paridhāpayanty adara nīra khelocitaṁ (24)

Vṛndā said: "O Kṛṣṇa! That place with whose water You want to wash Your limbs is not a lake, but a hilly ground of stone-like unfavorable moods! You won't be able to bathe there, leave this place, O moon of Vraja!", and loosened Kṛṣṇa's hand from Rādhikā's hand, taking Rādhikā to the place where She could put on bathing-clothes.

harer nayana ṣaṭpadas taru dalāvali cchidrataḥ
praviśya nibhṛtaṁ kucāmbujāni korakāvagrahīt
priyā tu vivṛtāṅgyato nikhila dikṣu tac chaṅkayā
dṛśaṁ cakitam ādadhau paridadhau ca cīnāṁśukaṁ (25)

Kṛṣṇa followed Śrī Rādhikā there and peeped at Her through the holes in the foliage. When His bee-like eyes fell on Her lotusbud-like breasts, Śrī Rādhikā suspected Him to be spying on Her. She anxiously looked in all directions and covered Herself with a thin garment.

paraspara vikarṣaṇāc capalatā latā eva tā
dhutā atanu vātyayā nipatitāḥ sarasy ambhasi
priyā ghanarasa priyā ghanarasa pravṛttājayaḥ
priyāṅga suṣamāliho'py alam anaṅga līḍhāvabhuḥ (26)

(After dressing in suitable bathing suits and coming to the shore of the *kuṇḍa*) Kṛṣṇa and the *gopīs* pulled each other into the water, like restless vines blown into the water by Cupid's gale. Then the *gopīs* who are fond of *ghana-rasa* (erotic mellows, or Kṛṣṇa) began their fight in the *ghana-rasa* (water). They relished Kṛṣṇa's beauty and Cupid relished their bodily beauty.

mitho grathita pāṇibhir mṛdu mṛdu pranunnāmbhasā
mudagratara vartula stananibhormi mālā sṛjāṁ
rarāje sudṛśāṁ harir vitata maṇḍalāmadhyagaḥ
sahasra-dala karṇikā dyuti-jid ūḍha mañju-smitaḥ (27)

The *gopīs* stood in the water in a circle, holding hands, making breast-like waves by softly slapping the water. Kṛṣṇa stood in the middle of that circle like a sapphire whorl (Kṛṣṇa) of a hundred petalled lotusflower (the *gopīs*), smiling brightly and beautifully.

aghāntakara dustyaja vrata yad īkṣaṇa sparśana
prayojanatayā vraje malinayeḥ kula-strīḥ sadā
jalāt prakaṭitā ime sulabhatāṁ gatās te kucās
tad adya nayane tathā karatale tvam ullāsaya (28)

The *gopīs* (lost all their shame by making these breast-shaped waves on the water and sweetly) said: “O Killer of Aghāsura! O You who never gives up His vow! Those breasts that You were always so eager to see and touch, polluting the housewives, have now automatically come up from the water! It’s Your good luck that they have become so easily available now! ~~Now bless Your eyes by looking at them and bless Your handpalms by touching them!”~~ Now your eyes and palms will rejoice!

iti smara-mataṅgajonmathita dhīrimāṇaḥ striyo
yathābhidadhur om iti priyatamo’tha papraccha tāḥ
ime na kim ime kucā iti tadā laghimno bharāj
jaleṣu tad urassu ca nyadhita pāṇi paṅkeruhaṁ (29)

After hearing these shameless words from the mouths of these otherwise shy girls, whose patience was destroyed by the Cupid-elephant, Kṛṣṇa said: “So be it!” and placed His lotus-hands on the *gopīs’* breasts and on the breastlike waves in the water. Then He asked the *gopīs*: ‘Is this a breast or is this (wave) a breast? (I couldn’t be sure!)”

athāpasarati vraje mṛga-dṛśāṁ taṭe tasthuṣī
svayaṁ payasi khelayanty alaghu-dṛk sapharyau cale
anaṅga mada-raṅgiṇoḥ salila-saṅgare vaiduṣīṁ
tayor vividiṣanty alaṁ sapadi kundavallyabravīt (30)
rucā jaladharo bhavān jaladharā ramaṇyaḥ karai

jalājali-yudhā kṣaṇaṁ tanu hare kṣaṇaṁ yauvataiḥ
krameṇa bhaja jistuvoḥ prathita kartṛtā karmate
tayor gamayata priyāḥ sapadi kartṛtā karmate (31)

When Kṛṣṇa placed His lotushands on their breasts, the doe-eyed *gopīs* at once broke their circle and fled in all directions (while laughing). Kundalatā, who was standing on the shore, made her restless, fish-like eyes play in that waterscene, and, being eager to witness the waterfight of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa, the youthful Couple that was intoxicated by Cupid, she said: "O Hare! You are a waterfall of beauty and so are Your lovers, so just spend some time fighting in the water and perform the '*ji*'-root (*karma* = to be defeated) and the '*stu*'-root (*karta* = to offer prayers to the victors)."

kim uktim iti mādhave vadati sā viparyyāsataḥ
papāṭha-guru sambhramād abhidadhus tataḥ subhruvaḥ
ṛtaiva sahasodagād ahaha yādya tān manyathā
vyadhād iha sarasvatī tava vaśā subhadrāṅganā (32)

(Kundalatā was on Kṛṣṇa's side, so she wanted to say: "You defeat them and they will have to praise You for it!", but accidentally she said it the other way around) Mādhava said: "What did You say, Kundalatā?" Then Kundalatā carefully reversed the tenses, making Kṛṣṇa active in defeating the *gopīs* and passive in praises, being praised by the *gopīs* as the victor. Hearing this, the *gopīs* said: "O Mādhava, why has Subhadra's wife Kundalatā, who is under Your influence, reversed the tenses, after Sarasvatī made the true words arise in her initially?"

jaye sati paṇa-grahe bahu-balāt kṛteḥ kartṛtā
sukhānubhavam eṣyatha prakaṭam eva yad vāñchata
ahaṁ yadi bhajai jito vidhi-vaśena tat karmatā
vyathānubhavitāṁ tadā kva nu palāyya vindaye śaṁ (33)

Kṛṣṇa said: "OK you proud girls, when you win you will experience the bliss of accepting forced kisses from the loser (Me). Is this why you desire victory? And if by chance I am defeated, making the '*ji*'-root passive for Myself, then where will I run off to find peace from the resultant agony?" (from your kisses)

paṇas tu bhavitātra kaḥ prathama matadākhyāhi nas
tam ity aghabhidhādṛta praṇi-jagāda nāndīmukhī
smṛtau likhitam ādino dhanam atho dhanī gṛhyate
tatas tu jayinā jito dṛḍhatayā jano nahyate (34)

Then Kṛṣṇa asked Nāndī: "Nāndīmukhi! What should be the stake for this waterfight?" Nāndīmukhī said: "O enemy of Aghāsura! It is written in the *smṛti*-scriptures that if a rich man is defeated in a game the victor can take his wealth and bind him up also!"

vayaṁ sma dhanino dhanaṁ padaka kiṅkiṇī kaṅkaṇādy
amandam iha bandhanaṁ bhuja bhujaṅga-pāśair bhavet
iti priya-girā priyāś caṭula cāru cillī-dhanur
vidhunanapuraḥ sarāḥ kati na huṅkṛtis tenire (35)

Kṛṣṇa said: "O Nāndīmukhi! We are rich people! Our bangles, armlets and anklets are our wealth. If I am defeated, then the *gopīs* may take that and if I defeat them, I will take their ornaments and bind them up with the ropes of My snakelike arms!" Hearing these words, the *gopīs* frowned their eyebrows, that were like beautiful, flickering bows, and admonished Nāndīmukhī with so many shouts.

paraspara visajjitāṅguli kara-dvayenāmbubhiḥ
pragṛhya pihitaiḥ punaḥ karabha pīḍanāc cālitaiḥ
śarair aruṇa paṅkajeṣudhimukhān svayaṁ niḥsṛtair
iva priyam imāḥ sthitāḥ parita eva taṁ vivyadhuḥ (36)

The *gopīs* surrounded Kṛṣṇa, holding eachother's fingers and throwing water at Him with the sides of their (other) hands. It looked as if they fired water-arrows of love at Him from red lotuslike quivers (their hands).

sa cāpi samayā sthito laghutayā bhraman sarvato
mukho madana sarvato mukha śarānivāsyan muhuḥ
priyāḥ śata sahasraśo yugapad eka evaujasā
jigāya rathasād imāḥ punar ito'pasasrur bhiyā (37)

Kṛṣṇa faced all the *gopīs* of the circle and wandered around with light steps, singlehandedly defeating hundreds and thousands of them by splashing them all with water, as if He threw Cupid's darts at them, making them fearfully flee.

jitāḥ kila jitā hihī viphala garvitā gopikāḥ
pratisvaghana gopikāḥ kim adhunā palāyya sthitāḥ
pramathya tad imāḥ sakhe padaka kiṅkiṇī kaṅkaṇā-
nyudasya parigṛhya mat karatalopari sthāpaya (38)
yathādya mathurā-purāt tvaritam eva vikrīyatā-
ny-ati-priya sitopalā tatim upāhariṣyāmy ahaṁ
baṭāv iti taṭa-sthite bruvati tarjanīṁ dhunvatī
tatarja lalitāpy are kuṭile tiṣṭha tiṣṭheti taṁ (39)

Madhumangala, who was standing on the shore of the *kuṇḍa*, saw this and cried out: "Hee hee! The *gopīs* surely were defeated! Now these vainly proud girls are fleeing, hiding their wealth of bangles and waistbells! Take all their ornaments off and give them to me! I will sell them in Mathura City, so that I can buy my very dear Sitopala sweets!" Hearing this, Lalitā chastised him, saying: "O crooked one! Just wait, just wait!"

athaitya madhusūdane dhayati tā balāt padminīr
apāṅga-śara pañjarāntaram api praviśyaujasā
sa jhaṅkṛti maṇīmayābharaṇam ādadāne mṛgī-
dṛśāṁ kalakale'py alaṁ śikhi pikaiḥ pravṛddhī-kṛte (40)

Then Madhusūdana forcibly entered the cage of the lotuslike *gopīs*' arrowlike glances and began to drink their nectar. He took off all their jewelled ornaments, that jingled as the doe-eyes *gopīs* loudly cried (some cried: "My necklace is gone!", another one exclaimed "My medal is gone!", and another one said: "My waistbells are gone!", others cried of pain when their bangles and other ornaments were forcibly taken off) Hearing that, the cuckoos and the peacocks also increased their sound-volume (of the *gopīs*, out of terror).

karākari nakhānakhi smara-mṛdhe pravṛtte hriyāṁ
bhiyaṁ ca nicaye punar ghana-rasormibhiḥ plāvite
kṣaṇais tri caturair mitho bhuja bhujaṅga bandhāc cyutāḥ
pralūna nalinair vyati praharaṇāḥ priyā rejire (41)

Kṛṣṇa then began to fight Cupid's battle with the *gopīs*, first hand to hand and then nail to nail. Shame and fear drowned in the waves of the pond as Kṛṣṇa and the *gopīs* kept eachother bound in eachothers' snakelike arms. Then, after three or four seconds, they let go of eachother again to pick lotusflowers from the pond and began to strike eachother with them.

tatah śvasita cañcalac cala-dala-cchadābhodarā
girā skhalita gadgadākṣara bhṛtaitya nāndīmukhīm
jagāda kim api priya prati hṛtottarīyābalā-
tatir vigata bhūṣaṇāpy atanu mādhurīṁ vibhrati (42)
kucān vigata kañcukān nakhara vikṣatān dor dvayaiḥ
pidhāya timitāyatālaka lipi praliptānana
nibadhya śaśi-śekharān visamiṣogra-pāśair vabhāv
anaṅga pṛtanaiva sā na khalu padminī-saṁhatiḥ (43)

Kṛṣṇa then took away the *gopīs*' blouses, ornaments and veils, so that they shone with erotic sweetness. Their bellies looked like Banyan-leaves moved by a soft breeze. With faltering voices they asked Nāndīmukhī: "What is this?", as they (shyly) covered their topless breasts, that were covered with the scratches made by Hari's nails, with their arms. Wet locks of hair stuck on their faces, through which it seemed that they were not lotus-like girls, but beautiful generals of king Cupid, giving great fear to mooncrested Śiva (Cupid's natural enemy) for being bound up with their ropes. (The word *śaśi śekhara* in the text may mean mooncrested Śiva or the nailmarks that Kṛṣṇa scratched on the *gopīs*' breasts. Kṛṣṇa may have a hard time getting released from the rope-like arms of the *gopīs*!).

anena gata nītinā kim iti nāndi naḥ khelayanty
abhūnikṛti vallarīty uditayā tayā yauvataiḥ
anītim akaroḥ kathaṁ giridharety athākāritaḥ
sametya sahasānanaḥ sa sahasāha tāṁ sāhasāt (44)
mamādya jayinaḥ paṇa graha kṛte gatasya sphuṭat
suvarṇa nalināvalīm alibhir āvṛtāṁ jighrataḥ
rathāṅga mithunaṁ tathā kara-yugena khelāvaśād
vikṛṣya dadhataḥ kathaṁ kathaya ko'parādho'bhavat (45)

The *gopīs* then went up to Nāndīmukhī and asked her (with faltering voices): "What is this, Nāndi? Why do you let us play such immoral games with this boy who has no manners (we thought that you were such a pious girl)?" Then Nāndī asked Giridhārī: "Why are You doing such immoral things?" Kṛṣṇa boldly came up to her, laughed and said: "O Nāndi! After I won the waterfight I went to collect My prize and I smelled the golden lotusflowers that were surrounded by bumblebees. I didn't smell the *gopīs'* fragrance! I felt couples of Cakravāka-birds with My handpalms, but not the *gopīs'* breasts! Tell Me what offense I committed!"

hare vadasi nānṛtaṁ yad iha sākṣitāṁ svādhara
stanāliṣu dhṛtaiḥ kṣatair dadhati gopikā kopikāḥ
pratīhi na hi nāndy amūḥ kusṛti samputīḥ so'thavā
kṛto'pyaviduṣā mayā bhajatu mantur aty alpatāṁ (46)

iyaṁ ca kulajā-tatiḥ paṭimabhis tadaivāśu māṁ
mukhāny api mukhāni naḥ kila kucāḥ kucā apy amī
itīha paricāyayanty urutarocca gīrbhi nahi
nyaṣidhyad api sāmpratam kim iti dambhināṁ kupyati (47)

Nāndīmukhī laughed and said: "Hare, You speak the truth, and it is shown by the *gopīs'* anger towards You, for their lips are bitten and their breasts are scratched by You!" Kṛṣṇa said: "O Nāndi! Never trust these *gopīs*, they are baskets full of deceit! They did this themselves! (they bit their own lips with their teeth when they felt cold after being in the water for so long, and they scratched their own breasts with thorns, and now they are falsely accusing Me of this)! And even if I had done it, then I was not aware of it (I may have accidentally bitten their lips, mistaking them for golden lotusflowers and I may have scratched their breasts, thinking them to be Cakravāka-~~flamingos)~~ birds! It's only a very small offense. There's no fault in what I did, these housewives did not loudly forbid Me to touch them, saying: "This is not a golden lotusflower, it is my face, and these are not Cakravāka-~~flamingos, but~~ birds they're my breasts!" Now why are these proud girls so angry with Me?"

kali viramatādalaṁ paṇabhṛtā punaḥ khelayā
parantu jala-maṇḍuka dhvaniṣu kīdṛśī cāturī
bhaved iti tayoditā vyadhur amī jalāhatyanu
sphurad vividha vādanaṁ vividha tāla nāṭya kramaiḥ (48)

Nāndīmukhī said: "O Kṛṣṇa! O *gopīs*! Stop quarreling! There's no need to play for stakes either! Let me see instead how nicely you can play music on the water![2]" Hearing this, Kṛṣṇa and the *gopīs* began to slap the water with their hands, playing different nice rhythms and music.

prati-dhvaniṣu tat taṭe mudira garjita nyakkṛti
kṣameṣu valiteṣv atho bhramati cātakīnāṁ gaṇe

baṭāv api hihī-girā kalita kakṣa-tālaṁ rasāt
samaṁ naṭati kekibhir lalita kūjanar unmadaiḥ (49)

When this sound, that defeated the rumbling of the clouds, echoed from the shore of the *kuṇḍa* the Cātaka-birds began to wander around, the peacocks began to dance like mad with spreadout feathers, singing *'ke-kā'*,[3] and Madhumaṅgala began to flap his armpits and danced along with them, exclaiming his '*hee hee*!'

stuvatya gagaṇe muhur madhupa jhaṅkṛtaiḥ sañcaran
maranda miṣato mudā viratam aśru dhārādhare
samāpya rasa-sindhavaḥ sarasi nīra-kelīs taṭaṁ
gatāḥ sapadi kiṅkarī vitatibhir vabhuḥ sevitāḥ (50)

When the trees on the shore of the *kuṇḍa* heard this *jala maṇḍuka vādya*, they showered streams of honey into the water as tears of love and the bees praised them with their buzzing. Kṛṣṇa and the *gopīs*, who are oceans of divine *rasa,* thus completed their waterplays and came back on the shore of the *kuṇḍa*, where they were instantly served by their maidservants (who dressed them again, etc.).

praviśya maṇi mandiraṁ vipina pālikādy āhṛtā
rasāla panasādikāḥ phala-tatīḥ sudhā nindinīḥ
ghana praṇayato mithaḥ samupabhojitā yojitāḥ
smareṇa sahasā radacchadana sīdhunaḥ svādane (51)

Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa then entered a jewelled temple, where Vṛndā, the keeper of the forest, served Them savouries, jackfruits and other fruits that tasted sweeter than nectar. With love Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa fed Each other and then They were engaged by Cupid in tasting the nectar of Each other's lips.

lāvaṇyāmṛta pūra pūrṇa madhura pratyaṅga vāpī rasa
vyātyukṣī rabhasa klamena mṛdulaṁ talpaṁ śritāḥ kausumaṁ
tāmbūla vyajanāmbu darpaṇa lasan nepathya saṁvāhanair
dāsībhiḥ paricaryamāṇa vapuṣaḥ kāntā nidadruḥ kṣaṇaṁ (52)

After They thus concluded Their watersports, Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa again played, but now in the pond of the full nectarean sweetness and elegance of Each other's every limb[4], and when They grew tired of that, They fell on a soft bed of flowers, where the maidservants served Them with betel leaves, water, mirrors and dresses, fanned Them and massaged Their feet. Thus They fell asleep.

Thus ends the fourteenth chapter of Śrīla Viśvanātha Cakravartī's" Kṛṣṇa Bhāvanāmṛta Mahākāvya", dealing with Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's watersports.

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[1] Devotees may read Govinda Līlāmṛta's chapter 7 for detailed descriptions of these two *kuṇḍas* and the surrounding *kuñjas*.
[2] This sound is called *jala maṇḍuka vādya*, lit. 'play of the waterfrogs'.
[3] The Cātaka-birds and the peacocks are very fond of clouds, and they mistook the *jala maṇḍuka vādya* to be the rumbling of the clouds.
[4] This is a poetic way of saying that They engaged in making love.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa Play Dice and Worship the Sungod

sīdhu-pāna jala-khelana dolāndolanādi kutuke balavatvāt
eṣa eva nalinīr iva padmīyad vijitvā sakhi naḥ prajagalbhe (1)
tad balopadhikataḥ sphuṭam anyaddhī pradhānam adhunā lalite tvam
khelanaṁ vimṛśya yat prabhaviṣyaty asya garva culukī-karaṇe drāk (2)

Śrī Rādhikā told Lalitā: "*Sakhi*! Just as an elephant plucks lotusflowers, Kṛṣṇa has forcefully defeated us in the fun of honeydrinking, watersports, swinging and so on. These are all power-games. (we don't need such games anymore!). O Lalite, now think of a game we can play that requires some brain, so that we can swiftly diminish Kṛṣṇa's pride!"

dyuta-keli jaya kairava cāndra jyotir eva sakhi rājasi rādhe
kiṁ dūnotu paribhūta tamisraṁ nityam eva dhṛta garvatatīr naḥ (3)

Lalitā said: "O Rādhe! You are Yourself the moonlight for the lily-like victory in the dicegame, so, O proud girl, what can the darkness of defeat do to us (when we have a moonlight like You here)? It won't give us any sorrow!"

ittham āli-kṛta mantraṇayoce rādhayā priyatama prabhaviṣṇo
pāśakāji caturimṇi jigīṣī nartakīṁ na kim urīkuruṣe tvam (4)

(because Krṣṇa previously defeated gopis in all games)

most powerful one! Being thus advised by Lalitā, Rādhikā told Kṛṣṇa: "O ~~Mighty Prabhaviṣṇo!~~ O Dearest One! Why don't You accept the challenge of the dancing girls of our desires to defeat You in the clever dicegame?"

satyam āli hṛdi nartayase tāṁ kintu mat karatalāmbuja paṭṭe
yarhi vatsyati nṛpo jayanāmā sa hriyaiṣyati tadā nilayaṁ drāk (5)

Kṛṣṇa replied: "Do You make the dancing-girl of the desire to defeat Me really dance in Your heart? But when the king of victory sits down on the lotus-throne of My handpalm, that dancinggirl will swiftly perish!"

ity aghāri gaditaṁ madirākṣī cilli-valli dara vellita bhaṅgyā
sāvadīrya sa paricchada sārīrāninãya tarasaiva sudevyā (6)

Hearing these words of Aghārī (Kṛṣṇa), restless-eyed Rādhikā ignored Him with a slight wink of Her vinelike eyebrows and had the dice-board brought by Sudevī.

nāndy abhūd vanapayā saha sākṣiṇy akṣi-keli sabhikā'jani kaundī
iṣṭa dāyam upadeṣṭum udañcad vāg arājata baṭur lalitā ca (7)

Nāndīmukhī sat on Kṛṣṇa's side as witness and Vṛndā on Rādhikā's side (Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa sat facing Eachother). Kundalatā conducted the tossing of the dice, Madhumaṅgala advised Kṛṣṇa on the desired score (like Vidu, Daśa or Vāmañca) and Lalitā advised Rādhikā on this.

pāṇi śoṇa jalajodara raṅge jhañjhaṇad balayam ucchalad aṅgyāḥ
yarhi pāśaka kuśīlava yugmaṁ labdha nṛtyam adhi-bhūmi cukūrde (8)
tarhi kakṣa kucayor uruoci vīci majjita dṛśo'pi bakāreḥ
pāśaka grahaṇa cāpala cātury āpi neṣad api bhaṅga kalaṅkam (9)

First the dice stones danced on the stage of Śrī Rādhikā's red lotuslike handpalms and then they leaped up and down like child-dancers as they fell on the table. (At that time it was as if

Śrī Rādhikā's jingling bangles played the instrumental music that accompanied the dancing of the dice) Kṛṣṇa's eyes submerged in the high waves of beauty of Rādhikā's breasts and armpits, but because He was experienced in holding and tossing the dice, He was not disturbed or contaminated even slightly.

karhicid daśa daśeti kadācit sā
vidur vidur iti prasarad gīḥ
pātayanty alaghu dāyam abhīṣṭaṁ
mūrtimaty ajani kiṁ na jaya-śrīḥ (10)

Has Śrī Rādhikā become Jaya-Śrī, the goddess of victory, throwing Her stones with the right score, sometimes saying '*daśa daśa*' and sometimes '*vidu vidu*'?

yat priye daśa daśeti nikāmaṁ prārthanaṁ tad upahāsa-karaṁ te
vittir eva patitā smara tāvad devane tava kuto jaya-vārtā (11)

Hearing Rādhikā saying '*daśa daśa*', Kṛṣṇa said: "Priye! You have thrown *vitti,* not *daśa*! You must be jokingly asking Me for *daśa* (or *daṁśana*, for Me to bite You)! Now where is Your talk of victory?[1]"

sārikā gamayituṁ nija koṣṭheṣv aprabhuḥ svatanu śṛṅkhalitāḥ svāḥ
ghātayaṁś cara-vidhiṁ vimṛśaṁs tāḥ khelati sma harir ātta jigīṣaḥ (12)

Śrī Rādhikā held Her stones in Her corner and Hari, who was unable to take His stones from Her corner, thought of a way to spy on Her and out of eagerness to win, began to play by having His stones struck by Her.

iṣṭa dāya patanena sudhīḥ sā rādhikā yadi jigāya tadā tam
ālayo vihasituṁ prakharatvaṁ lebhire'ti mṛdavo'pi nitāntam (13)
kiṁ baṭo mukham avāñchayasi tvaṁ sā hihīti naṭanārathaṭī te
kvāgamat kva na sitopalikārthaṁ kaṅkaṇa prakara vikraya bhaṅgī (14)

When clever Rādhikā defeated Kṛṣṇa by throwing the right score, the tender *sakhīs* became very harsh and said: "O ~~Madhumaṅgalo!~~ O Batu! Why are you bowing your head now? Where is your shouting of 'hee hee', your dancing and your efforts to sell our bangles to buy Sitopala (when you saw us being defeated in the watersports) now?"

ālayaḥ śṛṇuta bho giri-mūrdhni
sāmpratam̐ nava sitopalikālīm̐
asya mūrdhni bahu varṣata tasyāḥ
svādam etvayam ihaiva nikāmam̐ (15)
na bravīṣi kim are kim api tvam̐
kaitave'dya paribhūti bhṛtas te
kṣāntya cāpalaśamair muni-dharmaiḥ
kim̐ baṭutvam api satyam ivābhūt (16)

Śrī Rādhikā said: "O *sakhīs*! This *brāhmaṇa*-boy is fond of Sitopala, so get some white *(sita)* stones *(upala)* from the top of Govardhana Hill and pelt his head with them, let him relish that taste! (Seeing that Madhumaṅgala remained silent, the *sakhīs* challenged him furthermore:) *ā-re*! Why are you quiet now? Now all your brahminical qualities of *muni dharma* like tolerance, patience, peace and gravity become manifest!"

kaustubham̐ paṇita mānayaḥ tasyāpy ānaye vinimayena vicitrām
kaṅkaṇālim athavāmum aneka kṣālanaiḥ priya-sakhī hṛdi dhāsya (17)

Then when Kṛṣṇa lost His Kaustubha-gem in the next throw, the *sakhīs* said: "This gem has touched many *gopīs*' breasts, how can he be worn by our dear *sakhī*? It should be swapped for a bangle or purified by washing it many times, (before we hang it on our *sakhī*'s chest)!"

kānanam̐ nahi gavām idam etan
māraṇam̐ na baka vatsa bakīnām

akṣa devanam idaṁ tu sabhāyāṁ
syād vidagdha jana buddhi parīkṣā (18)

(The *sakhīs* said: O Baṭo! Your feet wouldn't touch the ground out of pride of your friend Kṛṣṇa, where is that pride gone now? O fool!) "This is not the forest for tending cows and killing Bakāsura, Vatsāsura and Pūtanā! This is a dicegame in which clever people's intelligence is tested in the assembly!"

ittham āli kharadhāra sarasvaty
astapāṭava taru baṭur uce
tasya karṇam anusaṁsṛṇuse tat
kaustubhaṁ mama samarpaye haste (19)
cet sva kṛtya miṣato'pasṛte mayyākramaṁ
kam api hanta vidhitset
ekake'pi bhavati vraja-rāmā
saṁhati vraja-purandara-sūno (20)
tan nivedya nikhilaṁ vraja-rājñīṁ
maṁkṣu tad vikaṭa śāsana-pāśaiḥ
hrīta misra kuhare'dya nivedyaivāśvamūr
na kim u pātayitāsmi (21)

This Sarasvatī (river) stream of the *sakhīs'* words (words given by Sarasvatī-devī) uprooted the tree of Madhumaṅgala's cleverness. Fearfully he told Kṛṣṇa: "Friend! Give me the Kaustubha-gem! I have some work to do, I'm going! O Son of the king of Vraja, if the *gopīs* attack You when You are alone, then I'll tell Queen Yaśodā and I'll let her bind them up with the ropes of punishment and throw them in the dark cave of embarrassment!"

dhig dhiyā-rahita kiṁ tvam abhaiṣṭīr
asmi jiṣṇur adhunaiva vijiṣye
māti maugdhya-maya ceṣṭita bhaṅgyā
khyāpayājñatama mat paribhūtim (22)

Kṛṣṇa said: "Damn you fool! Why are you so afraid? Look, I will defeat them! Don't be so stupid to announce My defeat with your panicky gestures!"

kiṁ hita prakathane'py ati kupyasy astu kaustubha hṛtis tava hastāt
yāmy ahaṁ yuvati pālyapi raṅgī-kṛtya nṛtyam api kārayatu tvām (23)

Madhumaṅgala angrily replied: "(O Kṛṣṇa!) Even when I speak for Your benefit You become angry! Then let the Kaustubha-gem be taken from Your hand! I'm going! Let these young girls play with You and make You dance around!" (Saying this, Madhumaṅgala attempted to leave, but the others would not allow him to go)

cilli koṇa dhuvanena mukundaḥ svīya pakṣa gamitā eva sabhyāḥ
prāha paśya mayaiva jitānām apy ati prakharataṁ capalānām (24)

With a wink of His eyebrows Kṛṣṇa got the support from the assembled *sakhīs* and falsely spoke: "O assembly! I've defeated these whimsical young girls, but just see their harshness!"

yady ajeṣyad abalā-tatir eṣā kiṁ vyadhasyad iti boddhum anīśaḥ
vismito'smy atha jagāda viśākhā tvad bhruve mama iti prahasantī (25)
vairiṇī bhavati yā kula-dharma dhvaṁsikāpi suhṛd ālir ivādya
tad vaco'py anṛtayanty udagan no dhinvatī sadasi kuñcita koṇā (26)

The assembled *gopīs* said: "O Kṛṣṇa, if You win, then why didn't You say anything when the *gopīs* attacked Madhumaṅgala?" Kṛṣṇa said: "I was astonished and stified, wondering what would happen if such bold losers would win!" Viśākhā (laughed and) said: "I offer my obeisances unto Your eyebrows and Your crooked glances that are like women that became our enemies by ruining our chastity! (and that won the support of the whole assembly). Now they are demonstrating the falsity of Your words, becoming our *sakhīs* and making us happy, though!"

dehi kaustubham iti sphuṭa nāndī
vākyato madhubhidi trāpamāṇe
kundavally amum aghāntaka
kaṇṭhād rādhikorasi dadhau smayamānā (27)

Nāndīmukhī (who was Kṛṣṇa's referee) said: "(This time You've really been defeated, so) Give us Your Kaustubha-gem, Madhubhidi!", (this embarrassed Kṛṣṇa) and smiling Kundavallī took it from Aghāntaka's (Kṛṣṇa's) chest and hung it on Śrī Rādhikā's chest.

kṛṣṇa paśya kuca madhyagataṁ svaṁ bimbitaṁ maṇi-vare vilasantam
hanta yat tvam adadhāḥ sa idānīṁ tvādadhāti maṇi-rāṭ praṇayena (28)

(Then Kṛṣṇa's reflection fell in the Kaustubha-gem on Rādhikā's chest, because He faced Her during the dice-game, so Kundalatā said:) "O Kṛṣṇa! How beautifully You are reflected between Rādhikā's breasts! Out of great love, this king of jewels, that You always kept on Your own chest, now keeps You on the breasts of Your beloved!"

dhanya dhanya suṣamā-maya kṛṣṇas tvaṁ
tavāsmi mahasāṁ pratibimba
yatra rājasi mamātra tu vāñchaivaitum
ity agabhṛd unna dṛg āsīt (29)

While tears rolled from His eyes, Giridhārī (who had become totally enchanted) told His own reflection: "Blessed, O blessed You are, Pratibimba (reflection)! You are the all-beautiful Kṛṣṇa, I'm simply Your reflection! I always desire to be where you are now, between Śrī Rādhikā's breasts!"

rādhikāpy arama vāñchita vaktrā vīkṣya bhānty amimātma kucāntaḥ
kañcukaṁ hriyam api dviṣatī sānanda-jāḍya jaladhau nimamajja (30)

Śrī Rādhikā, secretly and shyly seeing Kṛṣṇa's beloved face reflected on Her bosom, cursed Her blouse (from stopping His touch) and Her shyness (for stopping Her from looking at Him). She was immersed in an ocean of bliss and inertia.

khelataṁ rasa-nidhiṁ punar atrāśleṣa eva paṇa ity atha kaundyā
kaitave ghaṭita eva mukundas tāṁ jayan glaha parigraha cañcuḥ (31)
prāha garviṇi kathaṁ kuṭila-bhrūḥ sāmprataṁ bhavasi kuñcita gātrī
nyāyato'sy ayi jitā sukalāpi tvaṁ kim atra kṛpaṇā paṇa-dāne (32)

Kundalatā then said: "O Oceans of *rasa*, play again! This time put Your embraces at stake!" So They played again and Kṛṣṇa, who won by cheating, became eager to collect His prize. When Rādhikā resisted, Mukunda said: "O proud girl! Why do You frown Your eyebrows and contract Your body? I have won by proper means! Although You are *sukalā*, or naturally generous, You have become such a miser now!"

cumbana glahaka devana evaṁ sā
vijitya yadi taṁ prajagalbhe
prāha sa-smita-mayaṁ nija gaṇḍaṁ
tan mukhābja nikaṭe nidadhānaḥ (33)
sva glahaṁ sakhi gṛhāṇa jito'haṁ
yat tvayātra sadasīti tataḥ sā
svāḥ sakhīḥ smita-mukhīr abhivīkṣyai
vāñchalena pidadhe hasadāsyaṁ (34)

After Kṛṣṇa collected His prize They played again, putting kisses at stake. This time Rādhikā won, showing great impudence. Kṛṣṇa smiled ~~(like a clown)~~ and kept His cheek close to Rādhikā's lotuslike face, saying: "*Sakhi*! I'm defeated in this assembly! Collect Your prize of kisses!" Hearing this, Śrī

Rādhikā and Her *sakhīs* looked at Him and (loudly) laughed, covering their mouths with their veils.

hāsya raṁhasi daropaśame sā prāha sāhasika nāham ajaiṣaṁ
om iti śrita balaḥ punar asyā eva gaṇḍam asakṛt sa cucumba (35)

When the laughter calmed down somewhat, Śrī Rādhikā said: "O brave boy! I did not defeat You!" Then Kṛṣṇa said: "(Then if You with Your own words accept My victory, then) So be it (accept My wager)!" and repeatedly kissed Her cheeks by force.

satyam īdṛśa paṇaṁ nidiśantī devanaṁ tvam ayi devara bandhuḥ
kaundi māṁ hasasi tat tvam idānīṁ khelanāham iti sā viratābhūt (36)

(Śrī Rādhikā angrily told laughing Kundalatā:) "O Kaundi, darling of your cousin-in-law! After ascertaining this dirty prize you are laughing! Why don't **you** play with Kṛṣṇa (for such stakes)?" and stopped playing.

āli veṇu mahatī paṇa juṣṭām akṣa-kelim adhunā racayitvā
jitvarī bhava tayeti nidiṣṭā dīvyati sma punar āyata-netrā (37)

Wide-eyed Kundalatā said (sweetly): "*Sakhi*! (No more need to play for such stakes!) Now play for Kṛṣṇa's flute and Your Vīṇā! This time You will win this dicegame!"

tatra saiva jitavaty avadat taṁ
dehi veṇum iti taṁ sa vicinvan
tunda-bandham anupāṇi vimarśair
nāpnuvann atha sakhāyam apṛcchat (38)

Then Rādhikā indeed won, so She said: "O Kṛṣṇa, give Me Your flute!" Kṛṣṇa felt in His sash, but He could not find the flute anymore, so He asked Madhumaṅgala: "O friend, where's My flute?"

kvāham asmi ciram atra vanānte tvaṁ
kva paryaṭana kautuka mattaḥ
dyūta pāna vanitāsu viṣaktaḥ kva
tvam asmi tanumān kva nu dharmaḥ (39)
kaustubhas tu gata eva ya āsīd
veṇur eva tava mohanam astraṁ
so'py agād upaviśann atha rī-rī
gītam ātanu mukhena sukhena (40)

Madhumaṅgala said: "Where am I, a wanderer of the forest for so long, and where are You, roaming around here like mad, just for fun? Where am I, ~~religion~~ dharma personified, and where are You, attached to gambling, drinking and women? Your Kaustubha-gem is already lost, now You also lost Your enchanting weapon, the flute! Now You can blissfully sing the *rī-rī* song[2] with Your mouth, wherever You go!"

ārya sādhu bhaṇitaṁ gata veṇuḥ kena karṣata vanaṁ prati rāmāḥ
yāpayiṣyati kathaṁ bata yāmāneṣa saṅkaṭam idaṁ tava cābhūt (41)

Lalitā said: "O noble Madhumaṅgala, well spoken! Now that the flute of your friend is gone, how will He attract the *gopīs* into the forest, and how will He pass the time? You're in big trouble (for He will ask you to take over the task of the flute and bring the *gopīs* to Him yourself. That's a lot of work of coming and going for you)!"

kiṁ bravīṣi lalite tvam ihaikā premavaty asi kṛpālur ato me
saṅkaṭaṁ tad apaneṣyasi dhanyety asmayanta sudṛśo baṭu vākyāt (42)

Madhumaṅgala said: "What do you say Lalite? You alone have love for Kṛṣṇa and you alone are merciful to me! O blessed one! You will have to solve this poor *brāhmaṇa*'s problem (by going to Kṛṣṇa yourself, so that I don't have to run around looking for *gopīs* for my friend to enjoy)!" Hearing this, the beautiful-eyed *gopīs* laughed.

tvaṁ yayā dvija vṛto'syayi durgā
datta divya bali-bhuk sva purodhāḥ
sad tvad ūḍha tanur eṣyati padmā
sakhyarur davayitā tava sakhyuḥ (43)

(Lalitā angrily said:) "O twiceborn one! She who accepts you as priest and gives you the divine remnants of offerings to Durgā, that Candrāvalī, the friend of Padmā, mounts your shoulders and comes into this *kuñja* to relieve the erotic affliction of your friend Kṛṣṇa!"

muñca hāsyam idam uddiśa vaṁśīṁ
kṛṣṇa vedmi na gatir lalite tvaṁ
tvat sakhī kim aharan nahi viṣṇuḥ
kāpi nātra para-vastu jihīrṣu (44)
sa cyutā mama hṛtaiva bhavatyā
dola-kelim anu tundapaṭād vā
mādhavārka śapathaḥ sakhi pāne
sīdhunaḥ kim u śape'cyuta viṣṇoḥ (45)
kaccid ambu-yudhi vā nahi nahy
evāmbujekṣaṇa tad eva hi divyaṁ
tarhi me kva nu gatā bata vaṁśī-kautukaṁ
kim iha paśyatha sabhyāḥ (46)

(Hearing these joking words, enveloped in anger) Kṛṣṇa said: "Lalite, stop joking and tell Me where My flute is!" Lalita said: "I don't know." Kṛṣṇa said: "Lalite, you are My shelter! Did your friend Rādhikā steal it?" Lalita: "Viṣṇu!! No one of us steals other men's property!" Kṛṣṇa: "Then did you take My Muralī when it fell from My sash while We were swinging?" Lalitā: "O Mādhava! I swear on the sun that I did not take it!" Kṛṣṇa: "Then did you steal it while We were drunk?" Lalita: "O Acyuta! I swear on Lord Viṣṇu that I did not take it!" Kṛṣṇa: "Then did you take it while We played in the water?" Lalitā: "O lotuseyed One! I swear You I did not take Your flute!" Kṛṣṇa: "Then where has it gone?" Lalitā said: "O assembled *sakhīs*! Behold this fun (how Kṛṣṇa begs for His flute, and how He accuses us of stealing His flute while He Himself lost it!)"

dātum apratham aho glaham eṣā tvāṁ
nibadhya bhuja vallari-pāśaiḥ
yadyiyāsati manoja nṛpāgre kātra
yuktir iti kundalatoce (47)

Kundalatā said: "O cousin! You lost Your flute during the dicegame! If You cannot pay Your prize now, Rādhikā will bind You up with the ropes of Her vine-like arms and bring You to king Cupid! What argument do You have against that?"

hanta kiṁ vraja purandara sūnoḥ kaṣṭam etad avalokitum īśe
kṣamyatāṁ tad athavā paṇa hetoḥ pīna celam urarīkuru rādhe (48)

Nāndīmukhī (laughed and) said: "Rādhe! Aho! If You bind the son of the king of Vraja with these ropes, we cannot bear to see His suffering! So please spare us and just take His yellow scarf (as Your wager)!"

mādhavo'vadad aye samadhīta jyotiṣāgama sakhe gaṇayāsāṁ
kā jahāra muralīm atha kiñcid bhāvayan sa laliteti jagāda (49)

Mādhava told Madhumaṅgala: "Friend! You have studied astrology, so look in your charts to see who took My Muralī?" After a short contemplation, Madhumaṅgala said: "Kṛṣṇa, Lalitā took it!"

nāham asmi kuṭileti vadantīm āha
tāṁ giridharo rasanāṁ svāṁ
kañcukīṁ kaca-tatiṁ ca vimukta
granthim īkṣaya na cen mama kābhīḥ (50)

Lalitā said: "O crooked *brāhmaṇa*! I didn't do it!" Then Giridhārī said: "OK! Then open your blouse, (your girdle) and your braid and let Me see, otherwise what fear would I have (to look for it Myself)?"

sā kradhā bahu dudhāva nicolaṁ drāg athātta cikura harir asyāḥ
kañcukīṁ karadhuto'pi nakhair dyan locaneṅgita vidaty ajadenāṁ (51)
rādhikām atha tathaiva viśākhāṁ tat tad akṣi-taṭa dhūnananunnaḥ
sa vyakarṣad aparā api cakre na kṣaṇās truṭita kañculikāḥ kiṁ (52)

When Lalitā heard this threat her garments shook and Hari came up to her, held her braid and opened her blouse with His nails, which made her wink at Him towards Rādhikā. Thinking that Rādhikā had the flute, Hari then went to Her, but Rādhikā winked towards Viśākhā. Then, coming to Viśākhā, she again hinted at Him towards other *sakhīs*. Which *gopī*'s blouse was not ripped open in this way?

tāvad etya vanadevy atha kācit prāha sūrya-sadane jaṭilāgāt
tās tato nikhila keli mudasya trasta netram agurantikam asyāḥ (53)

Then one forestgoddess came and said: "Jaṭilā has arrived in the Sūrya-temple!" Hearing this, the *gopīs* at once gave up their blissful sports and went to see Jaṭilā with fearful eyes.

kiṁ snuṣe kva nu vilambam akārṣīḥ
snātum adya yad agāṁ sura-nadyām
kiṁ nu kundalatikām iha vīkṣe sā
gatā mama purohita hetoḥ (54)
naiti kiṁ ciram iyaṁ kalayārād
āgatāṁ saha purodhasam enām
vipra veśadhara kṛṣṇa sametā sā
gatātha nijagāda ca vṛddhām (55)
nādya ko'pi cira mārgaṇato'pi

prāpyate dvija sūto nija goṣṭhe
kintv ayaṁ madhupurī bhava āgād
atra garga kalitākhila vidyaḥ (56)
enam eva bahu varṇinam atra stauti
paṇḍita-tatir matimantam
tan mayāgraha śatair iha nītaṁ taṁ
purohitatayā vṛṇu vadhvāḥ (57)

Seeing Śrī Rādhikā, Jaṭilā asked Her: "O daughter, why are You so late?" Śrī Rādhikā said: "We went to bathe in the (sacred waters of the) Mānasa Gaṅgā!" Jaṭilā: "Why don't I see Kundalatā here?" Rādhikā: "She went to get My priest!" Jaṭilā: "Why didn't she come here all this time?" Rādhikā: "Look, there she comes with the priest!" Then Kundalata came with Kṛṣṇa, who was dressed as a *brāhmaṇa* boy and told Jaṭilā: "Today I could'nt find a *brāhmaṇa*-boy anywhere in Vraja, even after a long search! But now I've found this disciple of Garga Muni from Mathurā, who knows all sciences! Even the scholars and the intellectuals praise this boy as the best of *brahmacārīs* (*bahu-varṇī* = *brahmacārī*, *brāhmaṇa,* or *yogī*, or God, who appears in many colours, like Rāma (grassgreen) and Kapila in reddish ~~white~~). Very eagerly I've brought Him here! Please accept Him as the priest for Your daughter-in-law!"

taṁ jaraty avadad adya kṛtarthaivābhavaṁ
bhavad avekṣaṇa mātrāt
vipra-varya paripūrita kāmāṁ
mad vadhūṁ kuru samarcaya mitram (58)

Jaṭilā told the priest (Kṛṣṇa): "O best of *brāhmaṇas*! Simply on seeing You I feel blessed today! Please engage my daughter-in-law in worshipping the sungod, then all my desires will be fulfilled!"

dhīratārā nayanaḥ sitavāsā darbha sambalita pustaka pāṇiḥ
sāma gāna madhura svara kaṇṭho mūrtimān sa ihaiṣa tadoce (59)
varṇino yad api nocitam eva strī vilokanam athāpy ati sādhvīm
kāraye stṛta tanūm iha kāma prāṁśumad yajanam adya tu vṛddhe (60)

Kṛṣṇa, who wore the white robe of a *brāhmaṇa*-priest, who kept a book and Darbha-grass in His hands, whose eyepupils were peaceful and whose sweet voice could embody the songs of the Sāma Veda, told Jaṭilā: "O Old one! Although it is improper for a *brahmacārī* to look at women, I will nevertheless help your very chaste daughter-in-law, whose body is covered with garments, to worship the sun (or Me), who fulfills all desires (as I always fulfill all Her lusty desires)!"

svasti-vācana puraḥ sarametāṁ
pūjayann atha jagāda natākṣīṁ
vāsarenavara sādara sevā-cāryam
atra vṛṇu māṁ dhinu mitraṁ (61)
tvaṁ smarārcana vidhur upacārān
aharanty alaghu toṣaya bhāvaiḥ
vacmi mantram aham oṁ jaya sarva
vyāpakeśvara jagad-dhitakārin (62)
bhāskarekṣaṇa tamo-nuda śaśvat
padminī-gaṇa vikāśaka bhāno
dharma-dāya paramārtha savitre
kāma-dāya mahase'stu namas te (63)

Kṛṣṇa pronounced a blessing and told shy, lowered-eyed Rādhikā: "O chaste Girl! Accept Me as the performer of the service of the Lord of the day, the sun, Mitra (Your friend, Me)[3]. Now collect Your paraphernalia and remember Mitra, pleasing him tremendously. I will pronounce the *mantra 'om jaya sarva vyāpakeśvara'* (glory to the allpervading Lord) *jagaddhitakārin* (the benefactor of the world) *bhaskara* (the Radiant One) *īkṣaṇa tamonuda* (the sun, destroyer of the eyes' darkness, or Kṛṣṇa, who delights the *gopīs*' eyes with His delectable beauty) *śaśvat padminī-gaṇa vikāśaka* (the sun, who always causes the lotus-flowers to blossom, or Kṛṣṇa, who causes the lotuslike *gopīs* to blossom) *bhāno dharmadāya* (O sun, who grants religious merit, or Kṛṣṇa, who destroys all religious principles) *paramārtha savitre* (O transcendental sun, or Kṛṣṇa, the giver of the highest goal, which is sexual satisfaction) *kāma-dāya* (fulfiller of desires) *mahase astu namas te* (all obeisances unto you, O great One!) (These words can equally apply to Kṛṣṇa or to the sungod)."

(rādhikā bandhūka-kusumāñjaliṁ kṣipati)
patyur astu kṛpayā tava bhāsvad yāgato'yuta gavāptir amuṣyāḥ
kalpatān avarataṁ ciram āyur vṛddhir ity amum ayācata vṛddhā (64)

(Śrī Rādhikā threw a handful of Bandhūlī-flowers at the deity of the sungod under the guidance of Rasamaya Kṛṣṇa and) Jaṭilā said: "O best of *brāhmaṇas*! May Śrī Rādhā's husband, my dearmost son Abhimanyu, by Your grace, gain millions of cows![4] May he live long and free from disease! I pray for this boon for You!"

evam astv iti vadaty aghśatrāv atya tatra madhumaṅgala ūce
sūrya sūktam aham eva paṭhāmīty akṣipad dṛśam aśeṣa nivedye (65)
mūrkha lampaṭa-sakha tvam ihāgaḥ kiṁ baṭuḥ prati dina punar eṣaḥ
pūjyayiṣyati vadhūm ati saumyaḥ śyāma ity avadadaj jaratī tam (66)

Aghaśatru (Kṛṣṇa) said: "So be it" and Madhumangala said: "I will recite prayers to the sungod", while his eyes fell on the ample foodofferings. But Jaṭilā said: "You fool, friend of a debauchee! What are you doing here? This charming bluish boy will do the *pūjā* for my daughter-in-law every day from now on!"

pūrṇatāṁ yadi jagāma maheṣṭir dakṣiṇām iyam adatta suvarṇam
nāgrahīd ayam athaitya baṭus tan nītavān atha niveditamāda (67)

At the end of the *pūjā* Jaṭilā gave gold in charity, but Hari did not accept it, so Madhumaṅgala took the gold and ate the food.

sāmpratam̐ śṛṇu satī-kula-varye bhāsvate nama itīha paṭhantī
utthitā kṛta parikramaṇā tvam̐ kṣauṇi lagna śirasā praṇamāmūm (68)

Kṛṣṇa told Rādhikā: "Listen now, O most chaste girl! Just say *bhāsvate namaḥ* (honour to the Effulgent One), do *parikramā* and offer your obeisances with your head on the ground!"

sā tathā vidadhatī tad udañcat pāṭavāmṛta rasārpita cittā
veṇitaṣ ṭhaṇad iti kṣiti-pṛṣṭhe no viveda muralīm̐ nipatantī (69)

Śrī Rādhikā did so, Her heart dedicated to Hari's ambrosial cleverness. But while She offered Her obeisances, Kṛṣṇa's flute fell out of Her braid on the ground, making a sound like '*ṭhanat*!'. But She didn't realize it.

kim̐ kim etad iti tām̐ jaratī drāg
ādade'tha paricitya dhutāsyā
hum̐ hum ity aruṇa dṛṣṭir atarjad
garjad udyad uragīva mṛgākṣīm̐ (70)

(When the jewelled Muralī hit the ground, Jaṭilā said:) "What is this, what is this?!", quickly picked up the flute and (recognizing it) shouted '*hum̐! hum̐*!' with reddish eyes of anger, chastising doe-eyed (*mṛgākṣī*) Rādhikā like a female snake.

śailasānugatayā patayālu vam̐śikā dhruvam alambhi mayārye
duḥka deyam iti sūra-sutāyām̐ kṣepaṇāya kalitā kim u kupye (71)

Śrī Rādhikā said: "Arye! Today this flute just fell from the slope of Govardhana Hill! That's where I got it from! Because it gives me so much trouble I wanted to throw it into the Yamunā! Why are you so angry?"

hā kalaṅkiṇi duranvaya-jāte mā pratārayasi nityam idānīṁ
vṛddha saṁsadi nivedya yate tvat kāmukasya tava cāpy ucitāya (72)

Jaṭilā (became even more angry when she heard this and) said: "O polluted, lowborn girl! You're always trying to cheat me like this! I will tell the assembly of elderly *gopīs* about You (showing them this flute) and we will consider a suitable punishment for You and that lusty boy (Kṛṣṇa)!"

kiṁ nidānakam idaṁ bahu roṣa krośanaṁ tava vadhūṁ prati vṛddhe
aprasaṅga-vidam arhati vaktuṁ ced vadākhila hita śrayiṇaṁ māṁ (73)

Brāhmaṇa-disguised Kṛṣṇa told Jaṭilā: "O old lady! Why are you angrily shouting at your daughter-in-law, I don't understand! I'm your benefactor, so tell Me everything frankly, even if it embarrassing!"

arya vipra tanaya vraja-rājaṁ vetsi huṁ sa tu pure'pi yaśasvī
tasya ko'py ajani sūnur ayaṁ ca śrūyate'gha baka keśi nihantā (74)
tasya kañcana guṇaṁ śṛṇu sādhvī kāpi nāma dhṛtaye'py adhi-goṣṭhaṁ
na sthitā yata iyam tu vadhūṭī kevalāsti na ca vedmy atha kiṁ syāt (75)
seyam asya muralī punar asyā eṣa gāna miṣa mohana mantraiḥ
ānayan kulavatīr vanam oṁ śrī viṣṇave nama iti prakareti (76)

Jaṭilā said: "O Arya! O son of a *brāhmaṇa*! Do you know the king of Vraja?" Kṛṣṇa said: "Yes, he is famous even in Mathurā Purī (who does not know him?)!" Jaṭilā: "He has one son...." Kṛṣṇa: "Yes, He has killed Aghāsura, Bakāsura and Keśī! I have heard of Him (He is famous even in Mathurā)!" Jaṭilā: "Listen, He has the tendency to wreck the *gopīs*' name (reputation or chastity). There's no one except my daughter-in-law who managed to remain pure, but I don't know how long I can maintain that. He attracts them with the enchanting songs of His flute into the forest, where He....(becomes too embarrassed, bites her tongue and folds her hands, saying) *oṁ śrī viṣṇave namaḥ*!"

tad girā smita virājita vaktro
vyājahāra muralī kila kīdṛk
dehi mahyam iti sa svakare'dhāt tām
anīkṣita-carīm iva paśyan (77)
ārya kārya-viduṣo'sti tavecchā
ced imāṁ maṇimayīṁ naya dattāṁ
yātv iyaṁ vraja-vanān madhu-
puryyām atra tiṣṭhatu satī kula-dharmaḥ (78)
ādiśya tvam adhunā nija gehaṁ
sasruṣā drutamaye samaye tvaṁ
nityam ehi dhinu nas tava bhaktā
mad vadhūm anugṛhāṇa guṇābdhe (79)

Hearing Jaṭilā's words, Kṛṣṇa smiled and said: "Really? What is this flute like? Give it to Me!", took it in His hand and looked at it as if He had never seen it before. Jaṭilā said: "Arya! O Expert One (in collecting things)! If You like You can take this jewelled flute with You, out of Vraja, to Mathurā! Let the chaste girls here be fixed in their family duties! Now if You will allow me, I will quickly return to my home with my daughter-in-law. O Ocean of qualities! Please come here every day to do *sūrya pūjā* for us! Be kind to your devotee (me) and her daughter-in- law!"

ity aghāri caritāmṛta vallyāḥ
santataṁ trijagati pracarantyāḥ
madhya-vāsara vikāsy uru-kelī
puṣpa-vṛndam adhi-goṣṭham acaiṣaṁ (80)
prītir eva sudṛśāṁ kusumāni v
yasya tāni madano'kṛta bāṇāt
te ca marma-bhida eva sadāsāṁ tac
.ca śarma-bharitaṁ priya yoge (81)

In this way, the nectar-vine of Aghārī's pastimes, that pervades the three worlds, blossoms in Vraja at midday. I have picked its flowers that are very dear to the fair-eyed *gopīs* and that Cupid uses to make arrows that pierce their hearts. Anyone who is pierced like that becomes happy in Kṛṣṇa's company!

iti harim abhivandya svālayaṁ sāli-vadhvā
sa samagamad amandotkaṇṭhayā yarhi vṛddhā
priya-sakha dhṛta pāṇiḥ so'pi tat pṛṣṭha-vartma
prahita nayana āpa svān sakhīn vakṣato gāḥ (82)

After Jaṭilā honoured Hari, who was clad as a *brāhmaṇa*-boy, she eagerly went home with Rādhikā and Her *sakhīs*. Kṛṣṇa also went ~~home,~~ back to cowherdboys holding hands with His dear friends, occasionally looking behind Him to see Śrī Rādhikā, until He had returned to His cows and cowherdboyfriends.

Thus ends the fifteenth chapter of Śrīla Viśvanātha Cakravartī's "Kṛṣṇa Bhāvanāmṛta Mahākāvya", dealing with Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's dice game and worship of the sungod.

THUS ENDS MADHYĀNA-LĪLĀ

[1] This verse can also have a very intimate meaning. Kṛṣṇa may also mean to say: "Where is there any possibility of You becoming victorious in the love-game, particularly the *viparīta krīḍā*, or reverse pastimes, in which You accept the masculine role, when You always lose *(patita)* conciousness *(vitti)*, or pass out? You are simply joking when You pray to Me *daśa daśa*, or 'bite Me! bite Me'!"

[2] A tune always sung by cowherdboys.

[3] *vāsara* = day and *inavara* = the sun, since sunday is the best day of the week. The word can also be separated as follows: *vāsare* = in the day and *nara-vara* = the best of men, or Śrī Kṛṣṇa.

[4] Or: "May Śrī Rādhikā experience millions of kinds of sensual pleasure from You, Who are Her real husband!"

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Aparāhna-līlā

Afternoon Pastimes - 15.36 - 18.00 p.m

atha premṇaḥ sthemany api samajani stherya rahitā
priyā preyasy akṣnor amala kamala dvandva mahaso
taṭāt svasyāvāsāt pravasati vidūre davathavo
balād ākramyāsyā hṛdaya nagarīṁ bhettum aviśan (1)

Although She was fixed in Her love for Her dearest Kṛṣṇa, Śrī Rādhikā lost Her patience when He vanished from the corners of Her eyes, that were like His abode (as She always looks at Him, His reflection dwells in Her eyes) and looked like spotless lotusflowers. Then afflictions like sorrow forcibly attacked the city of Her heart, entering it to break it.

sakhī-saṅghāśvāsauṣadham api nirojo vidadhatīṁ
dadhānā sva prāṇa-priya virahajāṁ saṁjvara-rujam
kṣaṇārddhaṁ kalpānāṁ śata mamanuteyaṁ guru gṛhaṁ
nirambhaskaṁ kūpaṁ hriyam aśanijaṁ jāla paṭalam (2)

As She was afflicted by the disease of separation from Her Prāṇapriya, Her *sakhīs* tried to cure Her with the medicine of their consoling words, but all was futile. Śrī Rādhikā experienced a second to last like a millennium, Her parental home to be like a waterless well and Her shame to be as hard as a network of thunderbolts.

tad ālīnāṁ pālyā samucita saparyyākula dhiyāṁ
dravaiḥ paunaḥ puṇyān malayaja-bhavai lipta vapuṣaḥ
stṛtāyāś cābhīkṣṇaṁ visa kisalayaiḥ saindhava-rasaiḥ
samīpe'syāḥ prāyāt praṇaya vikalā candanakalā (3)

Although Her *sakhīs* served Her with anxious hearts as was proper by repeatedly anointing Her body with sandalpaste, lotuspollen and camphor, the heat of Her afflicted body (that burned in the fire of separation from Hari) made these substances dry up (at once) and then they had to apply them again. Just then Candanakalā, one *sakhī* who was excited by divine love, came before Her.

kuto vṛndāranyāt katham idam āga goṣṭha mahiṣī
nideśāt kasmāt sa tvaritam aśanīyopahṛtaye
sutasyāsyāḥ kiṁ samprati sa kurute kanduka-tatir
vyati kṣipagrāhottara vividha khelāṁ savayasā (4)

The *sakhīs* asked her: "Where do you come from?" Candanakalā said: "From Vṛndāvana!" *Sakhīs*: "What for?" Candanakalā: "On the order of Queen Yaśodā!" *Sakhīs*: "What was that order?" Candanakalā: "To engage Rādhikā in quickly cooking something for Kṛṣṇa and to bring it to her!" *Sakhīs*: "What is Kṛṣṇa doing now?" Candanakalā: "He's playing different ballgames with His friends."

are kiṁ śrīdāman vadasi mama dor-argala balat
taṭī loṭhi-ghaṭṭa praghaṭana nipiṣṭākhila tano
viramyājer nāmno'py apasara mad āḍambabalava
sphuṭat karṇo'bhyarṇād yadi sapadi śaṁ vāñchasi bhṛśam (5)

(While playing ball Śrīdāma spoke proudly to Kṛṣṇa, so Kṛṣṇa told him:) "A-re Śrīdāman! What are you saying? Don't you remember that the stories of my glories bust open your ears and that I almost crushed your whole body with My bolt-like arms, wielding a rod? If you desire your own welfare, then you should get out right after hearing the word 'arm fight'!"

jayaśrīḥ śrīdāmni prathita mahasāṁ dhāmni sahasā
vyarājīd rājiṣyaty avakalaya rājaty api sadā
tavaivaṁsaḥ sākṣī bhavati tad api tvaṁ bhajasi
kiṁ mukhāṭopī kopī sva mahima vilopī capalatām (6)
bakīṁ mantrair viprā nidhanam anayat yaḥ punar aghas
tad antaras tvaṁ sarve vayam api na kiṁ hanta yayima
bakaḥ kair vā gaṇyo girir api tad eṣṭaḥ svayam aho
viyaty asthādastaujasi bhavati garvaḥ katham abhūt (7)

Śrīdāma said: "Śrīdāma, who is famous as the abode of power, has been victorious, is victorious and will remain victorious, that can be seen on Your shoulders (Śrīdāma sat there after defeating Kṛṣṇa in a game, see Śrīmad Bhāgavata 10.18.24), but You still diminish Your own glories by showing Your restlessness with Your angry and proud face? You're so proud of killing all these demons, but for no reason, because the *brāhmaṇas* killed Pūtanā with their *mantras*, and did You enter Aghāsura's belly alone, or what? Who will even count Bakāsura? And if You say: "I lifted Govardhana Hill, then I'll say it went up in the air by itself, being pleased with our Govardhana *pūjā* (You only had to stand under it, touching the bottom with Your hand)! Why are You so proud?"

sa itthaṁ tat prāṇārbuda niyuta nirmañcha kiraṇau
raṇotsāhaṁ sāhaṅkrti bhaṇita pīyūṣa pṛṣataiḥ
samaṁ mitrair dvi trair upasarid amandaṁ vipulayana
kṣaṇaṁ ninye mūrta praṇayasya eva praṇayibhiḥ (8)

"O *sakhīs*!", Candana-kalā said, "In this way Kṛṣṇa became very enthusiastic to fight with His friends, who worshipped His splendid rays with millions of hearts by sprinkling Him with the nectardrops of their proud words. Being love personified, He spent some time with two or three of these friends on the bank of the Yamunā."

iti preṣṭhodantāmṛta sariti tat prāṇa-śapharī
rarakṣeyaṁ kṣiptvā prathamam upakaṇṭhe viluṭhatīḥ
suta sneha klinnā vrajapati gṛhiṇyā abhimate
pravṛttāṁ cakretām atha dhṛta mudaṁ modaka vidhau (9)

In this way (compassionate) Candana-kalā saved Śrī Rādhikā's life by throwing Her flapping fish-like heart (that was about to suffocate) from the dry land of separation from Her Priyatama back into the nectar river of Kṛṣṇa-consciousness by telling Her stories about Him. Then she told Rādhikā that Queen Yaśodā, whose heart was moistened by affection for her son Kṛṣṇa, had ordered Her to make sweetballs for Him.

tataḥ snāta carcāṁśuka tilaka līlāmbujam akaryy-
alakta srag veṇī pratisara-vataṁsāñjana-vatī
nasi śrīman muktā cibuka dhṛta binduḥ kusuma-yukkva
cā tāmbūlasya ṣaḍ-adhika daśākalpa madhurā (10)
śiro-ratna graiveyaka padaka keyūra rasanā
śalākā tāṭaṅkojjvala balaya hārorjita ruciḥ
raṇan mañjīra śrīḥ kara pada-dalormicha vimatī
virejo śrī rādhādy adhika daśa ratnābharaṇinī (11)

(After cooking these sweets) Śrī Rādhikā was ornamented with Her sixteen sweet *ākalpa-* ornaments, such as 1. a bath 2. garments 3. ordure of sandalpaste 4. *tilaka* 5. Her playlotus 6. Makarī-pictures on the cheeks 7. red lac on the footsoles 8. a garland around the neck 9. Her braid 10. *pratisara*-amulet (named Pahuci in Vraja) 11. ear-ornaments 12. eyeliner 13. pearl hung under the nose 14. muskdrop on Her chin 15. flowers for the hair and 16. betelleaves, and the twelve *ābharana*-ornaments, namely 1. diadem 2. Graiveyaka-neck-ornament 3. anklets 4. Keyūra-armlets 5. sash with bells 6. hoop-earrings (fixed behind the ears)

7. regular earrings 8. bangles 9. necklaces 10. anklebells 11. finger-rings and 12. toerings.

ayaṁ yāmo yāmo bhavati divasāntaḥ katham imaṁ
nayāmo yo'śāmyan nahi yuga sahasrair api gataiḥ
vidhātrā kiṁ sṛṣṭau mama hṛdaya kulmāṣa dalana
pravṛttenaivāsau kaṭhina-tara loṭhaḥ śaṭha dhiyā (12)
iti klidyan netrāṁ vidhura vadanāṁ maṁkṣu lalitā
samārohya kṣaumaṁ nyagad adagad aṅkāra caritā
tvam uttīrṇa rādhe kaṭutaram abhūḥ kheda jaladhiṁ
diśaṁ paśya prācīṁ viśati sakhi godhūlir adhunā (13)
na godhūlir bhadre anubhava bhavatīdaṁ dṛśaṁ
tṛptāṁ dūrād viśati kim avādīḥ sakhi diśam
yad etat kaṇṭhān me śamita davathu prāṇapagān
hṛdāninye manye tad ayi mṛta sañjivanam idam (14)

(After being thus ornamented, Śrī Rādhikā eagerly told Her *sakhīs*:) "This afternoon seems to last like a thousand millennia and still the day is not over yet! This deceitful Creator made ~~this~~ afternoon just like a very hard rod to thrash My oats-like heart!" Then She began to cry unending streams of tears and Her face wilted with sorrow. Lalitā (who was like a physician who could cure Śrī Rādhikā's disease of separation) then quickly found a remedy by bringing Rādhikā upon the watchtower, saying: "O Rādhe! Come out of the sour ocean of Your sorrow! Look at the dust thrown up by Kṛṣṇa's cows there in the east!" Śrī Rādhikā (drowned in an ocean of topmost bliss when She saw that cow-dust, knowing it to be Kṛṣṇa approaching, returning from His duty of cowherding and) said: "O auspicious friend! This is not dust, but camphor-powder to cool off My afflicted eyes, entering from afar! Or it is a medicine to revive My bird-like life airs, that had come up to my throat, bringing it back to My heart?

mad artham tvat preyo-vadana nalina sveda kaṇikā
haran śaityāmodī vipula karuṇaḥ prācya pavanaḥ
aho bhāgyaṁ spṛṣṭvā sapadi lalite jīvayati māṁ
jagat prāṇo nāmnā bhavati guṇato'py eṣa nitarām (15)

Just then, a cool breeze blew from the east, so Śrī Rādhikā (who was so sensitive out of love for Kṛṣṇa that She could feel this breeze carrying the sweat drops from Kṛṣṇa's body that gave Her a cooling sensation) said: "O Lalite! I'm very fortunate that this very merciful eastern wind that carries the sweat-drops from the lotus-face of Your beloved (Kṛṣṇa) is reviving Me! This wind is not only in name, but also with its qualities always the life-air of the world! (If this wind had not revived Me I would never have been able to see My Priyatama anymore)"

smaran māṁ dīnāṁ vraja tilaka sūnuḥ kim adhunā
purogāḥ kṛtvā gā drutataram upaiti praṇayavān
kathaṁ vāsya drautyaṁ bhavatu samadokṣālasa gateḥ
kathaṁ vā sphāratvaṁ tyajatu sa davīyān vanapathaḥ (16)

"O *sakhi*! Is the prince of Vraja, who is an ocean of love, remembering My miserable condition of separation from Him, quickly coming towards Me now, keeping His cows in front of Him? How can He move swiftly when His gait is naturally slow like that of a lusty bull? And how can He come closer while He's on the distant forest path? (O *sakhi*! Although the sight of this cow-dust has given Me hope to live again, I think that the life-airs are anyway going to leave the body of this unfortunate girl, because Kṛṣṇa-candra is moving too slowly to be here in time to save My life.)"

mukhābjaṁ vibhrāṇo vimala tilakaṁ vellad alakaṁ
raṇad bhṛṅga-stoma stuta tulasīkā srak parimalaḥ
śrita preṅkhat piñchāruṇa dara natoṣṇīṣa suṣamo
dhuvan vādhāṁ rādhe tvaritam adhunaivaiṣyati sa te (17)

(Seeing Śrī Rādhikā in such anxiety) Lalitā said: "O Rādhe! Why are You so sad? Your lover is almost here now! He wears spotless *tilaka* and has restless curly locks hanging over His forehead that is surrounded by humming bees. The fragrance of His Tulasī-garland pervades all directions and He is coming to destroy all Your sorrow with His slightly lowered crimson turban with a peacock feather stuck in it."

hihī piṅge dhūmre dhavali śabali śyeni hariṇī-
ty aho tat tad varṇa prathita maṇi-mālā japa paraḥ
asaṅkhyā 'apy evaṁ sapadi gaṇayann āhvayati gāḥ
sa kāntas tvan netra-jvara-bharam upaiṣyan śamayituṁ (18)

"Your heart's lover does *japa* of His cows' names according to their colours on a jewelled bead-string, calling them by name: 'Hee hee Piṅge! Dhūmre! Dhavali! Śabali! Śyeṇi! Hariṇi!' and counts them, although they are innumerable. In this way He comes here to soothe Your eyes, that are burning with the fever of separation from Him!"

ito vaṁśī-dhvānāt kalaya sakhi rādhe kalakalaṁ
vraje rāmārājer udita vitanor nija gamiṣoḥ
tad agre svārāme kusuma-miṣato yāmo jaratīṁ
pratāry ety utkaṇṭhā culukita dhṛtiḥ sā drutam agāt (19)

"O Rādhe! Listen to the sound of His flute, that attracts all the girls of Vraja out of their homes to go and see Him and that causes Cupid to arise in their hearts! Let's deceive our superiors and go to the garden to pick flowers!" So Rādhikā quickly followed Her *sakhīs* downstairs, Her patience being diminished by Her eagerness to see Kṛṣṇa.

tvayā dattenālaṁ śravaṇam anu-puṣpeṇa yad iha
svayaṁ dūrād vaṁśī nirasa vataṁso'lagad ayam
patāmi tvat pāde sakhi bakula-māle jahihi mām
ito gatvā kṛṣṇāmbuda ghana-rasaiḥ syāṁ śiśiratā (20)

priya snigdha śyāmāñjana rasa ito'gre vipinataḥ
samety etaṁ dhāsya nija nayanayoḥ saṁjvara haram
kim ānaiṣīr bhaṣmatvam idam ahahānajmi na dṛśā
vaneneti śyāmā tvaritam uparādhaṁ vanam agāt (21)

(Hearing Kṛṣṇa's flutesong, Śyāmala *sakhī,* who was being dressed and ornamented by her friend Bakulamālā, said:) "Sakhi Bakulamāle! You don't have to decorate my ears with flowers anymore! They are already decorated from afar by Kṛṣṇa's flute-song! Let me go, I fall at your feet! I will be cooled off only by the showers of the blue Kṛṣṇa-cloud! There's no more need for me to put blackish mascara around my eyes, because blue mascara-like Kṛṣṇa is coming from the forest to relieve their affliction. I will wear the ointment of His vision on my eyes instead of these ashes you're offering me!" Saying this, Śyāmalā threw off all of her ornaments and quickly came to see Śrī Rādhikā.

vilambaṁ no bhadre kuru jahihi candrāvali rujaṁ
na dhanye mantharyaḥ kalaya kamale yāva sadanāt
kathaṁ pāli klāmyasy upasara harer aṅga suṣamām
ṛte jīvetyālo vraja-mṛga-dṛśāṁ sambhramam adhuḥ (22)

(As Kṛṣṇa approached the village of Yāvaṭa) The *sakhīs* told the doe-eyed *gopī*-group-leaders *(yūtheśvarīs)*: "Bhadre! Don't delay! Candrāvali! Give up your sorrow and look at Kṛṣṇa! Dhanye! Give up your complacency! Kamale! Quickly come out of your house! Pāli! Why are you still feeling sad? Quickly come and be revived by the nectar (sight) of Hari's beautiful limbs!"

ito haṁvā haṁvā-dhvanibhir upagoṣṭhaṁ nija sutān
āhvayanti dhāvantir akhila surabhīr vīkṣya sahasā
balaḥ śrīdāmākhyaiḥ saha sahacaraiḥ satvara gatir
viṣādābdher ambāḥ prathamam udahārṣīt puri viśam (23)

(Seeing that Kṛṣṇa's meeting with His dear ones was imminent and wanting to facilitate Him) Balarāma, Śrīdāma and the other boys went ahead of Him to Nandīśvara with the cows, seeing that they were calling their calves with their mooing, and ran ahead to meet them. The boys (then quickly ran after them to keep them together and) thus entered Nandīśvara to lift their mothers out of the ocean of their sorrow.

itaḥ preṅkhat prānta pramada-madabhārānta sadṛśā
kṛśāṅgīr anaṅgīṣv ati rabhasa ghūrṇāsu vikiran
calad dāmārāmānupamaṁ sumanaḥ kanduka pari-
grahodvepa kṣepa pracita nava lāvaṇya jaladhi (24)

When Kṛṣṇa slowly entered the village (Yāvaṭa or Barsānā, according to the season) He threw the slender *gopīs* into a whirlpool of erotic bliss with His restless lazy, intoxicated glances. His flower-garland swung on His chest and He was playing ball with the *gopīs*' flowerball-like minds in which the ocean of His youthful elegance was swelling.

rucādhvānaṁ nīlotpala-vana-mayī kṛtya dṛg ali
vrajānāṁ kāntāler madhura rasa-satraṁ viracayan
vrajanmādam mandaṁ mukhara rasanā nūpuram alaṁ
cakāra śrī kṛṣṇaḥ priya sakha vṛto gokula bhuvam (25)

With His luster Kṛṣṇa made the roads look like forests of blooming blue lotus-flowers and the *gopīs*' bee-like eyes feasted on the sweet honey of these lotus-flowers, as if there was a sacrificial feast going on. Kṛṣṇa's ankle-bells jingled loudly as He slowly moved on into Gokula with His dear friends (enchanting the *gopīs*).

alaṁ hrī-dambhena prakaṭaya calad bhṛṅga vikasad
dṛg abjam devāgre paśupatir asāv eti varadaḥ
anenaitat pūjāṁ vitanu vitanu droha paṭala
praśantyai viddhīmaṁ kṣaṇam uśati rādheti śubhadam (26)

(Seeing Kṛṣṇa approaching Śrī Rādhikā's garden, Śyāmalā said:) "Sakhi! There's no more need to proudly hold on to your shame! O Rādhe! Varada (bestower of blessings) Paśupati (Śiva, or the cowherder Kṛṣṇa) has come! Look at Him with the bee-like pupils of Your lotus-like eyes! If You worship Paśupati like this, You will find relief from the onslaughts of His enemy Cupid! Such auspicious opportunities are rare!"

tvam evāmuṁ śyāme tvaritam upadhāva prakaṭita
dyutiṁ hṛdy ambho stavakam upanīyārhaṇa kṛte
muhūrte'smin kāmaṁ sumukhi yadi sampādayati te
maheśo'yaṁ majjāmy amṛta jaladhau tat svayam aham (27)

(Śrī Rādhikā replied:) "Śyāme! Quickly run there and worship this Maheśa by offering Him Your two soft lotus-buds (the breasts, that are like lotus-flowers growing out of your heart). O fairfaced One! If Your desires are fulfilled in a moment through this worship, I will be submerged in an ocean of nectar!"

mṛṣā mā tvaṁ vādīḥ kalaya lalite valli-paṭalīḥ
samutphullas tyaktvā madhukara-yuvā ghūrṇati kutaḥ
sakhi śyāme satyaṁ nyapatad atulāmoda sarito
bhramau yan mālatyas tad ayamita iṣṭe na calitum (28)

(Śyāmalā, an expert joker, said to Lalitā:) "Sakhi Lalite! Don't lie to me! Why did this young bee leave the blooming vines, and why is he dizzy?" Lalitā said: "Sakhi Śyāme! It's true, this young bee landed on the Mālatī-vine, that is like a matchless river of delicious fragrance, and cannot move anymore!"

yadetthaṁ saṁlāpaḥ praṇaya sarasī dhoraṇir iva
śrutī kṛṣṇasyārād aśiśirayad ānanda pṛṣataiḥ
tadā śrī rādhāsyaṁ madira dhṛta lāsyaṁ dara-dṛśor
avāpyāgraṁ tasya drutam adhilataṁ nihnutim agāt (29)

As the bliss-drops of Rādhikā's and Śyāmā's discussion cooled off Kṛṣṇa's ears (from afar) like a stream from a pond of love, Śrī Rādhikā's blossoming lotuslike face with Her dancing wagtailbird-like eyes hid in the blossoming vines again, after having once been seen by Kṛṣṇa's eyes.

pipāsārtau hā me dṛg anagha cakorāv iha sudhām
upetyaṁ ālakṣyonnata vitṛta cañcu abhavatām
are dhātar dhik tvāṁ balad agha yadābhyāṁ sapadi
tāṁ pradāyaivāhāṣīr iti hṛdi tadoce giridharaḥ (30)

Seeing this, Giridhārī anxiously thought: "Ahaha! The thirsty Cakora-bird of My eyes only stuck out its beak to drink the nectar of the rising moon (of Śrī Rādhikā's face)! A-re Creator! You big offender! Damn you for taking this nectar away again after first giving it to Me!"

vimuñca tvaṁ lajje kṣaṇam api dṛśaḥ koṇam api me
yathā te naivāsyaṁ sakṛḍ api vilihyām agharipo
prasīdānandābhra tvam api nahi rundhī mama tano
namas te māṁ mā kampaya caraṇayos te'smi patitā (31)

Śrī Rādhikā thought: "O Lajje (shame)! You don't have to leave My whole body, just leave the corners of My eyes for a while, so I can just once lick (the nectar of) Kṛṣṇa's face! O cloud of bliss! Be pleased with Me! Don't obstruct My vision! O Cupid! I fall at your feet! Don't make Me shiver anymore!"

iti premṇa procya svagatam ati dhārṣṭyaṁ punar idaṁ
kathaṁ kuryam itthaṁ vyamṛśad api yāvad varatanuḥ
vikṛṣyālyas tāvat paṭim abharato valli kuharād
upānīya preṣṭhānana cakita dṛṣṭiṁ vyadhur imām (32)
apāṅgābhyāṁ yūnor nabhasi yamunā dhātṛ-tanayā
rasair ekībhūtā sura-sarid utā citram udagāt
nimagnau yatraitad hṛdaya kariṇau drāg ubhayataḥ
pravāhāyām āstāṁ vikaca kamalālīkṣaṇa tatau (33)

tato nispandāṅgaṁ rasika mithunaṁ tat priya-suhṛd
agaṇo vartma-prāntād itara jana śaṅkākula manāḥ
vikṛṣyārāt tat tat pura saraṇimāṇīya rabhasāt
prabuddhaḥ pratyāśāsita hṛm ākarṣīt paṭimabhiḥ (34)

Then She repeatedly told Herself with love: "How will I be so bold to lift My eyes just once to look at Kṛṣṇa?" Just then Her *sakhīs* cleverly pulled at Her from a vine-*kuñja,* (saying: "O Rādhe! It's not proper for a married girl to stand here alone, come, let's go home!") bringing Her into Kṛṣṇa's sight. Śrī Rādhikā looked at Kṛṣṇa with anxious eyes. How amazing! As the red Sarasvatī-stream of Kṛṣṇa's glance (Kṛṣṇa's eyes are red) merged with the blue Yamunā-stream of Rādhikā's glance, they turned as white as the current of the Gaṅgā. The Triveṇī in which Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's elephant-like hearts thus united also caused the lotusflowers of the *gopīs'* eyes to blossom, that is also amazing! Thus the *rasika* pair Rādhā-Madhava became stunned on the road (as a result of seeing Each other), seeing which, Rādhikā's *sakhīs* anxiously took Her home and Kṛṣṇa's *sakhās* also took Kṛṣṇa home. These helpful friends consoled Them, promising Them that They could meet again after sundown, so that They would not faint of misery.

jananyā vātsalyaṁ tanumad iva pitroḥ kim asavo
bahiṣṭāḥ śrī kṛṣṇaḥ sva sadanam iyāyeti viduṣī
viśākhā prāhaiṣīt sapadi tulasī mañjarim atha
vrajeśvaryai dātum tad abhimata pīyūṣa baṭikāḥ (35)

Then Śrī Kṛṣṇa, who is the embodied object of parental affection and the external life of His father and mother, came home, seeing which Viśākhā sent Tulasī Mañjarī off to Queen Yaśodā with Kṛṣṇa's favorite nectar-pie.

balāt paṇiṁ nīvyām ahaha mama dhitsatyayamayaṁ
viśākhe tvaṁ vīthyāṁ kalayasi kim etat kutukinī

yad uccaiḥ krośantīm api na hi jahāty eṣa bata māṁ
satīnāṁ mūrddhanyāṁ tad iha kathayāryā drutam itaḥ (36)
pralapyaivaṁ rādhā dara vikasitākṣī samudita
klamā prāsvinnāṅgī-vitata davathur vepathumatī
tanūṁ vīkṣya svīyāṁ kusuma śayana nyasta suṣamāṁ
vilakṣālīr āha smara paribhavād gadgada girā (37)
kva me preyān vīthyāṁ cakara kim ahaṁ niṣkuṭa-bhavaṁ
kim etad veśmāho sakhi guru-pura-sthaṁ bhavati kim
iyaṁ sandhyā prātaḥ kim ajani kim aho svid abhavan
niśīthaḥ kiṁ nidrāmy ahaha kim u jagāmi vada tat (38)

(When Śrī Kṛṣṇa went out of sight as He returned home, Śrī Rādhikā went mad of separation and She began to cry, saying:) "O Viśākhe! This shameless womaniser wants to put His hands on My girdle, He forcibly attacks Me here on the road! Did you see that, O curious girl? Although I cried out loud, that ravisher of maidens wouldn't let Me go! Quickly call Jaṭilā and bring her here!" Madly lamenting in this way, Śrī Rādhikā became weak. She shivered and perspired out of affliction and when She slightly opened Her eyes, She was astonished to find Herself lying on a bed of flowers. Just to defeat Cupid's onslaughts, She asked Her *sakhīs* with faltering voice: "Where is My beloved? What am I doing here on this path? Is this house Priyatama's flower-garden or the house of My superiors, tell Me? Is it evening, morning or night-time? Am I asleep or awake, tell Me!?"

tvam ārāmād dhāmāmbuja-mukhi samāyāḥ priyatamo
rahaḥ kuñje sa tvām aramayad athāgāt sva bhavanam
cirāt khedaṁ pitror bhṛśam upaśamayyaiṣyati punar
vidhuḥ sa tvan netrotpala yuga vikāśārtham adhunā (39)

(One *sakhī* told Premonmādinī Rāi): "O Lotusfaced girl! You have left the garden and come home. Your Priyatama, the moon of Vraja, also went home after enjoying with You in different ways in the *kuñja*! He's now soothing His parents' intense affliction of separation from Him! He will come later to make Your lotuslike eyes bloom again!"

yat prāg āsīd vrajapura saro jīvanād vicyutaṁ drāg
ugrais tāpair viraha raviṇotpāditāntar vidāram
kṛṣṇāmbhodhe milati rabhasād etad ānanda-dhārā
sāraiḥ pūrṇaṁ tvaritam abhavat phulla paṅkeruhāsām (40)

The lake of Vraja, that had dried up in cracks from the severe heat of the sun of separation from Kṛṣṇa, was now again blissfully filled up by the ecstatic showers from the Kṛṣṇa-cloud that made the lotuslike faces of the Vrajavāsīs bloom up with satisfaction once more.

Thus ends the sixteenth chapter of Śrīla Viśvanātha Cakravartī's "Kṛṣṇa Bhāvanāmṛta Mahākāvya", dealing with Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's afternoon activities.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Sāyāhna-līlā
Evening Pastimes - 18.00-20.24 p.m.

dvau bhavantau vidhur atulayat padminī nitya bandhu
kṛṣṇas tatrāvani-maya mayāt pāṇḍuraṁ khaṁ laghiṣṭaḥ
dhātaivāpa prathitam adhikaṁ kintu mauḍhyaṁ sa ekaḥ
ko vā haimaṁ gaṇayati sudhīḥ sarṣapārddhena sārdham (1)
udyan naktan divam api jagal locanānanda dhārā
nirmāṇārthaṁ sthira-cara-tateḥ prema dharma prakāśī
mādhuryābdhir mṛdula kiraṇo go parārddha pracārī
hāro lokāntara sutam asamānabhra vibhrajita śrīḥ (2)
kaṣṭāmbhodheḥ parama taraṇibhīr uhṛc cakravāka
dvandvasy ārāt kara vitaraṇenāvaner bhāgya rāśi
mitraś citrātula guṇa-khaniḥ kiṁ gavādhīśvarāśā
pūrtye gacchan hata bhaga-dṛśo hi jihāsaty ayaṁ naḥ (3)
itthaṁ svaḥ-strī-jana kalakalair lāghavaṁ svaṁ
vivasvān mene śrotrāmṛtam iva kṛtī yat tad āśānugāmī
mūḍhā'maṁstātmani varuṇa diṅ nāgarī saubhagaṁ syan
manye tenāprakaṭayad idam hanta mithyānurāgam (4)

While Kṛṣṇa entered the meadows, the demigoddesses in (their airplanes in) the sky said to eachother: "Sakhi! The sun and Kṛṣṇa are both friends of the lotus-flowers and they are both effulgent, but Kṛṣṇa, being heavy or valuable, stays on earth, while the sun, being light or cheap, hangs in the sky with its yellow light. The Creator is a big fool trying to compare them with each other (when you put them on a weighing-scale, the light and worthless sun will ascend to the sky and the heavy and precious Kṛṣṇa will descend to earth). Is there anyone who will compare a mustard-seed to gold? The sun shines only in the day, but Kṛṣṇa shines day and night, and the sun is only visible to the eyes, but Kṛṣṇa showers the eyes with a stream of transcendental bliss. The sun sheds light only on the *varṇāśrama dharma* of the human beings, but Kṛṣṇa reveals the religion of sacred love, *prema dharma*, to all moving and non moving beings. The sun has harsh rays, but Kṛṣṇa's soft rays are like an ocean of sweetness. The sun has a thousand *go* (rays), but Kṛṣṇa has thousands of *go* (cows). The sun only removes the material darkness, but Kṛṣṇa removes the darkness of *māyā*. The beauty of the sun is covered over by the clouds sometimes, while Kṛṣṇa's beauty defeats that of a cloud. The sun is surely able to remove the Cakravāka-couples' fear by placing his *kara* (rays) on them, but in this he is the saviour (*taraṇi* means boat, saviour or sun) from the ocean of miseries in name only, because he is unable to destroy their misery of love-in-separation at night Cakravāka-like breasts, whereas Kṛṣṇa is really the best boat (*taraṇī*) for the *gopīs* to cross over the ocean of their lovepangs when He places His *kara* (hands) on their Cakravāka-like breasts. The earth is surely blessed when the sun rises, but this same sun also sets again, whereas Kṛṣṇa blesses the earth with the touch of His lotusfeet day and night. At the end of the day the sun goes to the *gavādhīśvara* (western) *āśā* (direction), and Kṛṣṇa, who is a mine of incomparible qualities, goes to fullfill the *āśā* (desires) of His *gavādhīśvarāḥ* (parents, the masters of the cows), going out of the sight of us unfortunate demigoddesses!" The sun experienced this kind of chatter of the *devīs* like nectar to his ears. He's really a fool to think that they speak about him when they say that Kṛṣṇa goes to the west! He falsely thinks himself to be so fortunate and attractive, and his ladylove, the western direction, who waits for him to come in the evening is falsely displaying her reddish hue of passion (sunset), considering herself to be so fortunate!"

kṛṣṇo'gacchadyad anu viśikha harmyagra strī-jane'
śru-stimyat puṣpāñjalikiri darodañcayan locanāntam
svaḥ sundaryaḥ pulakita navo'maṁsata sva svabhāgyaṁ
tena sthāne kvacana sudṛśāṁ mugdhatā dogdhi mudam (5)

When Kṛṣṇa strolled through the alleys of the town He was showered with flowers moistened by the tears of the *gopīs* that stood on the roofs of either side of the alley, and when He looked up, all the faireyed demigoddesses thought (in their bewilderment): "Kṛṣṇa is looking at me!" and shivered of topmost bliss, praising their own fortune (that is not their fault, for fair-eyed ladies sometimes experience bliss in ignorance).

yāte pitor nayana padavīṁ tat purāntaḥ praviṣṭe
tad vātsalyāmṛta jalanidhau majjati śrī mukunde
taṁ jñātvākṣnor aviṣayam abhūd bhānu raṅgāratulyās
tat prāptyārthaṁ kim anu lavaṇāmbodhim āsīn mimaṁdhu (6)

When Kṛṣṇa entered His parents' living room He merged into the nectar-ocean of their parental affection and the sun sank into the saltwater ocean (as it set) as a penance to attain Kṛṣṇa's audience once more (blessed is the *anurāga* of the sun, for he is performing such harsh austerities as other ascetics do, who sometimes leave their bodies when they immerse into the ocean).

tad viśleṣa-jvara sama lave'py akṣamā yarhyabhūvan
gāndharvāyā visa kisalayośīra candrāmbujādyāḥ
kāpya āgatya vyadhita lalitādeśatas tarhi tasyās
tad vṛttāntāmṛta rasapṛśat śecanam karṇa-randhre

Even cool things like lotuspollen, *uśīra* (a kind of fragrant grass, cuscus), camphor, sandalpaste and lotusflowers were not able to bring down Gāndharvikā's (Śrī Rādhikā's) hot fever of separation from Kṛṣṇa. Just then one *sakhī* came from Nandīśvara and began to sprinkle Her ear holes with drops of the nectar-like stories about Kṛṣṇa, on the order of Lalitā.

saṁjñāṁ labdhvā hariṇa-nayanā sambhramād utthitoce
taptāśrāntaṁ śravana marubhūr āli dhanya mamābhūt
asyāṁ svapne'nvabhavam adhunāpūrva pīyūṣa vṛṣṭiṁ
dhinvaty eṣā tad iha sakhi māṁ śītalīvo bhavīti (8)

Doe-eyed Rādhikā (suddenly) came back to Her senses, got up and carefully asked her: "Sakhi! Today My utterly afflicted desert-like ears are blessed because they experienced a wonderful nectar-shower in My dream! That cooled them off and made them happy!"

āyāteyaṁ sumukhi tulasī mañjarī goṣṭha-rājñyā
gehāt sakhyus tava yad avadad vṛttam asmād ajāgaḥ
ity uktvālyā vada punar apīty ambujākṣy ādideśa
preyaḥ sāyantana guṇa-kathāṁ prāha madhye sabhaṁ sā (9)

Lalitā said: "O fair-faced One! It is Tulasī Mañjarī, who has come from the house of Queen Yaśodā to shower You with nectarean stories about Your lover! That's how You woke up!" Lotus-eyed Rādhikā then told Tulasī: "O Tulasi! Glorify My Priyatama's (sweet) qualities (with which you revived Me) before the assembled *sakhīs*!"

tātasyākṣnoḥ padam upayayāvādito gopurāgre
kṛṣṇo dorbhyāṁ pulakita tanor udgṛhīto'tha sadyaḥ
nispandasyorasi ciramayaṁ bhrājate sma sthirāṅgaḥ
kailāsāntaḥ sarasi vikaśan nīla-padmaṁ yathaikaṁ (10)
uṣṇīṣāgraṁ dara vighaṭayann aśrubhiḥ sicyamānaṁ
śīrṣaṁ jighran pihitam akarod āsyam asya vrajeśa
manye candraṁ vimala śarad ambhoda āvṛtya tasya
jyotsna jālaiḥ sva malam akarod ātma tāpāpunutyai (11)

Tulasī said: "When Kṛṣṇa came to the town gate father Nanda saw Him, extended his arms and embraced Him. Father Nanda's body was stunned and studded with goosepimples of ecstasy as He took Kṛṣṇa on His lap. Together they shone like a beautiful blue lotus flower (Kṛṣṇa) in a lake on mount Kailāsa (Nanda bābā). Nanda bābā slightly removed Kṛṣṇa's turban to smell His head and showered Him with his tears of love. He covered Kṛṣṇa's face with his face, so that they looked like a spotless (waterless) autumn cloud covering the moon who removed the heated affliction with his cool rays."

yāntī gehād ajiram ajirād geham āyānty atha yā
śuṣyad vaktrānayad ati rujaivāntimaṁ yāmam ahnaḥ
sā goṣṭheśā taraṇi tanaye netra-yugmāt kucābhyāṁ
jahnoḥ kanye asṛjad iva taṁ prekṣya sūnuṁ samīpe (12)
nāṅke kartuṁ balita jaḍimā sannakaṇṭhī na vārtāṁ
praṣṭuṁ nāpīkṣitum api yadi prābhavat sāśru-pūrṇa
dīpāvalyā kalita lalitārātrikaṁ rāma mātaivāsyāḥ
kroḍhe kara dhṛtam upaveśayat tarhi kṛṣṇam (13)
kiṁ vātsalyāmṛta jala-nidhiṁ janma-bhūmiṁ vidhus tām
adhyāstāho kim u nija khaniṁ prema māṇikya rājaḥ
kiṁ kasturī drava cita tanoḥ sneha pīyūṣa putryāḥ
kukṣer bhūṣā harimaṇir abhād arpitaḥ sādhu dhātrā (14)

"Queen Yaśodā spent the evening in great distress, walking out of her house onto the courtyard and back, her face dried up from different worries about her son's delay in returning home. When she suddenly saw her beloved boy, her eyes emitted a Yamunā-stream of tears and her breasts a Gaṅgā-stream of milk. Stunned of ecstasy, she embraced her boy and asked Him about His welfare. She could not see Him properly because her eyes were filled with loving tears. Then Rohiṇī, Balarāma's mother, performed a charming *ārati*-ceremony for Kṛṣṇa by waving lamps and then placed Him on His mother's lap. Is Kṛṣṇa like the moon sitting on the lap of His birthplace (His mother) who is like a nectar-ocean of parental affection, is He the king of love-jewels, sitting in His own mine, or is He a sapphire, ornamenting a bluish doll (His mother) anointed with musk of nectarean affection, placed nicely on her lap by Fate?"

yāvan māmākalaya jananīty akṣi-dhārāṁ svahaste-
nonmṛjyāsyāḥ sa mudam atanonnīti haṁsī taḍāgaḥ
go dhūlīnāṁ tātam adhi tanu kṣālayadbhiḥ payobhiḥ
stanyair eva vyaraci ruciraṁ lālanaṁ tasya tāvat (15)
ānandormiṣv anupa ramaṇīṣv apy amuṁ cetayantī
kṛtye pravarttayad abhimate yarhi vātsalya lakṣmīḥ
tarhy evāsau sva tanaya tanuṁ pāṇināmṛjya dāsīr
asyābhyaṅga svapana lapanonmārjanādau nyayuṅkta (16)

"Although Kṛṣṇa already sat on His mother's lap, Yaśodā was still stunned of ecstasy, so Kṛṣṇa affectionately told her: "O mother! I'm already sitting on your lap! Why don't you look at Me instead of showering Me with your tears?" Saying this, He wiped the tears from her face with His own hand, making her happy like a female swan on a lake. With her breast milk mother Yaśodā washed the cowdust from Kṛṣṇa's body and fondled Him. Seeing that there was no end to Yaśodā's ecstasy, that flew from her like incomparible waves, the goddess of parental affection (Vātsalya Lakṣmī) brought her back to her senses and engaged her in caressing Kṛṣṇa's body with her hands and engaging her maidservants in anointing and bathing Him."

vatsa svaccha praṇaya sadane vartate yā niṣaṇṇā
manye nāsyāṁ tava dara dayāpy udbhaved ākulāyām
yātas tāta sva kula kamala tvaṁ vanaṁ yat smṛter
apy enāṁ saṅge na hata jananī mānayasye kadāpi (17)
ahni prāpte'py uparamam ihātyanta dairghye'pi jāta
tvaṁ nāyāsi sva gṛham adarāmreḍito'pi sva pitrā
kṣāmo vyāmohayasi yad amūn kṣut pipāsāsahaḥ
svadraṣṭvan bandhuṁs tad alam asubhir mātur eteḥ kaṭhoraiḥ (18)

Mother Yaśodā melted with affection as she told Kṛṣṇa: "O Vatsa! O abode of pure love! I was very worried when You were out in the forest to tend Your cows! O moonfaced One! You're not even slightly kind upon me! O child, O lotus of Your family! You don't take Your mother with You into the forest even once! O merciful One! Although a very long day has passed, although Your father repeatedly tried to take You home and Your friends can not tolerate seeing Your fatigue, hunger and thirst anymore, You did not come home. Why should this mother still maintain her hard and useless life?"

ambāvehi tvam ati caṭulaṁ plāvitaṁ khelanābdhau
bālālībhir mama savayasaṁ svaṁ ca na smartum īśam
śiṣṭo'smy eko na yad imam ito'vārayiṣyaṁ tadāyaṁ
naiṣyat sampraty api gṛham iti prāha rājñīṁ baṭuḥ saḥ (19)

"Madhumaṅgala then said: "O Mother! My very whimsical friend Kṛṣṇa was merged in an ocean of playfulness with His *bālālī* (boyfriends or girlfriends) and forgot Himself, what to speak about you? I'm His only superior, O mother! If I didn't control Him, then Kṛṣṇa wouldn't be home yet even now (in the evening)!" [Kṛṣṇa affectionately looked at Madhumaṅgala]

tathyaṁ bruṣe katham api na me manyamānā niṣedhaṁ
bālā eva prakhara nakharāḥ pratyahaṁ bāhu yuddhe
nīlāmbhajād api mṛdu balād aṅkayanty asya gātraṁ
tat kiṁ kurve capala tanaye nātra ko'py asty upāyaḥ (20)

"Queen Yaśodā said: "You speak the truth, Baṭo! Every day I see nailmarks on Kṛṣṇa's body, but these *bālās* just don't listen to my prohibition! Every day again they forcibly scratch His body, that is more tender than ~~a~~ blue lotus flower, with their sharp nails while they wrestle with the arms! Alas! I see no way to protect my restless son!"

itthaṁ tat saṁlapitam api tatrā'mākarṇayantī
kṛtyaṁ tat kālikam akaravaṁ yat tadādiṣṭam iṣṭam
rohiṇyāgād atha rasavatīṁ paurṇamāsī kilimbā
dhātrī gārgy ādibhir api sahālālayaṁ sa sva sūnum (21)

"O Rādhe!", Tulasī continued, "After hearing this conversation I was ordered by Queen Yaśodā to perform my scheduled duties. Then Rohiṇī went to the kitchen, while mother Yaśodā fondled Kṛṣṇa with Paurṇamāsī, Kilimbā, Mukharā, Gārgī etc."

snātaḥ pītāmbara-bhṛd alika prānta saṁnaddha keśaḥ
klṛptaṁ carcāṁ malayaja-rasair vaijayantīṁ ca vibhrat
kāñcī hārāṅgada balayavān kaustubhī nūpurāḍhyas
tāṭaṅka śrīr amala tilakas tarhi kṛṣṇo vyarājīt (22)
sārddhaṁ mitraiḥ sapadi vihita snāna bhūṣānulepaṁ
rāmaṁ kṛṣṇaṁ baṭum api sukhenopaveśya vrajeśā
ādāv iṣṭaṁ surabhi śiśiraṁ pānakaṁ pāyayitvā
nānā bhedaṁ tri-vidham atha sā bhojayāmāsa bhakṣyam (23)
etad vo'ti-priyam iti yadā sīdhu-kelyādi tebhyo
yuṣmad pakkaṁ baṭaka paṭalaṁ pañca bhedaṁ dadau sā
sasnau pañcendriyam api tadaivāsu teṣāṁ pramodais
tat saurabhya mradima surasākhyāna rūpāmṛtābdhau (24)

"After bathing, Kṛṣṇa was dressed in His usual yellow garments and His hair was bound in locks on the sides of His forehead. He was anointed with sandal paste and adorned with a Vaijayanti-garland of forest-flowers, a sash of bells, necklaces, armlets, bangles, the Kaustubha-gem, earrings, anklebells and spotless *tilaka*. Then Balarāma, Madhumaṅgala and the other boys came and mother Yaśodā all seated them. Blissfully she served them nice sweets, scented cold water and three kinds of food (to be chewed, licked and sucked). While they were eating she said: "O boys (O Baṭu, O Baladeva! O Kṛṣṇa)! These dishes are very dear to you!" and served them the five kinds of cakes like Sīdhukeli that You prepared. Their five senses (noses, tongues, skins, ears and eyes) merged into the ocean of the nectarean fragrance, softness, taste and forms of these cakes."

etad gandho'py anubhava pathaṁ yasya bhāgyodayāsīt
tasmai svargo janani kim ito rocate vāpavargaḥ
dhig dhātaraṁ yad ayam udaraṁ naiva cakre vibhuṁ me
ye mā dehīty abhidadhati tan sāgaso'tra bravīmi (25)

"While eating, Madhumaṅgala said: 'O mother! Whoever is so fortunate even to smell these cakes loses his taste for the heavenly planets or liberation! Curses on the Creator for not giving me an unlimited belly! I call anyone who says: 'Don't give!' while this is being served, an offender!"

itthaṁ sagdhiṁ kaḷita baṭu gīr vyāvahāsyāsam āpya
prakṣālyāsyaṁ sura-sakhā purāḥ prāśya tāmbūla vīṭīḥ
viśramyaiva kṣaṇam anumato mitra-vṛndena yāvad
dogdhuṁ dhenur niragamad asau tāvad atrāham āgāṁ (26)

"O Rādhe! After hearing these jokes of Madhumaṅgala and after joking with him, Kṛṣṇa finished His meal and took rest for some time, chewing betelleaves (with camphor). Some time later He went to milk the cows with His friends, with His mother's permission, and I came here to see You!"

ity etasyā mukha vidhu-varād añcala granthitaś ca
prāptai rādhā sahasa vayasā preyasas tair abhīṣṭaiḥ
līlā phelāmṛta rasa-bharaiḥ śrāvaṇī rāsanībhyāṁ
mudābhyāṁ siktānakṛta śiśirān nimnagābhyām ivāsūna (27)

Saying this, Tulasī untied the knot in her veil and gave Rādhikā some Kṛṣṇa-*prasāda*. Thus Śrī Rādhikā and Her girlfriends had their ears sprinkled with Tulasī's nectarean Kṛṣṇa-stories and their tongues with nectarean Kṛṣṇa-*prasāda* that were like two rivers that cooled them off and made them happy.

niḥsṛtyāsāv atha guru purād etyā kāsāra tīraṁ
tatrodyānāntara gata vara kṣaumam āruhya sāliḥ

vaktra jyotsnām adhayad aparā'lakṣitā yan murāres
tenāvindan mudam udayinīṁ cakṣuṣīm apy apārām (28)

When Śrī Rādhikā heard that Kṛṣṇa had gone to the barn to milk the cows She left home (on the pretext of taking Her evening bath) and came to the garden on the bank of Pāvana Sarovara (in Nandagrāma) where She climbed on a wonderful watchtower with Her girlfriends. Here She could drink the ambrosial beams of Murārī's moonlike face with Her Cakora-bird-like eyes and find boundless bliss.

āsyodañcat kuṭila cikurācchādakoṣṇīṣa rāje
muktā muktādara calati kiṁ kānakī sūtra-paṅkti
kiṁ vā candropari ghana tamo grāsakodyat dyu-ratna
dyote vidyuḷ lasati capalā bhāvali prota-mūlā (29)

(Standing on the watchtower, Śrī Rādhikā said:) "Are the golden strings that tie the pearls on Kṛṣṇa's turban, that stands on His curly locks that cover His face, slightly swinging? Or has the sun, the swallower of darkness, risen above the moon, winding the stars on the string of His rays with the restless lightning?"

dharma dhvāntaṁ vraja kulabhuvāṁ bhindatī svair mayūkhair
ete gaṇḍa-dvayam anucale kuṇḍale nāgha-śatroḥ
agre sthātuṁ taraṇi-yugalaṁ neśam evānanendoḥ
pārśva dvandvaṁ bhajati naṭanaiḥ prīṇanārthaṁ yad asya (30)

"(O *sakhi*!) Kṛṣṇa's earrings, that restlessly swing on His cheeks and that destroy the darkness of the *gopīs*' chastity aren't really earrings, but two suns that dance to produce love, being unable to stay right in front of Kṛṣṇa's moonlike face!"

kandarpo yat sva makara-yugaṁ karṇa-baddha vyādhān no
vidhyan nasyekṣaṇaśita śarair bāḍham ekāgra cittaḥ
tatrottaṁsa stuvad ali-ghaṭā jhaṅkṛti trastam etad
ayatnān maugdhyād apasṛti-kṛte hanta kiṁ vā vidhatte (31)

"Kṛṣṇa's arrow-like glances, that reside above these Makara-earrings, aim to pierce our minds, but they lose their concentration on the target as they become afraid of the humming of the bees that circle over their flowertops, intoxicated by drinking their honey. It is as if Cupid's vehicles, the Makaras, that dance under these arrowlike glances, have tied them down on His ears!"

svacchaṁ snigdhaṁ nayana yugalaṁ prāpa ye hanta kānte
te tāre sambhṛtam adabhare cañcale drāg abhūtām
tābhyāṁ ye vā janiṣata sutās te janāntaḥ purebhyaḥ
kṛṣṭvā kṛṣṭvā dhṛti kula-vadhūr dūṣayante kaṭākṣāḥ (32)

"Kṛṣṇa's clear and smooth eyes have two wives named Tārā (pupils) that are very restless due to erotic infatuation, and the union with them produced sons in the form of His restless glances, (that have become very impertinent because of their mothers' fault) that attracted the housewives' patience out of their abodes and forcibly polluted them."

sarvāśodyat tarasi dṛśi yad dasyavo'naṅga nadyāṁ
harṣotsukyā dhṛti mada-mukhāḥ santi sañcāriṇo'mī
tārā nāmnīṁ harimaṇi-mayīṁ nāvamāśritya lolāṁ
tad rāmāṇāṁ nayana vaṇijāṁ luṇṭhanāyeti vidmaḥ (33)

"Look! The glances of that swain are like rivers of Cupidity that flow in all directions. The *sañcārī bhāvas* (transitory ecstasies) like joy, eagerness, patience, bewilderment etc. are like pirates that climb on the sapphire boat-like pupils that float on these rivers and that loot the flickering eyes of the *gopīs*, that are like merchants."

naitan manda smitam udayate śoṇa bimbādharauṣṭhāt
bandhūkābhyāṁ jagad ali-kṛte cyotite no marandaḥ
lakṣyībhūte mama sakhi dṛśau vaidruma smārayantron-
muktaṁ paśya praviśati balāt kintu kārpūra-nīlam (34)

"O Sakhi! There's no mild smile emanating from the Bimbafruit-like lips of Your enchanter, nor is there any honey flowing from the Bandhūka-flowerlike lips for the bumblebees of the world, but camphorwater is flowing from Cupid's coral fountains, entering into our eyes. Just see!"

nirvarṇyaivaṁ priya mukha-vidhuṁ taṁ hriyevormi madhye
harṣāmbhodheḥ sapadi viśatīṁ cetayantī viśākhā
proce paśya priya sakhī harer doha līlāṁ yad arthaṁ
sāyaṁ śvaśru giram ati kaṭuṁ vetsi pīyūṣa kalpam (35)

When Rādhikā entered this ocean of bliss on a wave of bashfulness as She described Her lover's moonlike face, Viśākhā brought Her to life, saying: "O Sakhi! Look at Hari's pastime of milking the cows! This sight will make You experience Jaṭilā's sour words of this evening to be as sweet as nectar! (This is not the time to enter into an ocean of bliss!)"

utkarṇānāṁ dhavali śabalīty evam āhūyate yā sā
gaur hamvety udita viditollaṅghya sarvāḥ samīpam
āyātāśru stimita nayana pāṇinā mṛṣṭa pṛṣṭhā
kaṇḍuyābhir dara giribhṛta prīṇitādau vabhūva (36)

"O Sakhi, look! The cows became enthusiastic when Hari called them by name, saying: "Dhavali, Śabali, come!", and mooing, they jumped ~~over each other~~ to come near Him. Kṛṣṇa made them happy by lightly scratching them on their backs with eyes glowing of loving tears."

udyat pārṣṇiḥ prakaṭa yugalālambitaṣmodhi jānu
nyaste'matre sakhi maṇi-maye bimbita śrī mukhenduḥ
go tunda spṛg dara śithilitoṣṇīṣa niryan madāli
śreṇi jiṣṇu dyuti mad alakas tyakta lāsyekṣanābjaḥ (37)

"Look! The prince of Vraja keeps His knees on the ground and keeps a jewelled bucket in between them as He milks the cows. The milk in the bucket reflects His face, which is like the moon rising from the Milk-ocean. His turban was slightly loosened as it touched the cows' bellies, so that His curly locks came out from under it like swarms of bumblebees and His lotus-like eyes stopped dancing."

iṣṭvā kṣauṇīṁ prathama payaso dhārayā tābhir eva
dvi trābhiḥ svāṅguli kulam athodoncalīṁ condayitvā
tāṁ tenaivānna madavanamat pāṇi-padmaṁ dadhāno
dohantyantaḥ śana śana śanad ghasma ghasmeti ghoṣaiḥ (38)

"After first worshiping mother Earth with the first two or three streams of milk, Kṛṣṇa took some milk to moisten the cows' nipples and His own fingers. His hand moved up and down while His milking made sounds like '*śana śana*' and '*ghasma ghasma*'."

udyat karṇāḥ śaśimukhi parās tatra sotkaṇṭhayan gāḥ
sadyaḥ prodyat tad amala kaṇaiś citratasvoru jaṅghaḥ
grīva bhaṅgodita ruci gavā tarṇakenāpi saśrair netraiḥ
pīta dyuti nava sudho dogdhiṁ dugdha priyas te (39)

"O moonfaced One! The other cows became very anxious (also to be milked by Kṛṣṇa) when they saw that Kṛṣṇa had finished milking one. Look! Śyāma's hips and thighs are marked with spotless drops of milk and the cows and calves drank the nectar of His fresh youthful luster with tear-filled eyes, keeping their necks bent!"

muṣṇopehi tvaraya naya me dehi yāhīti gāvo
nānā varṇāḥ parama viṣada duhyamānaś ca gāvaḥ
tatratyā yā giridhara tanoḥ śyāmala yāś ca gāvas
tā duṣpāra iha parimitāḥ kim kaver mānti gāvaḥ (40)

"The cowherdboys called the multicoloured cows after having most blissfully milked them, saying: "Let go! Come here!

Hurry up! Take them! Go!" in different words. Even the greatest poets could not count the number of cows that were as blackish as Giridhārī Himself!"

dugdhvā kṛṣṇaḥ priyasakha dṛśā sūcyamānāṁ kadācit
rādhāṁ yāti praṇaya-bharataḥ karhicit svālayāya
grīṣme sāyaṁ sarasi rasikās tāpaśāntyai kadāpīty
evaṁ līlāmṛta jalanidhau tasya majjanti dhanyāḥ (41)

After milking the cows Kṛṣṇa heard indications from His dear friends about Rādhikā's whereabouts, so He went to the watchtower in the garden nearby Pāvana Sarovara, overcome by desires for loveplay. On other days He may return home. In summer evenings He swims in Pāvana Sarovara to find relief from the heat. Thus some fortunate *rasika* souls can be immersed in the nectar ocean of Kṛṣṇa's pastimes.

kiraṇa-hari sahasraṁ sarvato vyāśnuvānaṁ
vyadhita divasa bhartuḥ khaṇḍaśo yan vidīrṇān
viyati viyati tasminn astam etat punas tais
timita karimir eva grasyamānaṁ nililye (42)

"Is the sun, that destroys the darkness in the day with its thousands of all-pervading lion-like rays, now torn apart and swallowed by the lion of darkness in the sky and dissolved in it? (Kṛṣṇa's cow-milking pastimes have now ended and night has fallen)"

Thus ends the seventeenth chapter of Śrīla Viśvanātha Cakravartī's "Kṛṣṇa Bhāvanāmṛta Mahākāvya", dealing with Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's evening-pastimes.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Pradoṣa-līlā

Pastimes at Nightfall

adhidharam adhipasyānanda-sindhor aghārer
mukha ruci-kaṇam ekaṁ gopurāgra sthitasya
svam anumukuram acchaṁ bimbitaṁ vīkṣya lokā-
vidhur ayam udagād ity udyayur varṇayantaḥ (1)

Seeing the drops of Kṛṣṇa's luster reflected in the mirror of the sky, some foolish people, who do not investigate any further, may say: "The moon has risen", but this Kṛṣṇa who stands before the towngate, is actually an ocean of bliss!

tad avakalana jātāpatrapāṁ padminīnāṁ tatim
atha balabhī-sthāṁ vīkṣya vastrāvṛtāsyāṁ
samakucad ahaha svaiḥ padminītvābhimānaiḥ
sarasi ca jalajālī tarhi mūḍheti śaṅke (2)

The lotuslike *gopīs* on the watchtower shyly covered their faces when Kṛṣṇa looked up to them while the moon was rising. Seeing this, the lotusflowers in the lake closed their leaves out of embarrassment, their pride having been diminished. How foolish they were to compete with these lotuslike *gopīs*!

muditavati cakora stoma ekatra śastair
uditavati paratrāmaṅgalaiś cakra saṅghe
dhṛtamudi kumudāntar mucyamāne'li-vṛnde
malina nalina madhye badhyamāne ca tasmin (3)

At twilight time, when neither the king of the day, nor the king of night reign, some citizens are happy and some are sad. Somewhere the Cakora-birds, seeing the moon rise, became very happy and elsewhere the Cakravākas~~flamingoes~~ began to cry when they saw the sun going down. Some bees blissfully buzzed around the blooming lilies while others got enveloped within the closed lotuspetals.

tamasi vipinam āpte sādane dīpa dūne viśati sadana
rājīṁ vaipine puṣpa-gandhe
vara-tanu hṛd agāre dhairya lajje praviśya dyati samudita
darpe darpake sarpakelau (4)

Seeing a lamp, the darkness in the house fled into the forest, and the fragrance of the forestflowers entered into the house like householders (the darkness) that flee into the forest, renouncing their household life when they are too much oppressed by wicked people, returning home when their renunciation collapses (the flower-scent). Cupid, whose pride increases at nighttime, entered the *gopīs*' hearts like a snake and began to destroy their patience and shame there (just as a person is awake the whole night in agony after being bitten by a snake, the *gopīs* must stay up the whole night in the agony of their love-pangs when they are bitten by the snake called Cupid).

iti bata dina rātryor niścite nādhikāre
vigalita kulajāti jñāna dharme tadā yaḥ
vrajabhuvi balito'bhūt sa pradoṣo vyaraṁsīt
kim u bhavati cirastha tāmasī kāpi sampat (5)

When the king of both night and day ruled indecisively, the *gopīs'* awareness of their house-and-caste duties was lost (due to their evening-rendez-vous with Kṛṣṇa). Then the night removed the powerful evening. Does the opulence of darkness ever remain for long?

api gurupura madhye dṛk kabāṭāvaruddha
sva tanu kanaka veśmābhyantara svānta talpe
priyatamam adhiveśyārīramadyā tadā tāṁ
sukhayitum atha rādhām āgatenduprabhoce (6)
vidhura rucir asi tvaṁ yaṁ vinā hanta rādhe
vidhura rucir abhūt sa tvam ṛte 'nyas tathāpi
bhavati hṛdaya hārī sa trilokyāstavaho
bhavati hṛdaya-hārī bhūtatāṁ labdham utkaḥ (7)

In Her parental home Rādhikā had laid Her dearest One (Kṛṣṇa) down on the bed of Her mind in the golden house of Her body, that She had closed off with the gates of Her eyes. (In the afternoon, see chapter 16, Śrī Rādhikā had fainted and in Her swoon She had been enjoying with Kṛṣṇa in a kind of trance until now) Just then Her girlfriend Induprabhā came from Nandīśvara and said: "O Rādhe! That moonlike Kṛṣṇa in whose absence You are so distressed, has no liking for any other girl but You in Your absence, and although He steals the hearts of everyone in the three worlds, His heart was stolen by You and He eagerly longs for You!"

racaya sakhi tadasyodanta pīyūṣa vṛṣṭir
iti rahasi viśākhā prārthyamānā tadā sā
yad avadad idam ālī-saṁhate raṁhasārāt
papur ajara tṛṣas tāḥ karṇapālī cakoryaḥ (8)
giridhara baladevālaṅkṛtātma dvi pārśvo
vraja dharaṇī vareṇya bhojanāyopaviṣṭaḥ
dhana-patir iva śobhām āpa nandīśvarāntaḥ
pura-sadasi nidhibhyāṁ padma śaṅkhābhidhābhyām (9)

Hearing this, Viśākhā said: "Induprabhe! The stories you're telling me about Kṛṣṇa are like a shower of nectar, thirstily drunken by the Cakorī-bird-like ears of the *sakhīs*!" Induprabhā said: "Sakhi! When the king of Vraja sat down in Nandīśvara to take his supper, he seated Giridhārī on his left and

Baladeva on his right, looking just like Kuvera flanked by his gems Padma and Śaṅkha!"

prati rajani nimantryānīyamānaiḥ saputrair
hari vadana cakoraiḥ sādarair āvṛto'sau
parita upaviśadbhiḥ prema bhūbhṛdbhir uccais
tuhina girir ivābhān mūrta ānanda-puñjaḥ (10)
bahu-vidha madhurānna vyanjanādīni tebhyo
laghu laghu pariveśya dvis trir ekaikaśaḥ sā
sakhi balaya nayitrī nirvṛtiṁ prāpa kāñcit
svakara kalita pāka ślāghayā tan mukhebhyaḥ (11)

"King Nanda invited his brothers and their sons for supper every night (in the daytime he thought it too hectic to invite others, as Kṛṣṇa is then preparing to go out cowherding), and they sat around him to eat like Cakora-birds that were thirsty after the nectar of Hari's moonlike face. Kṛṣṇa and Balarāma looked like the Himālayas of transcendental bliss surrounded by mountains of love (Their associates). Rohiṇī sometimes served one, sometimes two or three sweet and light dishes (such as rice and vegetables), and when Kṛṣṇa and Balarāma praised her cooking, she felt indescribably happy."

tanaya janayatīdaṁ puṣṭim ojaś ca bhuṅkṣve-
tyanupadam api tais taiḥ sneha viklinna cittaiḥ
api nija nija pātrād dīyamānaṁ tadāda
praṇihita ruci kṛṣṇo dhenukāriś ca kāmaṁ (12)
tvam ayi kiyad aśānety akṣi-bhaṅgyaiva mātrā
sadasi pitṛ pitṛvyaiḥ śaśvad ukto girāpi
sa sapadi yad abhuṅktāpūritenaiva tṛptir
niśi niśi tad ihaiṣāṁ sagdhir ācāra mātraṁ (13)

"Father Nanda and his brothers told Kṛṣṇa and Balarāma: "O boys! If You eat this Your bodies will be nourished, and if You eat that You'll become strong, so eat!" Kṛṣṇa and Dhenukārī

(Balarāma) ate with gusto whatever the cowherdmen gave Them from their own plates with minds melting with affection. Again and again Yaśodā urged Kṛṣṇa to eat with the gestures of their eyes, and Nanda and the elders said -"Ayi! Eat something!"-, and only when Kṛṣṇa ate something they were satisfied. This was their only purpose in joining Kṛṣṇa for supper. The rest was just a custom."

hari mukha makarandai dṛgbhir ādīyamānaiḥ
kalita navasapīti prītimad bandhuvṛndaṁ
atha nija nija dāsyānyātta tāmbūla vīṭī
prati nija bhavanāntaḥ saṁviveśa praviśya (14)

"As Hari's friends thus concluded their supper with Him, their glances became their servants that brought them the nectar of His sweet lotuslike face, with which they lovingly washed their mouths. Then they all went to their own abodes, chewing betelleaves given to them by their servants."

adhi balabhivalakṣe sakṣāṇaṁ puṣpatalpe
rahasi sa hasitāsyair āvṛtaḥ svair vayasyaiḥ
yad avadad avasāda prastutau te stuvāno
madhurima garimāṇaṁ śruyatāṁ tac ca rādhe (15)

"O Rādhe! With a smiling face Kṛṣṇa lay down on a bed of flowers on the white balcony, surrounded by His friends! Listen to what He told them out of separation from You, and how He praised Your great sweetness!"

sarasam anugavīnasyāparāhne bhavadbhiḥ
samam asama mahimno'py añjasā gacchato yāḥ
mama dhṛti-tatim adyann adya goṣṭha-pradeśe
kathaya subala tā māṁ mohayitryo rucaḥ kāḥ (16)

"He said: 'O Subala! Who is that beauty, that pervaded the whole meadow, that destroyed My patience and enchanted

Me when I came there in the afternoon to tend My cows, followed by My cowherdboyfriends like you, who are peerless in their glories?”

ahaha madhurimābdheḥ kiṁ sudhā mathyamānāt
kim iti lalita vidyud vīcayo vastra pūtāḥ
kim u parimala nīvṛn mūrti saṁrājya lakṣmyaḥ
kim atanu viśikhānāṁ rāśayaś campakānām (17)

“Ahaha! Is She like nectar churned from the ocean of sweetness, waves of charming lightning-strikes wrapped in garments, the personified Rāja Lakṣmī (goddess of regal opulence) of the country of fragrance, or a bunch of Cupid’s Campaka-flowershafts?”

tad upari ghusṛṇāktāṁ kiṁ sarojaṁ praphullaṁ
śuci jaladhi janir vā kṣobhanaḥ kaścanenduḥ
maṇimaya madirābhyāṁ tasya cāṅke naṭadbhyāṁ
mama dṛg upasarantyevāditā puccha-ghātaiḥ (18)

[O friend!]

“(O Subala! How amazing!) Is there a blooming lotus-flower smeared with *kuṅkuma* on top of this lustrous aura, or a full moon rising from the ocean of erotic mellows, I’m not sure! The tails of these restlessly dancing jewelled wagtailbirds (Her restless glances above this lotus or moon) are striking and hurting My eyes!”

kim idam ahaha vastvity ūḍha sambhrānti mūḍhe
tad anubhava lavasyāpaṁśam ārabdha kāme
mayi ghana jaladālyevāvṛtaṁ sadya eva
vratati tatiṣu līnaṁ prābhavaṁ tan na leḍhum (19)

“Aho! What is this? I became stunned with curiosity! Just then this object which was wrapped in dark clouds (a blue *sārī*) disappeared in the vines and I could not lick it. Even the slightest awareness of this object arouses lusty feelings in Me!”

sapadi nayana yugmoddiṣṭa vartmā tad āgān
mama hṛdaya baṭan tan mārgaṇārthaṁ samarthaḥ
na punar ayam idānīṁ yat parāvartate tad
vanabhuvi kusumeṣo bandham āpeti budhye (20)

"The peon of My heart went out to search for this object and My eyes went ahead of him to show him the way. Until now this peon has not come back. Was he maybe caught and bound up by Cupid's robbers?"

aghahara bhavata yālokyate ślāghya-rūpā
tad avadhi dhuta dhairyā sāpi rādhādhidhārā
vividha davathu-pātrī svāḥ sakhī rodayitrī
viluṭhati galad akṣnor dhārayā dhauta gātrī (21)

"(Hearing these anxious words from Kṛṣṇa, Subala said:) 'O Aghahara (Kṛṣṇa)! As soon as that Rādhikā, for whom You are searching, and whose beauty is praised by all, saw You, She rolled on the ground of ecstasy, bereft of Her patience and feeling great pain in Her heart. Streams of tears flowed from Her eyes over Her body, that is now the abode of different agonies, as She wept and made Her girlfriends weep also.'"

ayam ayam ayate tvāṁ tanvi dhinvan mukundo
rasanidhir atha sa kva kveti saṁlāpaśeṣe
prathama rajani jātaṁ dhvāntam ālakṣiyantī
śamayati rujam asyā vrīḍayāthāvṛtāṅgyāḥ (22)

(Seeing Her distress, the *sakhīs* said:) "Hey Tanvi (slender girl)! Mukunda has come to make You happy!" (Hearing this Śrī Rādhikā recovered from Her swoon and said:) "Where is that ocean of *rasa*? Where (is that medicine for My heart)?" The *sakhīs* (whose faces were filled with tears) then showed Her that night was falling (telling Her: "O *sakhi*! Look at Your heart's friend!", so that bewildered Rādhikā mistook the oncoming darkness to be You), so that the pain of separation from You was somewhat relieved, and She shyly covered Her body."

iti subala vacobhiḥ kṛṣṇa netrāmbujābhyāṁ
praṇayiṇi pṛṣatā drāg anupūrvyā nipetuḥ
himakara kara rāji bhrāntito bhūkta pūrvāṁ
vavamatur iva muktāṁ mañju cañcu cakorau (23)

Induprabhā continued: "When He heard from Subala how You were suffering out of separation from Him, Kṛṣṇa cried big teardrops of love that fell from His lotuslike eyes. His eyes were like two lovely Cakorabirds that threw up one pearl after the other, that had been mistakenly eaten by them, as they took it to be lunar nectar."

paricaraṇa parāṁ māṁ tasthūṣīṁ tatra dṛṣṭvā
nyadiśad ayam amandotkaṇṭhyā kuṇṭhitasyaḥ
upa surataru rādhā bhānu-putryās taṭe māṁ
abhisaratu rasenety āśu tāṁ brūhi gatvā (24)

"I was there with Your lover to serve Him and, looking at me with a face twisted by anxiety, He told me: "Sakhi! Quickly go and tell Śrī Rādhikā that She should come to the sweet meeting with me ~~and meet Me in a *rasika* way~~ at the base of the desire-tree on the bank of the Yamunā!"

śruta muraja ninādaḥ svaṁ didṛkṣūn sasabhyān
bahir upaviśato'gāt sāmpratāṁ nāṭya raṅgam
kṣaṇam atha kṛta tat tat tīrtha pūrti balabhyāṁ
śayitum ayam upaiṣyaty ambayā lālyamānaḥ (25)

"Meanwhile the assembly of cowherders was waiting for Kṛṣṇa, eager to see Him, so He went to the theaterhall to quence their thirst by granting them His audience and to hear the sounds of the *mṛdaṅgas*. Then He was called by His mother to take rest on the balcony of His bedroom after having been fondled by her."

atula caturimāṇaṁ taṁ janālakṣyamāṇaṁ
gatam iva nija kāntaṁ viddhi sauryas taṭāntam
tvam api kiyad aśitvā svan gurun vañchayitvā
drutam abhisara rāgād ity uditvaiva sāgāt (26)

"Then Your incomparibly clever lover managed to come to the meetingplace on the bank of the Yamunā without being seen by the people, so now that You know this, eat a little before You deceive Your superiors and passionately go out to meet Your beloved!" After saying this, Induprabhā left.

sapadi jaṭilayā sā bhojanāyāhvayantyā
savidham anusṛtoce saṅkucasyatra cet tvaṁ
priyam api nija bhaktaṁ tad gṛhītvā vrajeto
rahasi saha sakhībhiḥ sādhvi sādhūpabhuṅkṣva (27)

Jaṭilā called Rādhikā for supper and, seeing that She was too shy to eat before her, she said: "O chaste girl! If You are shy, then just take Your favorite dishes (*bhakta*) and eat them with Your girlfriends !"

smita madhura dṛg aḍhyaṁ lehayantī tad ālīṁ
vinayanaya mahimnā dhinvatī tāṁ ca rādhā
vadasi yad idam ārye kurva ity evam uktvā
śayana-gṛham agāttam annādi nītvā - - (28)
priya mukha makarandāmoda dhāṃauda nādau
kṛta milanatayā tat svādyatām āpa tāsāṁ
sura sariti gataṁ ced yatra tatratyamambho
jagad agham api bhindat vandyatāṁ yāti loke (29)

Taking the word *bhakta* to mean Kṛṣṇa (as if Jaṭilā said: "Go to the place where Your beloved *bhakta* (dishes, or Kṛṣṇa) and enjoy it), Śrī Rādhikā smiled slightly and hinted to Her girlfriends with Her glances, making them relish the glories of this statement. Gladdening Jaṭilā with Her humility, She said: "Arye!

With your permission we will take the dishes to My bedroom!" Arriving there, the maidservants mixed that meal with the remnants of Priyatama's meal, so that it became as fragrant and relishable as the honey flowing from His lotuslike mouth, just as all water which is touched by Gaṅgā-water can destroy the sins of the world and is praised as such by the people."

śṛṇu sakhi guravo'ntaḥ śerate sāmprataṁ te
sadanam anugavāṁ so'py asti dūre'bhimanyuḥ
smṛti mati dhṛti lajjāḥ śāyayitvā sva talpe
tad abhisara rasena sva priyaṁ keli kuñje (30)

While eating Lalitā said: "Sakhi Rādhe! Listen! Your superiors have fallen asleep inside the house and Your husband Abhimanyu sleeps far away (in the barn) tonight (he cannot come to the house tonight), so let Your memory, intelligence, patience and shame sleep here on the bed and most blissfully go out to meet Your lover in the play-*kuñja*!"

anupada balamāna prema sandarśitādhvā
kusuma śara bhaṭenaivābhitaḥ pālyamānā
hṛdi punar upagūḍhotkaṇṭhayālyā calantī
śrama lavam api rādhe nādhvano jñāsyasi tvaṁ (31)

"Don't be afraid to go out, Your strong love will accompany You at every step to show You the way and the bodyguard named Cupid (the urge of Your desire) will follow You to protect You! Embrace Your girlfriend named 'heart's eagerness' and go out right now! You won't feel the slightest fatigue on the way!"

yadi jana-tati netra śrotradaṁśād vibheṣi
vraja dhavala nicolenāvṛti kṛtya gātraṁ
mukhara jagad iva svaṁ nūpuraṁ cānapekṣya
śrita vicakila mālyā tārahārā smitāsye (32)

"O smiling faced girl! If You fear the bites of the people's eyes (watching You), then cover Yourself with a white cloak, wear a garland of Jasmine-flowers and a pearl necklace and anoint Your body with camphor and white sandalwoodpaste. If You are afraid that Your ornaments will betray You with their loud jingling, then take off Your anklebells!!"

tava caraṇa nakhendoś candrikaikāpi sarvaṁ
jagad idam avadātaṁ sakhyalaṅkartum īṣṭe
vidhur avidhur ayaṁ tat paunar uktyaṁ jagāme-
tyakṛta vidhir aśuddhaṁ kiṁ masī rekhayāmuṁ (33)

"(O *sakhi*, behold the dimmed moonlight in the sky) The slightest rays of Your moonlike nails can adorn the whole world! The Creator, seeing that the cosmic moon is impure compared to them and simply repeats their luster, cuts it with a line of ink!"

iti nija sahacaryā dīpita smāra caryyā
nirupama guṇadhuryā niryatī goṣṭha-puryāḥ
agaṇita guru-vādhā kānanaṁ prāpa rādhā
praṇaya sarid ivārād ūḍha-mādhurya dhārā (34)

Being thus incited by lusty feelings through the words of Her girlfriends, Śrī Rādhikā, who is an ocean of matchless qualities, went out of Her home, not considering the obstacles caused by Her superiors, entering the forest like the stream of a river of great loving sweetness.

parijana nikurambair ātta kiñcid vilambair
adhigata guru-vārtaiḥ sva sva sevārthamārttaiḥ
tvaritam anusaradbhir dākṣya cāturyavadbhir
vipina-bhuvi nijeśālambhi sā mugdha-veśā (35)

Wearing an enchanting dress, She waited a while for Her expert and clever maidservants, who were checking out Her superiors before running behind their mistress into the forest (eager to render their own particular devotional services).

yadi punar avarodhe'nviṣyate sā virodhe
gurubhir udita roṣaiḥ karhicid dṛṣṭa doṣaiḥ
vrajapati suta līlā parva nirvāha śīlā
viracita tad upāyā syāt tadā yogamāyā (36)

If someone asks what would happen if any of Rādhikā's superiors would find out and would angrily go out to search for Her, then the answer is that Yogamāyā, Kṛṣṇa's mystic illusion, being entrusted with this duty, will arrange for some solution.

nikhilam api ninādaṁ vaṁśikā vādyam eva
priyakam api purasthaṁ sva-priyaṁ bhāvayantī
parimalam api sarvaṁ tat pratīkauttham eve-
tyamum abhimanute sma prāptam evādhvanīyaṁ (37)

As She entered the forest, passionate Rādhikā thought that every sound She heard was Kṛṣṇa's flute, every Kadamba-tree She saw was Kṛṣṇa, any fragrance She smelled was Kṛṣṇa's fragrance and whatever She saw was Kṛṣṇa's form.

kalayasi lalite kiṁ kautukaṁ tvad bhujaṅgo
bhujam adhita balān me veṣṭayan kaṇṭham eṣaḥ
iti capalam udañcac cilli-cāpā cakampe
varatanur avalokyaivāṁsagāṁ svīya veṇīṁ (38)

Feeling Her braid sometimes touching Her shoulders, Rādhikā shivered, fixed the bow of Her restless eyebrows and (angrily) asked Lalitā: "Lalite! Did you see that peculiar thing? Your snake-like lover (Kṛṣṇa) placed His arm on My shoulder and forcibly embraced Me around the neck!"

priya-sakhi paramārthī mādhavaḥ syād udārāt
tvam api bhavasi tasmai citta vittādi dattvā
katham aham iha madhye vārayitrī dvayoḥ syāṁ
smṛti-bhava bahu dharmādharma vijñāpi bhūtvā (39)

(Seeing this, Lalitā was immersed in an ocean of astonishment and replied:) "My dear friend, Mādhava is in great need and You have become most magnanimous by giving Your heart to Him. How can I stop You, despite being a knower of right and wrong in the religion of *smṛti-bhava* (moral Vedic principles, or eros, the mind-born one)?" (a really righteous person cannot ignore the needy, nor should she stop a donor from helping the needy)

bhuvi bhavati sa ekaḥ karṇa evātra dātā
tvam amala-mukhi karṇau dvau ca dattāvakarṣīḥ
balim api kim ajaiṣīr na tribalyarpaṇaiṣiṇy
atanu śata virājad vikrame'sminn aghārau (40)

"O spotless-faced girl! You became the greatest donor! There is one great donor on earth named Karṇa (the warrior from Mahābhārata), (Karṇa also means 'ear'), but You lend two ears to Kṛṣṇa, and although one generally donates one *bali* (sacrificial offering) You give Kṛṣṇa Your three *balis* (the three lines on Your belly) during a festival of one hundred Cupids!"

nayana yugalam etad rūpa sāt kṛtya nāse
api parimala sindhau prakṣipantyā tvayāsya
vyaraci sakhi vitīrṇā yā tayaivaiṣa veṇyā
harir api nija bāhu bhūtayā tvāṁ sinoti (41)

"O Rādhe! You gave Your eyes in charity to Kṛṣṇa's form, You thrust Your nose into the ocean of His fragrance and You also gave Your braid to Him! Now Hari has bound Your braided hair around Your neck as if it was His arm, knowing it to be His only!"

iti pathi hasitā sā tatrape tatra sakhyā
prasabham udayamānais tarṣa lakṣair ajasraṁ
vigalitam api dhairyaṁ dhartum abhyasyamānā
bakula vanam upāgān manda mandaṁ calantī (42)

Hearing these kinds of jokes from Her friends Rādhikā became shy. Then She slowly entered into the Bakula-forest, remaining patient, although actually Her patience was already being swallowed by hundreds of thousands of arising desires.

kim idam ahaha tasyāḥ śiñcitaṁ bhūṣaṇānāṁ
bhramam agamam ahaṁ vā cāṭakair eva rāvaiḥ
śruti-patha gatam evākṣobhayan māṁ yadaitat
tad ajani phalito vā māmako bhāgya-śākhī (43)

(Kṛṣṇa leant against a young Tamāla-tree, looking out down the road for Śrī Rādhikā to come. Suddenly He heard the jingling of anklebells and He became astonished, so He told Himself) "Ahaha! What is this? I hear the jingling of Her anklebells! Or do I mistake it for the sound of a Cataka-bird? If these sounds enter My earholes and agitate Me I know that the tree of My fortune is bearing fruit!"

iti taruṇa tamālāśliṣta pṛṣṭhaṁ mukundaṁ
muhur api vimṛśantaṁ kācid ādau vilokya
pramudita matir āśu vyājahārāmbujākṣīṁ
kalaya sumukhi rādhe mādhavaṁ tasthivāṁsāṁ (44)

Viśākhā repeatedly doubted her own eyes when she saw Mukunda embracing a young Tamāla-tree (and drinking the nectar of Śrī Rādhikā's jingling ornaments through the cups of His ears). Quickly and joyfully she told lotuseyed Rādhikā: "O Fairfaced One! Look! There is Mādhava standing!"

aham iha katiśo vā naivam ālokayaṁ tan
na mama ramaṇa eṣa syād iti svānta madhye
niracinuta kṛśāṅgī taṁ puro vīkṣya rādhā
druta hṛd atanu ghūrṇākīrṇa dhīrapy adhīrā (45)

(Hearing these words of Viśākhā and seeing Kṛṣṇa actually standing before Her) Śrī Rādhikā thought: "How many times haven't I seen this tree before? This is not My lover, but a Tamāla-tree!" How amazing is slender Rādhikā's loving delusion! Although She was anxious and dizzy with impatience at heart, She still thought that Kṛṣṇa was a Tamāla-tree!

mama bhṛśam api mugdhāṁ yad dṛśaṁ tvaṁ viśākhe
bhramayasi tad idaṁ te hāsyam āstāṁ vidūre
bhramayasi na ca yad vā mādhavo'yaṁ tamālaḥ
sthira iti tava satyaivābhavad gīr vidagdhe (46)

(Śrī Rādhikā anxiously said:) "O Clever Viśākhe! Out of eagerness to see Kṛṣṇa My eyes became bewildered! Is it proper for you to joke with them (at this time)? But actually your bewildering words ("O *sakhi*, behold Mādhava!") are right, for the spring season and the motionless Tamāla-tree are also called Mādhava!"

na hasitam ayi kintu tvat samāśvāsanārthaṁ
gaditam idam ihānālokayantyā mayā taṁ
tvam ati caturimābdhir mā bhramas tatra rādhe
bhavatu tad api tuṣṭyai rocir asya kṣaṇaṁ te (47)

Viśākhā said: "O Rādhe! I'm not joking! But I told You this Tamāla-tree is Kṛṣṇa just to console You, since You're so eager to see Him! Since You are an ocean of cleverness You shouldn't be deceived by my words! Anyway, just be satisfied by looking at this nice Tamāla-tree for a while!"

iti sarasija mukhyor vācam ācamya sakhyo
harir atha samudañcad doḥ karopatta śākhāḥ
pihita maṇi vibhūṣaḥ kautukī tatra sākṣāt
taru-vara iva tasthau tyakta pītottarīyaḥ (48)

Hearing these words of lotusfaced Viśākhā and drinking them like fresh nectar, Hari took off His yellow scarf and covered up His jewelled ornaments for fun. Then He held out His arms like the branches of a Tamāla-tree so that He looked just like that best of trees.

sura-taru-tala tastaṁ kṛṣṇam anviṣya dūrād
iha bakula nikuñje yāvad evānayāmaḥ
nalina-mukhi tamāla skandha vinyasta hastā
dhṛti lavam api dhṛtvā tāvad atrāsva rādhe (49)
iti sa lalitam ālī-vṛndam uktvā prayātaṁ
vara-tanur avalokyāmanda kandarpa cintā
laghu laghu savidhe'syāgatya sā vismayābdhau
nyapatad atanu harṣa kṣmā-dharaṁ cāruroha (50)

(Seeing this, Viśākhā found some means of establishing the Yugala-milana, so she said:) "Sakhi Rādhe! Kṛṣṇa (Whom You are so eager to meet) is there in the distance, standing under a desire-tree! O Lotusfaced One! As long as You cannot enter the Bakula-grove with Him, You just patiently stay here for just a moment, keeping Your hand on the trunk of this Tamāla-tree! Don't be afraid that we will leave You here, because we know that no one who ever takes shelter of this Tamala-tree, will ever be afraid!" Saying this, Viśākhā left with Lalitā and the other *sakhīs* and hid between the vines to see how Śrī Rādhikā slowly, slowly approached the fresh Tamala-tree with increasing erotic feelings, falling in an ocean of astonishment and climbing a mountain of erotic bliss at the same time.

kati na kati tamālālokitāḥ santy ayaṁ tu
vrajapati suta kāntīr hanta tā eva dhatte

madhurima-bharam evaṁ sthāvareṣv apy apāram
yad asṛjadataṁ ekaṁ naumi dhātāram eva (51)
bhavatu nikaṭam etya svekṣaṇe tarpayāmīty
amita mṛdupagamyaivāśru pūrṇedam ūce
nirupama ruci jāle tvaṁ stuve kiṁ tamāla
tvam ayi nahi nagaḥ śrī kṛṣṇa evāsi sākṣāt (52)
tad ati davathu śīrṇāṁ mām ihāśliṣya bāḍhaṁ
nija madhura marandaiḥ siñca bhūmirūhendra
sukha jaladhi taraṅgaiḥ sādhu tair eva tāvat
kṣaṇam atanu dāvārta plāvayāmi sva cetaḥ (53)

Śrī Rādhikā thought to Herself: "How many Tamāla-trees haven't I seen? But this tree has exactly the same luster as the prince of Vraja (that enchants all the girls)! I praise the Creator for making such an unlimitedly sweet immobile being! (Let Me come close and) I will satisfy the thirst of My eyes on this being!" Tears of boundless bliss streamed from Rādhikā's eyes as She (came closer and) said: "O incomparibly beautiful Tamāla-tree! How can I praise you more? You aren't just a tree, you are Śrī Kṛṣṇa Himself! O king of trees (*bhūmirūhendra*)! Shower Me with sweet honey as I firmly embrace you, I'm burning in a forestfire of lust at every moment! Thus I will be immersed in the waves of an ocean of sweet bliss!"

iti sapadi nibhālyāpy asya gātrāṇi maugdhyān
na ca paricinute sma prauḍha śuddhānurāga
parihitam api pītāṁ tasya vāso mṛgākṣī
nija tanu ruci puñjaṁ bimbitaṁ manyate sma (54

Deluded by Her intense pure passionate love for Kṛṣṇa (who posed as a Tamāla-tree), doe-eyed Rādhikā could not immediately recognise Him (although She saw Him clearly) and She even mistook His yellow *dhoṭī* to be Her own abundant luster reflected in the Tamāla-tree.

sa cakitaṁ avalokyaivābhitaḥ sā yadodyan
nija bhuja latikābhyāṁ taṁ balād āliliṅga
smara mada ghana ghūrṇaḥ so'pi dorbhyāṁ pragāḍhaṁ
prati parirabhate sma prema ratnākaras tāṁ (55)

When She anxiously looked in all directions as She firmly embraced the Tamāla-tree with Her vine-like arms, Kṛṣṇa, the Ocean of Divine Love, who had become dizzy with erotic intoxication, also embraced Her.

tanu-yugam atanur yat kīlitī-kṛtya bāṇair
ati ruciram amuṣṇāc citta ratnaṁ prayatnaiḥ
tad ṛta iva tamālo mādhavo'bhūc ciraṁ sā-
py-ajani kanaka-vallī taṁ balād veṣṭayantī (56)

Then Cupid pierced Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's bodies as They united and stole the very beautiful jewels of Their minds (just as a thief pierces his victims with arrows, afraid that they will otherwise scream for help). Thus Mādhava became just like the Tamāla-tree and Rādhikā like the golden vine who embraced him (They both became stunned of ecstasy and thus became just like these immobile beings).

atha katham api kāntā praty abhijñāta kāntā
dhṛta rati-raṇa raṅgāpy ūḍha lajjā taraṅgā
svam atula saralatvaṁ tasya cāturyavat tvaṁ
muhur api rasayantī sismiya kundadantī (57)

After some time Kundadantī (Śrī Rādhikā, whose teeth are brightly white like Kunda-flowers), who was kept on the waves of the erotic battle, recognised Her lover and was carried away by waves of embarrassment. She was constantly astonished at Her own matchless innocence and at Kṛṣṇa's cleverness.

pauṣpam tulyam upetya puṣpa-dhanuṣaḥ sāmrājya saṁsiddhaye
yadyat prārabhata priya-dvayam idaṁ sākṣāt sarasvaty api

ālīnāṁ nayanebhya eva ciram evādhītya ced varṇaye yat
kiñcin na samāpayet tad api sā stambhāśru caisvarya bhāk (58)

Even Sarasvatī, the goddess of speech, was not able to end her descriptions of what Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa began to do there on the bed of flowers to make Cupid's kingdom successful, even if she had made the eyes of the witnessing *gopīs* her *guru* for a long time! She (Sarasvatī) became stunned (from the beginning) out of paramount ecstasy and cried streams of tears with a choked voice.

Thus ends the eighteenth chapter of Śrīla Viśvanātha Cakravartī's "Kṛṣṇa Bhāvanāmṛta Mahākāvya", dealing with Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's nightfall-pastimes.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Chapter nineteen and twenty conclude the book with descriptions of Rādhikā and Mādhava's nocturnal pastimes (22.48 - 03.36). Chapter nineteen deals with **"The Rāsa Līlā with reversed roles"**, the making of riddles, and the actual eternal Rāsa-*līlā*.

prasūna-cāpaḥ sa mahāparādhī
prāpādhikāraṁ tava kānane'smin
tvaṁ mārgayantīḥ sukumāra gātrīr
hā mārganair bhartsayati sakhīs tāḥ (1)

(Out of love for Her *sakhīs*, Śrī Rādhikā tried to arrange for their meeting with Kṛṣṇa also, so She told Him:) "O Priyatama! In this forest the greatly offensive king Cupid reigns, piercing My girlfriends, who are searching for You, with his arrows! Therefore, O Prāṇanātha, You have to come to their rescue!"

tat tvāṁ trātum ato'rhasi priyatamety ukto'cyuto rādhayā
tvam praty āha samāśvasi hy anupama snehāmṛta snāpite
yo māṁ mṛgyati mātram atra tam ahaṁ mṛgyan hṛdaivādadhā-
myetan me vratam abraṇaṁ tad iha tāḥ śastaiḥ kariṣye'ṅkitāḥ (2)

Acyuta said: "O You who are showered with the matchless nectar of affection! (Be at ease!) You know that it is My unbroken vow to look after anyone who simply search looks for Me in this forest, keeping that person in My heart! I will mark~~ed~~ Your girlfriends with My blessings (or: with My nail- and bite-marks)!"

ity anyatra gate harau parijanaiḥ kaiścin nidiṣṭair asān
nepathyāni pureva sādhu racitāny aṅgeṣu tasyās tathā
nūtnaṁ talpam akāri pauṣpam api tāḥ kṛṣṇopabhuktā yathā
paśyeyu lalitādayo vidhu-mukhīṁ tāṁ vāsa sajjām iva (3)

Saying this, Śrī Hari went elsewhere and some maidservants came to serve moonfaced Rādhikā, dressing Her so expertly on Her order that the *sakhīs* wouldn't be able to see that Kṛṣṇa had made love with Her. She looked just like She was before They united. They made a new bed of flowers as well, so that Śrī Rādhikā appeared as a *vāsaka sajjikā,* a girl who waits for Her lover in the *nikuñja* (to give the right impression to Her girlfriends).

athāgatās tāḥ kuṭila-bhruvaḥ sakhī
rādhābhinīyaiva viṣādam abravīt
preyān sa nāyān mama kiṁ tato'subhis
tanvāthavā bhūṣitayā kim etayā (4)

Then Śrī Rādhikā, hearing Her girlfriends coming (by the jingling of their anklebells), pretended to be morose and asked them: "O where is My beloved? (night has fallen, and still My life-saving medicine has not come! O Raṅgiṇi! O Mādhavi! Show Me My heart's lover, My life is leaving Me!)" (Then, when Her girlfriends came in sight, hearing Her pitiful words, Rādhikā pretended to be even more sad and said:) Bring Him here, otherwise what's the use of My body and My ornaments?"

upālipsur alīḥ punar upasṛta vīkṣya pihita
smitā cillī-vallīṁ dara caṭulayanty āha sutanuḥ
aho kaṣṭaṁ kiṁ vaḥ kṣatam ajani bimbādhara kuce
bhujaṅgaṁ mṛgyantyaḥ kam aviśata vā gahvara varam (5)

(When the *sakhīs* came and heard Rādhikā's false words they cast crooked glances at Her , thinking: "You actually sent Kṛṣṇa to us and now You are pretending to be a *vāsaka sajjikā*!")

Seeing the bodies of Her girlfriends studded with lovemarks, Śrī Rādhikā covered up Her smile and said with slightly knitted eyebrows: "Aho friends! How sad! How did Your Bimbafruit-like lips and Your breasts get cut like this? Did you enter a cave to catch a snake or so?"

bhujaṅgaṁ svādhīnaṁ sumukhi janatāṁ daṁśayasi yat
tadās tāṁ te khyātaṁ vrajabhuvi yaśo mā hasa punaḥ
ahaṁ ced vyākhyāsye kim api caritaṁ tat sapadi te
giraṁ tāṁ hrīr devī viramayitumāvi na bhavitā (6)

Lalitā replied: "The snake that has bitten us is under Your control! You sent him to us! O Fairfaced girl! You are famous for this in Vraja, so don't laugh vainly! O Rādhe! Won't Hrī-devī (the goddess of bashfulness) come to stifle You when we start describing Your character?"

ity eva yāval lalitāvabhāṣe madhye sabhaṁ tāvad upetya kṛṣṇaḥ
prāhālayo vacmi caritram asyāś citraṁ yad evādyatanaṁ suramyam (7)
āgatyaiva prakaṭam anayā yācyate preṣṭha mahyaṁ
dehāśleṣaṁ mad adhara-sudhāṁ nirvivādaṁ gṛhītvā
kāmāgnir me jvalati hṛdi taṁ sādhu nirvāpayeti
śrutvaivāhaṁ nyapatam adhikaṁ vismayāmbhodhi madhye (8)

After Lalitā said this, Rasika Mukuṭamaṇi Śrī Śyāmasundara came on the scene and said: "Bho *sakhīs*! Listen as I describe Śrī Rādhikā's wonderful, charming activities! Today She came to Me and told Me: "O Dear One! Please embrace Me and take the nectar of My lips! Fully extinguish the fire of burning desire in My heart!" When I heard these (*dakṣiṇa* or submissive) words I was submerged in an ocean of astonishment!"

tāvad dhairyaṁ hriyam api balād yamunẹ sāndra paṅke
magni-kṛtya svayam ati mudāliṅgya talpe viveśya

nirjity āhaṁ vitanu-yudhi niryāpito'smānn nikuñjād
yuṣmān evāśrayam atha mukhaṁ sāvṛṇod añcalena (9)

"Śrī Rādhikā made Her patience and bashfulness sink in the deep mud of the Yamunā by embracing Me and seating Me on the bed, and after defeating Me in the erotic battle She ran out of the *kuñja*. Now I take shelter of you *sakhīs*!" Śrī Rādhikā shyly covered Her face with Her veil when She heard all this.

brūṣe mṛṣā vā lalite raves tat pṛcchātra datvā śapathaṁ sakhīṁ svāṁ
tathādṛtā sāha na vedmi mohāt tamālam uddiśya yad apy avocam (10)

Lalitā said: "O Kṛṣṇa! Are You lying?" Kṛṣṇa said: "Lalite, I swear on the sun! Ask Your friend Rādhā!" Lalitā said: "Rādhe! Is this true?" Rādhikā said: "I cannot remember what I said when I was so deluded to embrace a Tamāla-tree!"

hāsya plutāsyalināsu sakhīṣu kṛṣṇaḥ
prāvocad arthanam idaṁ nibhṛtaṁ na citraṁ
siñcāṅga nas tvad adharāmṛta pūrakeṇe-
tyasyā giraṁ sadasi tāṁ na hi vismarāma (11)

When the *sakhīs* heard this, their lotuslike faces were inundated in an ocean of laughter. Then Kṛṣṇa said: "O *sakhis*! These solitary erotic prayers are not so astonishing! I can never forget that Śrī Rādhikā once asked Me to shower Her with the nectar from My lips in the middle of the assembly of *sakhīs*!" (During the autumnal Rāsa-festival, see Śrīmad Bhāgavata 10.29.35 *siñcāṅga nas tvad adharāmṛta pūrakena*)

vaṁśīṁ labheya yadi tām iha vādayeyam
unmādayeyam abhikṛṣya samānayeyaṁ
sva sva prakṛtyananurūpa caritra rūpa
vācas tadāham api vo racayeyam agre (12)
ity uktavatyai nija ballabhāyai kṛṣṇas

tadaivom iti vaṁśikāṁ svāṁ
datvā tato'gād aparatra tābhiḥ
sārddhaṁ sakhībhiḥ kutukaṁ vidhitsuḥ (13)

(Hearing this, Śrī Rādhikā said: "At that time the roles and natures were reversed because of Your flute, but) "If I could get My hands on Your flute I would madden everyone by playing on it and lure the *gopīs* into the forest (like You did the first time) making them act according to their own natures!" (From now on Śrī Rādhikā will be the leader in the Rāsa-*līlā* and Kṛṣṇa will take Her place a submissive *gopī*-leader). Hearing this, Śrī Kṛṣṇa said: "Let it be", gave Śrī Rādhikā His flute and went elsewhere with the *sakhīs*, just for fun.

atha jagāv adharārpita vaṁśikā
vidhumukhī madhuraṁ hari veśa-bhāk
harir agāt pramadāt pramadākṛtiḥ
parivṛto lalitādibhir ālibhiḥ (14)

(Since no one but Vrajarāja Kumāra can enchant others with the flute) Moonfaced Rādhikā dressed like Śrī Hari (by anointing Her body with black *aguru*-unguent, thus becoming Śyāmāṅgī, making a crown, placing it on Her head and sticking a peacockfeather in it, putting on a yellow *dhoṭī* and brilliant *tilaka*, standing in Kṛṣṇa's famous threefold bending form and) placing His flute at Her lips. (What more can I say about this fun? Now Madana Mohana Mohiṇī became Madana Mohana and began to reverse everyone's behaviour with Her fluteplaying. It is not at all impossible that a man can give up His natural form and natural lusty feelings when hearing the flutesong emanating from the mouth of Śrī Govinda Jīvita dhana Śrī Rādhā, because now) Puruṣottama Śrī Hari, the greatest male, accepted the form and behaviour of a female (He made His body fair by anointing it with *kuṅkuma* and put on Her *tilaka*, ornaments), surrounded by Lalitā and Her girlfriends (He came running like a mad girl to the place where Rādhikā played Her flute).

kula-bhuvo bhuvana prathitārciṣaḥ
kathayatātra kathaṁ drutam āgatāḥ
niśi diśi pradiśi bhramatād arād
ayi darāpidaraṁ kurutābalāḥ (15)
tad yāta goṣṭhaṁ nahi tiṣṭhatātra
vaḥ strīṇāṁ sva-dharmaḥ pati sevanaṁ yataḥ
kiṁ vā bhajadhve hṛdi puṣpa
mārgaṇa spṛhām iyaṁ niṣkuṭa eva setsyati (16)

(Just as Kṛṣṇa spoke to the *gopīs* when they first came to Him to dance the Rāsa with Him in the autumn, see Śrīmad Bhāgavata 10.29.18, Śrī Rādhikā, disguised as Kṛṣṇa, now also said:) "O housewives of Vraja! You are world famous! Why have you come here so swiftly today? Why are you wandering here and there (just to get some attention from a man)? You should be a little more careful, being just weak girls (in the middle of the night)! Go back to Vraja, don't stay here! It is the duty of women to serve their husbands! Have you come here to look for flowers maybe (or for the flower-archer Cupid)? These you can also find in your own gardens!"

iti tad udita mātrādāsya vairasya bhājo
nakha maṇi likhita kṣmā ūcire sāśru-kāntāḥ
priyatama rasa-mūrte maiva vaktuṁ tvam evaṁ
tvad anusṛti bhṛto'smān arhasi prema sindho (17)
madana dahana dūnāḥ svās tanūs tvan mukhendor
amṛta rasa niṣekaiḥ kurmahe śaitya bhājaḥ
iti cira janitāṁ naś cchindim āśāṁ sva veṇu-
dhvanibhir api niṣicyaivānayā tīkṣṇa vācā (18)

Hearing this, Kṛṣṇa (playing Rādhā) and the *gopīs* made morose faces and began to scratch the ground with their nails, moistening the soil with their tears (just as Rādhikā and the *gopīs* did when they heard Kṛṣṇa's *upekṣā vāṇī*, words of disregard and rejection, in Śrīmad Bhāgavata 10.29.29). They said: "O Dearest

One! O very form of Divine mellows! We are always thinking of You! Don't speak such cruel words, O Ocean of Divine Love! (see Śrīmad Bhāgavata 10.29.31) We are burned by the fire of lusty desires, but we will cool ourselves off with the nectar of Your moonlike face! Don't hack down the vine of our desires that You sprinkled with the nectar of Your flutesongs, with the axe of Your harsh words!"

athānanābje smita mādhurīṁ sā prakāśya vaidhuryam apāsya sadyaḥ
sva veśa bhāṣekṣaṇa bhāva bhājā kāntena reme śritatan nisargā (19)

By showing Her sweetly smiling lotuslike face Śrī Rādhikā (playing Kṛṣṇa) removed all the *gopīs*' distress (just as Kṛṣṇa did during the Rāsa-*līlā*). Then She made love with Kṛṣṇa (playing Rādhā) who had assumed Her mood, words, dress and looks.

sasnus tāḥ kautukābdhau sarabhasam asakṛd vīkṣya vīkṣyaiva sakhyaḥ
kṛṣṇa śrī rādhāyor yā-smara samara kalā vāmya cāpalya bhājoḥ
sva apy āśliṣyamāṇā vyadhiṣata na tanūḥ kiṁ tayā preṣṭha sakhyā
vṛndā dūra sthitaiva svamamanuta janur dhanyam aśru plutākṣī (20)

Seeing the erotic cleverness of Kṛṣṇa, who was dressed as *vāma* (contrary) Rādhikā, and Śrī Rādhikā, who was dressed as naughty Kṛṣṇa, the *sakhīs* submerged in an ocean of fun. They were themselves also repeatedly embraced by Śrī Rādhikā who was dressed like Hari. Seeing this from a distance, Vṛndā-devī, whose heart was moistened by love tears, considered her birth to be successful.

paśyantīnāṁ sakhīnām api nibhṛtam asau kāntam ādāya tasmād
antardhāyaiva deśāt kvacana rahasi taṁ krīḍayantī yadābhāt
tā apy aśvattha nīpa prabhṛti taru-tatīs tau viṣādena pṛṣṭvā
dṛṣṭvā dṛṣṭvāpi jātārpita nayana yugāḥ khedam evābhininyuḥ (21)

Then Śrī Kṛṣṇa (Rādhā) took Rādhā (Śrī Kṛṣṇa) away from the other *gopīs* to a lonely place (as in Śrīmad Bhāgavata 10.29.48) to play with Her, leaving the *gopīs* pitifully asking all the Banyan-, Kadamba- and other trees about Their whereabouts before they finally saw Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's loveplay through the slits of the *nikuñja*-walls, thus removing the sorrow of their eyes.

vanād vanaṁ yānty atha maṇḍayantī vicitra mālyābharaṇaiḥ priyaṁ sā
na pāraye'haṁ calituṁ kva ceti girā vihāyaiva tam āśu lilye (22)

(After making love) Śrī Kṛṣṇa (Rādhā) took Śrī Rādhikā (Kṛṣṇa) with Him from forest to forest, ornamenting Her (Him) with wonderful garlands and ornaments (as in Śrīmad Bhāgavata 10.30.33). Then when Rādhikā (Kṛṣṇa) said: 'I cannot go any further, take Me wherever You want' (as in Śrīmad Bhāgavata 10.30.37), He (She) quickly left Her (Him) and vanished.

bhuvam aśrubhir ārdrayan muhuḥ
kṛta hā hā sva eva mādhavaḥ
lalitādibhir āvṛtaḥ punar
vilalāpoccataraṁ svaraṁ sṛjan (23)
dayiteha samāgamena nodhinu
yat tvac caraṇāmbujaṁ hṛdi
mṛdulaṁ kaṭhine śanaiḥ śanairnidadhe
tad dunu mā tṛṇāṅkuraiḥ (24)

Śrī Rādhikā (Kṛṣṇa) moistened the soil with Her (His) tears, wailing: "Hā hā Mādhava!" (as in Śrīmad Bhāgavata 10.30.40) and then Her (His) girlfriends came, surrounded Her (Him) and joined Her in Her lamentation, (sweetly) saying: (as in Śrīmad Bhāgavata 10.31.19) "O Dearest One! Please come here and make us happy! We will put Your delicate lotusfeet on our hard breasts, but we are afraid that these lotufeet will be injured when You tread on the pebbles and sprouts of the forestpaths! Don't place Your lotusfeet there!"

sātha smitāsyāgamad āśu vidyut
pītāmbarā nīrada nīla-rociḥ
sva svārcir anyonya samarpaṇāt kiṁ tad
aṅga vastre dadhatuḥ susakhyaṁ (25)

(Hearing these lamentations) Śrī Hari (Rādhikā) smilingly re-appeared amongst the *gopīs*. His yellow cloth shone like lightning and His body shone like a blue cloud (enchanting the whole world). It was as if Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa had placed Their golden and bluish complexions in Eachother with Their garments and bodily complexions) and that these colours had made friends with eachother.

kācit pāṇiṁ kācana pādāmbujam asyās
tarhy evaikā bāhum adhād utpulake'ṁśe
kāntaś cillī-cālana bhangīṁ yad atānīt
tām āsvādyaivājani rādhā vitatākṣī (26)

One *gopī* held Kṛṣṇa's (Rādhā's) lotushand, another one His lotusfeet, another one placed His arm over her shoulder, that shivered of ecstasy and Rādhā (Kṛṣṇa) made Kṛṣṇa (Rādhā) relish the gestures of Her eyebrows, making Kṛṣṇa (Rādhā) weep with tearfilled eyes.

vṛndāvādīt tāvad upatyāmbuja-netrau
rādhe'jaiṣīs tvaṁ nija kāntaṁ bhramayantī
kṛṣṇa prodyad durgama bhāvo yad abhūs tvaṁ
tenāśliṣṭas tvaṁ ca mahatyā jaya-lakṣmyā (27)
tām arthayitvāṁ muralīṁ tataḥ sā mukunda pāṇau nidadhe yadaiva
tadaiva kṛṣṇo'ham aho na rādhety āścāryam evābhinināya raṅgī (28)

Then Vṛndā approached lotuseyed Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa and said: "O Rādhe! You have defeated Your lover with Your delusion! O Kṛṣṇa! Accepting Śrī Rādhikā's grave mood You were also embraced by Jaya-lakṣmī (the goddess of victory, i.e. You were also victorious. Now there is no need to continue this game anymore) O Rādhe! Now give Me Hari's Muralī-flute!" Hari-disguised Śrī Rādhikā then gave Vṛndā the flute and Vṛndā returned it to playful Mukunda, who pretended to be amazed and said: "Aho! I am Kṛṣṇa, not Rādhā!"

vidyun meghau yau mitho varṇa
bhāva vyatyāsenāvarsatāṁ harṣa dhārāḥ
tāv āsīnau svīkṛta sva sva rūpau devy
aṭavyāḥ sevyamānau vyathātāṁ (29)

These clouds and lightningstrikes are showering eachother with joy by exchanging their colours and feelings. Then They (Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa) Each assumed Their own forms and sat down on the Rāsa-sthalī (the place of the Rāsa-festival) where the forest-goddesses served Them.

aprāṇāpi prāṇito mohayantī labdha
prāṇa syān nava dvāra dehā
madhya yāmaṁ drāg vaśībhūya sāraṁ
madhye premnā modayantī trilokīṁ (30)
tām ālī jānīhi mama prahelīm
ity ucamānā hariṇāha rādhā
utkocam evādhara-śīdhu yasyai
dadāsi vaṁśī tava kuṭṭinīyaṁ (31)

(Śrī Kṛṣṇa then asked Rādhikā to solve a riddle, saying:) "What is alive though dead and lovingly enchants the three worlds, living in a body of nine gates, like actual embodied souls?" Śrī Rādhikā (floated on billowing waves of fun and) then said: "O Hare! This is the meaning of Your riddle: It is Your crooked flute, that enjoys the nectar of Your lips as its fee, that You give to her as a bribe!" (Hearing this answer, all the *sakhīs* laughed)

gāyantī tatam anurāgiṇī yaśas te yā
mūrcchāṁ bhajati lasad guṇāvali śrīḥ
grāma-sthāpy atanu raseṣu yā pravīṇā tāṁ brūhi
praṇaya nidhe prahelikāṁ naḥ (32)

Then Rādhikā said: "O jewel of My love! Tell Me, who is expert in erotic mellows, although staying in the *grāma* (village or musical note), having the most beautiful *guṇas* (transcendental qualities or strings) and *mūrcchanās* (faints of spiritual erotic ecstasy, or a musical note) while singing Your glories?"

īrṣyantī mama muralīṁ kalāvalībhir
jetrī māṁ sukhayati mādhurīṁ dadhānā
sā rādhe tvam iva suvṛta pīna tumbīs
any atra sphurati rasena balakīyaṁ (33)

Kṛṣṇa said: "O Rādhe! It is Your Vīṇā, who defeated My Muralī out of envy through all her artistry, who makes Me happy with her sweetness and who has a big breasts(or gourdsof the Vīṇā) like Yours!"

athocire śrī lalitā viśākhā citrādayo
'pīhita jaitra bhāvāḥ
tam anvadhinvan sva sakhīṁ paṭimno
bhaṅgyaiva yāḥ saṁsadi varṇayantyaḥ (34)
bālā apy ati-vṛddhā ye bandhaṁ mokṣaṁ ca vibhrati
śuddhān api tamo dhāmno vada tān kuṭilān api (35)
prati karma nibaddhānām api kṛṣṇo'smi mokṣadaḥ
yeṣāṁ raty udgame keśān vibhaktāṁs tan imān bhaje (36)

Then Śrī Lalitā, Viśākhā, Citrā and others wanted to make Kṛṣṇa happy by describing His beloved to Him and defeating Him with another riddle, asking Him with sly gestures: "(O Kṛsna! Listen to this riddle!) Who is known as young but also as very old, who is both bound and liberated and who is the abode of darkness, but is still very pure and crooked also?" Kṛṣṇa replied: "I am Kṛṣṇa, I get entangled in all kinds of activities (*līlās*), but I'm also the bestower of liberation! I loosen the braids of all the girls that become attracted to Me. (Or: the *jīvaṣ* are called *bālās* (youngsters), but are actually very old. Each activity is entangling them in fruitive reactions, but if *rati*, or love for Me, awakens in their hearts they can easily become liberated from their bondage. I blissfully worship these excellent devotees!") Although I'm the abode of all darkness (Śyāma) I'm still very pure. I'm very crooked in My dealings also. The hairs of Śrī Rādhika are bound into a braid, but when *rati*, or loveplay awakens, they are loosened. I worship each single parted hair of the *gopīs*!"

dhṛtvā vibhūtiṁ bhramatīha sarvathā
dhvanyartha tattva prathane'ti paṇḍitā
yā yoginī sambhṛta viśva bhāva dṛg
dhanyo'si tāṁ cet priya boddhum īśiṣe (37)

Viśākhā said: "O Dear One! If You know which *yoginī* (girl united with her man, or: female mystic) is wandering on the road, wearing her *vibhūti* (sacred ashes or eyeliner) as an *artha tattva vistāra paṇḍitā* (knower of the 24 material elements, or of one's mental purpose) and a *viśva bhāva darśinī* (knower of the feelings of the world, or of Kṛṣṇa's mind) I know that you are blessed!"

anaṅga saukhya siddhaye yad ujjvalātma vedanaṁ
kṛpārdrayā yayā muhus tad eva pāṭhito'bhavaṁ
virajya sarva karmato yadājñayā vanaṁ gato
labheya nirvṛtiṁ guruṁ priyādṛśaṁ stavīmi tāṁ (38)

Kṛṣṇa said: "I praise that Priya-dṛk (seer, or faireyed Rādhikā) who is *ujjvalātma vedana kṛpārdrayā* (compassionate upon the living beings, or: who is being softened by erotic feelings) attains perfection in *anaṅga sukha* (incorporal liberation, or the pinnacle of erotic bliss) and on whose order I gave up all other happiness to go into the forest (to perform penance, or to meet Her) to attain all bliss, which made Me become very dear to Her!"

sadāpavarga sādhano nitānta dānta vigrahaḥ
śuci priyo ruci-prado'nurāgitādhurādharaḥ
ya eva bhāti saubhagais tam atra varṇayann api
svayā rasājñayaiva tāṁ nayācyutāsu dhanyatāṁ (39)

Citrā made the following riddle, saying: "O Acyuta! Make Yourself known as the knower of spiritual mellows by telling us what beautifies this world through a great fortune of passion, *sadāpavarga sādhana* (who always strives for liberation, or: who always pronounces the *pa-varga,* the *pa*-consonants, or the lips) *nitānta dānta vigrahaḥ* (one who always controls himself, or: one who combats Kṛṣṇa with the teeth) *śuci-priya* (who is keen on cleanliness or erotic enjoyment) and *ruci-prada* (who gives taste for spiritual or erotic bliss)?"

kiṁ varṇayitvaiva viramyatām aho rasajñayāpy asya vinopagūhanaṁ
tad ālayo yojayatāmumutsukaṁ priyādharaṁ santatam utkayānayā (40)

Kṛṣṇa said: "Can I stop with just using My tongue in explaining this riddle without using My tongue for an embrace? So, dear *sakhīs*, you must unite My tongue with the lips of Your girlfriend, who is very eager to unite with him!"

tanutātanu lampaṭatāṁ kuṭilāḥ sva
viṭa sphuṭa kīrtita kīrti-bharāḥ
iti bhīṣaṇa bhaṅgura cilli kaṭu krakacaiḥ
sva sakhīḥ samatarjad iyaṁ (41)
na ruṣā paruṣā bhava sādhvi bhṛśaṁ
racayāmy atha nirvacanāṁ bhavatīṁ

sva kalām abhirakṣya vilakṣaṇadhīḥ prati
vakṣyasi ced ayi jeṣyasi māṁ (42)

With loving anger Śrī Rādhikā told Her girlfriends: "O crooked friends! You can play dirty games with this debauchee yourselves, I am leaving! Let this clown be pleased with you and sing your glories!", and chastised them with the fierce movements of Her saw-like eyebrows and indexfinger (then She began to depart, pretending to be angry). Kṛṣṇa (stopped and) pacified Her, saying: "O chaste girl! Don't be angry or hottempered! I will pacify You with another riddle. If You can keep Your cleverness by solving it then we know that You are intelligent and that You're able to defeat Me!"

ekena śobhām api yo'bhidhatte dvābhyāṁ
diviṣṭāṁs tribhir eva varṇaiḥ
tavāpy abhīṣṭaṁ dyu-nagaṁ caturbhiḥ
śrotrābhir asyaṁ sakhī pañcabhir vaḥ (43)

(Then Kṛṣṇa thought of a very difficult riddle, that Rādhikā would not have been able to explain, simply out of shyness, even if She would understand the riddle. Thus She would be defeated in one way or another) "Give Me one word whose first syllable expresses beauty, the first two the demigods, the first three something that You like very much, the first four a desire tree, and the whole word of five syllables something which pleases the ears of the *sakhīs*!" (The first syllable is *su* = beauty, then *sura* = demigods, *surata* = lovemaking, *sura-taru* = desiretree, and finally *surata-ruta* means 'the sound of lovemaking')

tam ācakṣva śabdaṁ tvam ity ucyamānā
priyeṇa priya namra vaktrāravindā
anīśāpi roddhuṁ smitaṁ bhaṅgura bhrūr
amuṁ sūkṣma-dhīr vyājato vyājahāra (44)
vadaikena cārūttareṇaiva tāvat kramāl

labdha varṇena mat praśna vīthīṁ
tvam ādau tataḥ sve hitaṁ śabdam etaṁ priyāṁ
vācayan yāhi padmāṁ sakhīṁ svāṁ (45)

Hearing this, *sūkṣma-buddhi* Śrī Rādhikā lowered Her lotuslike face, unable to control Her laughter, and then cleverly replied with moving eyebrows and a suppressed smile: "First You must give Me a nice answer to My counter-question, then You will find the syllables You asked for, one by one. Then You may go to Padmā's girlfriend Candrāvalī for Your answer!"

gṛhī kam icchet taruṇehitaṁ kiṁ kiṁ
cāru vādyaṁ kim u karṇa vedyaṁ
sakhyaḥ kim ākarṇayituṁ nilīnās
tiṣṭhanti tat tvaṁ vada nirvivādaṁ (46)
sura-taru pūrvaṁ tam iti
mukunde vadati tad ati paṭimāmṛtavinde
sapadi sakhībhir athaidhitamānā
yuvati-maṇir mumude smayamānā (47)

"First: What does a householder want (*su-kha*, or happiness), then: what does a youngster want (*ra-ta* or enjoyment), what is a beautiful musical instrument (*ta-ta*), what is audible (*ru-ta*, or sound) and what do My girlfriends want to hear when they hide out in the vines (*surata-ruta*, or the sound of lovemaking)?" Mukunda immediately said: "Surataruta!", and the *sakhīs* glorified the victory of Yuvati-maṇi, the jewel of young girls, Śrī Rādhikā, (chanting *jaya jaya* and) relishing the nectar of Her cleverness. (Thus clever Rādhikā managed to have Kṛṣṇa give the answer with which Kṛṣṇa wanted to embarrass Her. This gave the *sakhīs* boundless bliss. The first sanskrit syllable of each word in the riddle of verse 46 form the word *surataruta* also.)

śabdam aho tam avācayad atraivaśvimameva bhavaty api citraiḥ
praśna varair miṣatas tad ajeyā kṛṣṇa dhiyāpy asi bāḍhamameyā (48)

Vṛndā said to Rādhikā: "Aho! You tricked Kṛṣṇa into saying the same word that You had to give to Him! How wonderful! You are unconquerable in all respects! Even Kṛṣṇa cannot approach the limits of Your cleverness!"

ity evam uktvā bahu mālya gandha tāmbūla divyābharaṇena vṛndā
niṣevya kṛṣṇaṁ dhṛta rasa tṛṣṇaṁ vijñāya vijñā praṇunāva kiñcit (49)
rasika sikatā tūlābalyā tathātula śilpibhir
vyaraci ruciraṁ citraṁ mitrātmajā puline'nilaiḥ
tanutara taraṅgālyas tulya jala-sthalayor yathā
syur asita site kāntī bhrāntīr janasya tad asyataḥ (50)

Saying this, she served Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa many kinds of garlands, betelleaves and divine ornaments. Then, seeing Kṛṣṇa was eager to perform the Rāsa-festival, she said: "O Rasika (Kṛṣṇa)! Look at how the peerless craftsman, the wind, has used the brush of the sand on the banks of the Yamunā to make relishable pictures shaped like high and low waves! Behold the very fine ripples on the Yamunā-water! The only way that one can distinguish between the beach and the water are by their white (beach) and blue (water) colours!"

kim ati vitatā kārpūrīyāṁ sarin nija madhyato
mṛgamada rasām anyāṁ kāñcid dhūnīṁ dadhatīkṣyate
kim amita yaśaḥ sauryās tauryatrikaiḥ svagatair idaṁ
tri-jagad api saṁstāvyaivemāṁ samāśliṣad ādarāt (51)

(Seeing the white banks north and south of the black current of the Yamunā, Vṛndā said: O Kṛṣṇa! Look!) The Yamunā looks like a river of musk flowing within a broad river of camphor, her beach! Or these are not banks north and south of the Yamunā, but the unlimited fame of Yamunā herself, affectionately embracing her, singing, dancing and playing musical instruments related to the Rāsa and other pastimes, that are to be glorified by all the three worlds!"

ehyehi kānte vilasāma hantety upātta tat pāṇi-dalaḥ kalāvān
āgatya madhye pulinaṁ vitene hallīśakollāsam udāra līlāḥ (52)

When Kalānidhi, the supreme artist Śrī Kṛṣṇa, heard these words of Vṛndā He remembered the Rāsa-dance and became desirous to perform it, so He took Śrī Rādhikā's hand and said: "Come, come, My beloved! Let Us begin Our festival of beautiful pastimes on this beach, dancing the Hallīśaka (circular female dance)!

kalayata kaḷadhauta nīra-dhautaṁ
vyadhita ka etad aho mahojjvalaṁ naḥ
sthala mala sadṛśo bhṛśotsukānāṁ iha
bahu rāsa vilāsa sādhu siddhyaiḥ (53)
madhurima sarasaṁ vidhāya śuklaṁ
guṇam akhilaṁ vidhir eva vastra pūtaṁ
pulinam idam athāśu tena siktvā
jagati kalāṁ prabhayāṁ cakāra kiṁ svāṁ (54)
sāndras tu tac chānita śiṣṭa bhāgaḥ
sakṣepaniḥ kṣepa-vaśād itaḥ kiṁ
khe'bhūt śaśaṅkaḥ kaṇikā samūho
nakṣatra lakṣatvam avāpa rādhe (55)

"O Rādhe, look! Someone who is eager to witness Our many Rāsa-*līlās* has nicely cleaned this splendid beach with silvery water! It is as if the Creator has sprinkled the whole world with white strings of powder of sweet mellows, spreading it out with a cloth to make it shine brightly! Being afraid that the thick remainders of this powder would pollute the beach, the Creator threw it up into the sky and that became the silver moon. The spots that scattered around after this upthrowing became the hundreds of thousands of stars that surround the moon!"

iti varṇayantam anurāgiṇī gaṇāḥ
samayā vidhāya nija kāntam agrataḥ

itaretarāta bhuja-valli maṇḍalīṁ
racanāti śobham avatasthire kṣaṇaṁ (56)
kim anaṅga kīrti rasa pūrite sarasy
uditaṁ mahad vikacam ekam adbhutaṁ
kanakāmbujaṁ madhura nīla karṇikaṁ
vibudhāṅganākṣi madhupāvali stutaṁ (57)
kiṁ vā dharaṇyaiva dhṛtaṁ nijālike
mahotsave candana candra carcite
kastūrikācā.....tamāla..kaṁ kāśmīra
citrāvali veṣṭitaṁ vabhau (58)

After Kṛṣṇa made this poetic description, the devoted *gopīs* enclosed Him in their circle for a while, holding eachother's vine-like arms. Thus they looked like a wonderful blooming golden lotusflower with innumerable *gopī*-leaves and a sweet blue whorl (Śrī Kṛṣṇa) in a lake that was filled up with the nectar of Cupid's glories. Seeing this, the swarm of bee-like eyes of the demigoddesses in the sky offered prayers. Kṛṣṇa and the *gopīs* also resembled a beautiful leaf of a Tamāla-tree of musk (Kṛṣṇa) inside a circle of vermilion pictures (the *gopīs*) on the sandal- and camphor-anointed forehead of mother Earth (the Yamunā-bank).

kāṇakyo'mūr ambhāḥ śambhāḥ kārpūre'smin navye bhavye
vapre sapremaivāvabruḥ kiṁ tāpiñchaṁ piñchottaṁsaṁ (59)
śāradyā kiṁ saura jvālā balyāśliṣṭaṁ tyaktvākāśaṁ
haime deśe snigdhāmbhodo vidyun-mālā madhye reje (60)

The *gopīs* were like golden bananas growing on a field of camphor (the Yamunā-bank) covering over a Tamala-tree with a peacockfeather, or like a smooth monsooncloud (Kṛṣṇa) that fled from the scorching rays of the autumn sun, leaving the sky to look for a cool place (the bank of the Yamunā) where it is now surrounded by lightningstrikes (the *gopīs*).

ṣadja svareṇātha catuḥ śruti spṛśārohāvarohau gatakair vibhūṣayan
kedāra rāgaṁ rasikendra śekharas teneti teneti yadā lalāpa saḥ (61)
tad amita mādhurī sura-satīḥ sapatīr api khe
vyadhita vimānagā vivaśayanty atanu jvaritāḥ
abhajatah darpakaḥ salalano'pi tadīya
mahā madana śara prahā vidhuro bahu moham aho (62)

Then the best of *rasikas,* Śrī Kṛṣṇa, sang *'tena tena'* in the Kedāra-*rāga* which was touched by four marginal notes *(śrutis),* ornamented with ascending and descending notes and modulations like the *ṣadja.* Hearing these sweet songs, the demigoddesses and their husbands became stunned by Cupid's attacks, sitting in their airplanes. Even Cupid and Rati themselves became greatly deluded by the arrow-strikes of the transcendental Cupid Kṛṣṇa and His boundlessly sweet songs.

atha lalitādi kaṇṭha milanāt kila gāna dhurāṁ
naṭanam api prati priyatamā dvaya madhyagataḥ
vinihita tad tad aṁsa bhuja sva javena yadārabhata
vidhātum adbhuta vilāsa kalā sakalā jaladhiḥ (63)

When Kṛṣṇa stood in between each two *gopīs*, placing His arms on their shoulders, His voice joined the voices of Lalitā and the others as they danced and sang many songs. They were like an ocean of amazing artists.

vāditra rāga svara mūrcchanā śruti
grāma kriyā hastaka tāla devatāḥ
sva sva kriyāś cakrur uditya sambhramān
mūrtāḥ pratītā iva tarhi saṁhatāḥ (64)

Then, in an unseen way, the demigods came there, performing their own activities, carefully embodying all the tunes, voices, *mūrcchanās*, marginal notes, lyrics, rhythms and claps by playing their musical instruments.

kacchapikābhis tatra mṛdaṅgeṣv anupadam udayati nava nava ninade
nṛtya gatīḥ kvāpy aśruta dṛṣṭā vidadhati saha yuvatibhir aghamathane
thai tatha thaiya tā tatha thaiyā dṛmiki dṛmiki tṛki tṛki tṛki tṛki thā.
ittham udīyas tāla taraṅgā madhura vadana sarasija kula kalitāḥ (65)

Newer and newer sounds came from the Vīṇās and Mṛdaṅgas (and Pākhowājas), following which Aghamathana (Kṛṣṇa) began to dance as never seen or heard before. The Mṛdaṅgas played waves of rhythms -*thai tatha thaiya tā tatha thaiyā dṛmiki dṛmiki tṛki tṛki tṛki tṛki thā* - after which sweet songs emanated from the lotuslike mouths of (dancing) Kṛṣṇa and the *gopīs*.

kaṅkaṇa kiṅkiṇy ādy ali vādyai jhaṇad iti
jhaṇad iti madhurima laharīṁ
kāñcana bhejuḥ kāñcana vallyaḥ
kim udita śuci-rasa mṛdula sumanasaḥ (66)

While they danced, their anklebells and waistbells jingled *'jhaṇad jhaṇad'*, creating waves of sweetness, and the minds of the golden vine-like *gopīs* were all softened by spiritual erotic mellows.

kiṁ suṣamābdher etya virejuḥ smara
kṛta mathana rabhasa bhara janitāḥ
lakṣmya imāḥ svāṁ kīrtim acaiṣur vidhi
jagad avidita naṭana paṭimabhiḥ (67)

Were the *gopīs* like goddesses of fortune churned from the ocean of supreme beauty by Cupid, engaged by the Creator in spreading his glories all over the world by showing their cleverness in dancing yet unknown dances in the Rāsa-circle?

na vidyud abhrai kanakendra ratnair na
vā na vā campaka nīla paṅkajaiḥ

rasais tu kāśmīra madāñcitaiḥ sā
mālaiva reje smara japya mālā (68)

Armed in a circle Kṛṣṇa and the *gopīs*1 looked like Cupid's *japa mālā* (string of prayer beads), not with blue cloud- and golden lightningbeads, nor with golden and sapphire beads, nor with Campaka-flower- and blue lotusflowerbeads, but with erotic spiritual mellows anointed with vermilion (the *gopīs*) and musk (Kṛṣṇa).

hastaka śasta padartha vibheda khyāpana tāla gati-krama nāṭyāt
ye parirambha kuca-graha cumbās tena tataḥ pṛthag āsana rāsāt (69)

The Rasa-*līlā* caused the perfection of erotic union, since depicting different excellent objects like the moon and the lotus-flowers, as well as dancing with clapping of the hands and charming steps are non-different from erotic acts like holding the breasts, kissing and embracing.

tvad vadanaṁ sadanaṁ lavanimnāṁ
tatra ca hanta dṛganta vilāsāḥ
teṣv asamāṁ suṣamām upajagmuḥ
sundari kāma-kalāḥ sakalās tāḥ (70)
kānte tvad āsyodaya dattam indur
mṛgacchalad duryaśa eva dhatte
janopahāsāsahano'tha vā kiṁ dvijo'pi
mūḍho garalaṁ jaghāsa (71)
ityaghadamano'gāyat kāntāṁ tāṁ sa-ri-ga-ma-paiḥ
sāmyati caturā gītais tais tais kim u na jagau
tatra tu yad abhūt sambuddhyantaṁ tad padam anayā
gīyata rabhasād anta nyastādya svara surasaṁ (72)

Then Kṛṣṇa sang a song, describing Śrī Rādhikā's face:

priyatame! tava mukha, heri, hārāiyā sukha,
khede kṣīṇa yāminīra pati.

hariṇa lāñchana chale, dhari duryaśaḥ paṭale,
antarīkṣe rahe mūḍhamati
kimvā loka upahāse, pāiyā viśeṣa trāse,
ātma hatyā koribāra tare
korilo garala pāna, dvijādhama lupta-
jñāna,
tāi kāla hoilo kalevare

"O beautiful One! Your face is the abode of elegance, where Your eyes are playing. My passionate mind is enchanted by its boundless beauty and erotic artistry! O dearest One! The rising of Your face takes away the joy of the moon (the lord of the night becomes thin of misery), showing the ill fame of his deer-marks (still he remains in the sky, like a fool)! Out of fear of being ridiculed by the people, the moon considers committing suicide by drinking poison, although he is twice born! (both the moon and the *brāhmaṇas* are twiceborn and they are forbidden to drink). Thus his face becomes black!" Hearing this, Śrī Rādhikā also sang the glories of Śrī Kṛṣṇa's face, singing in the *sa, ri, ga, ma, pa* and *dha*-notes and other very clever sweet tunes, like the *ṣaḍja, ṛṣabha, gāndhāra, madhyama, pañcama, dhaivata* and *niṣāda.*

maṇḍala racanāṁ tāsām asyann āha sa kutukī
nṛtyati mahilā ekaikaśyenādbhutam adhunā
oṁ iti lalitā tāsv ādau sā vyanjita paṭimā
dhiddhī drāṁ drāṁ drāṁ kuṭu tṛkithety udbhaṭam anaṭat (73)

Funny Kṛṣṇa broke out of the *gopī*-circle and said: "O girls! Now make wonderful dances, one after the other!" Lalitā agreed and began to dance wonderfully while the *mṛdaṅga* played *'dhiddhī drāṁ drāṁ drāṁ kuṭu tṛki thā'*

itthaṁ viśākhādi sakhī-tateḥ kramāt
pṛthak pṛthaṅ nāṭya-kalā vidagdhatāṁ

āsvādayan mūrdhna vidhūnanair
muhuḥ kāntaḥ sakāntaḥ saphalī-cakāra tāṁ (74)

Then Viśākhā and the other *sakhīs* all showed their skill in dancing, one after the other. Kṛṣṇa relished this while nodding His head constantly along with Rādhikā's. He was very satisfied with the performance.

tāḥ sabhyatvaṁ dadhur atha nikhilāḥ
sakhyaḥ kāścij jagur ati madhuraṁ
tatrānaddha dhvani dhṛta rabhasau
rādhā-kṛṣṇau nanṛtatur atulaṁ (75)
tattā dhiddhī tati kaṭa ghṛghi tat tat
tadhiddhī tatikaṭa ghṛghi tat
ity anvāsyāmbuja yugam anaṭan
varṇāḥ karṇāmṛta sama madhuraḥ (76)

Then all the *sakhīs* gathered and encouraged Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa to dance (saying: "O Naṭiṇi Śiromaṇi! O Naṭarāja! We're very eager to see You both dance!"), while they accompanied Them with sweet songs. They played *'tattā dhidhi tati kaṭa ghṛghi tat tat ṭadhiddhī tati kata ghṛghitat'* on *mṛdaṅgas*. These sounds came to Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's lotuslike faces like sweet nectar for the ears (and They both danced and sang accordingly).

parasparopatta karābjayos tayor
bhujoddhati dyotita ratna bhūṣayoḥ
tāṭaṅka tāralya dhurorarī kṛta jyotsnā
mukhendū snapayantya āvabhuh (77)

Then Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa held Eachother's lotuslike hands and began to dance, Their jewelled bangles trembling along with Their arms, shining brightly. Their moonlike faces were bathing in the luster of Their dangling earrings.

mitho hastālambārpita tanu-bharo
tau tathā vegan unnau
jughūrṇati yena smara ghaṭa-
kṛto ratna cakraika rupyaṁ
tad āgatāṁ veṇī-dvayam api
tayoḥ pṛṣṭha saṅgaṁ vihāya
bhraman nīla śrīmat paridhi
varatāṁ tad bahiḥ prāpya reje (78)

Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa held Eachother's hands and then fell away from Eachother, keeping Their feet against Eachother and quickly rotating like that. It was as if the two golden and blue jewel-wheels of the potter Cupid turned around so fast that they became One. Their braids flew around far from Their backs, looking like two beautiful blue circumferences.

tatas tālopāntaṁ samayam anu tāv aṅguli-granthi-muktau
pṛthaṅ nānā bhedaṁ samamanaṭatāṁ durga mārgādhirohaṁ
samāptau tu preṣṭhorasi harir adhād dakṣiṇaṁ pāṇi-padmaṁ
svarāmenaitena spṛśad iva kucaṁ vāritaṁ tat tayāpi (79)

Then, when the rhythms of the dance changed, Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa let go of Each others' fingers, stopped this Cakra-bhramī dance and began to dance various difficult dances separately. Hari tried to place His right lotus hand on Rādhikā's bosom, but She stopped Him with Her own lotus hand, as if She wanted to change the rhythm of the dance. (When They faced Each other in the dance Kṛṣṇa began to touch Śrī Rādhikā's breasts with His right hand on the pretext of ending the *tāla* (rhythm) and Śrī Rādhikā stopped Him by slapping Him with Her left hand on the pretext of ending Her *tāla*. Seeing this, the *sakhīs* blissfully began to glorify Śrī Rādhikā's victory, exclaiming "Jaya Jaya!")

kācit tadā vījayati sma bhūṣa vyatyāsam asyaty aparā lilepa
śrī khaṇḍa karpūra-rasais tad aṅgāny ekāsyayor arpayati sma vīṭim (80)

When Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa stopped dancing some of Their maidservants began to fan Them, some began to place back Their scattered ornaments, some anointed Their bodies with sandal paste and camphor while others served Them betel leaves.

lihantvāvarcīnā nija rasanayā rāsaṁ kathaṁ taṁ haṭhān
na gīr yatreśā nā saphalita dṛśāṁ tat kālikānām api
prabhus taṁ premā cet kam api caturaṁ svādhāram ākhyāpayet
tadīyair mādhuryair apahṛta dhiyā tenāpi varṇyo na saḥ (81)

How can neophytes relish this Rāsa-*līlā* with their tongues? Those people whose eyes were blessed to witness it because they were born here (while Kṛṣṇa performed His manifest pastimes) are also unable to describe this sweetness. Even if Prema, sacred Love itself, would be the Lord and engaged some clever people to describe it, they would also be unable to do so, for their voices would have been choked by the ecstasy of love).

kintu śaktir atulā kṛpā tayoḥ sā svayaṁ
śuka mukhendunā jagat
dyotayanty alam avaikṣayad diśaṁ
dhāma vindati tathaiva sekṣaṇaḥ (82)

But if anyone would cast a glance at the place of the Rāsa-festival, that is illuminated by the rays coming from Śrī Śukadeva's moonlike face, that lights up the whole world, he could see it on the strength of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's boundless grace....(This means that Śrī Sukadeva mercifully described the Rasa-*līlā* in Śrīmad Bhāgavata, so that the whole world has come to know of it. The point is that without having *prema bhakti* no one describe the Rāsa-*līlā*.)

Thus ends the Ninteenth chapter of Śrīla Viśvanātha Cakravartī's "Śrī Kṛṣṇa Bhāvanāmṛta Mahākāvya" dealing with Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's nocturnal Rāsa-līlā.

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1 That is, two *gopīs* flanking one form of Kṛṣṇa

CHAPTER TWENTY

End of the Day

atha prabandhān anusṛtya citraṁ tauryatrika sādhu vidhāya kāntāḥ
vihṛtya kṛṣṇāv anayor nayoḍha sva svāṅga veśā viviśur nikuñjaṁ (1)
kharjura rambhā panasāmra jambū prabhṛty anisvādu phalāni-vṛndā
āhṛtya tat tad dyuti saurabhābhyām astāvayat tat tad agānaḍhīśo (2)

After singing all these songs and playing different nice tunes with Their amazing musical instruments, Kṛṣṇa and the *gopīs* changed Their clothes for playing in the Yamunā-river and entered a *kuñja* where Vṛndā brought Them dates, bananas, jack-fruits, Jambū-fruits ~~(purple cherries),~~ jambolan mangoes and other juicy fruits. Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa were enchanted by the nice forms and smells of these fruits and praised them a lot.

sakhyaḥ samānaiṣur athābhir
asyāḥ karpūra kely āditayā prasiddhāḥ
pīyūṣa parvāmṛta keli sīdhu
vilāsakānaṅga guṭīvaṭīs tāḥ (3)
āsvādya tat tat priyayā sahāsyaḥ
sahāsyam āsye dyuti labdha lāsye
dāsyārpitāḥ svarṇa suvarṇa parṇa
vīṭīr dadhe kunda-rado mukundaḥ (4)
dhātrārpito nīla nidhau vidhautaś
candrau nu mādhurya rasena yo'sau
svāntar dhṛtoḍu pracayo'nurāgais timyaṁs
tadīyananatām agāt kiṁ (5)

The *sakhīs* had brought Karpūra Keli-, Pīyūṣa Parva-, Amṛta Keli-, Sīdhu Vilāsa- and Anaṅga Guṭikā-cakes from home that Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa jokingly relished with shining smiling faces. Mukunda, whose teeth are white as Kunda-flowers (that's why He is named Mukunda, *mukha-kunda*), relished the golden betelleaves given to Him by the maidservants. While chewing them He resembled a blue ocean toppled by a moon (His face) that was washed with sweet (erotic) mellows by the Creator and in which stars (His eyes, or teeth) were shining that were reddish inside (His reddish eyes, or His chewed betelleaves).

dhairyaṁ tad āsyās timirī vabhūva
trapā tu bheje nalinīva nītvaṁ
smāroḥ vikāraḥ kumudāyito'bhūd
dṛg indu-kāntena dadhāra sāmyaṁ (6)

When the moon of Kṛṣṇa's face rose, the darkness of Rādhikā's patience was vanquished and the lotus of Her bashfulness dried up and shriveled. But Her erotic feelings began to bloom up like a field of lilies does when the moon rises, and Her eyes showered drops of ecstatic tears, just as the moonstones start dripping when the moon rises.

eṣāṁ tarūṇām ati sūkṣma patrac
chidra cyutān māruta vellitānāṁ
lolekṣaṇe lokaya candrikāṇāṁ kaṇān
janān mānayato manojaṁ (7)
vṛndāvanasyāpacitiṁ vidhitsur yā yāḥ
svabhāsaḥ prajidhāya candraḥ
taḥ kiṁ palāśāvali cālanībhiḥ
saṁśodhya ghṛnātyaty anilo'smad āptaḥ (8)

(Kṛṣṇa understood that lusty feelings were arising in His crownjewel of sweethearts (Śrī Rādhikā), so He showed Her some inciting items and said:) "O restless eyed girl! People become excited with erotic feelings when they see the spots of moonlight filtering through the small slits between the thick leaves of the trees that are trembling in the wind (and falling on the ground)! It seems that the moon has engaged the moonlight in attending to Our Vṛndāvana! Therefore Our friend the wind has caught the leaves, to swing them for Us!"

tat kausumaṁ talpam analpa kauśalaṁ
kalpadru kuñje kṣaṇam āśritā vayaṁ
bhajāma viśrāmam iti bruvan dhṛta
priyā-karaḥ keli-kalānidhir vabhau (9)
sva bāhu sandānita kaṇṭhayā tayā
saṁviśya paryaṅka-vare harau sthite
tat pāda samvāhana śarma karmaṇāṁ
tat kiṅkarīṇāṁ samapūri vāñchitām (10)

Śrī Hari got up, held Rādhikā's hand and said: "O Rādhe! Let's rest on this very nice bed of flowers in this *kuñja* of desire-trees for a while!" Kalānidhi (the artful, or moonlike Kṛṣṇa) held His left arm on Rādhikā's shoulder and brought Her to the bed where They both lay down. Then the *kiṅkarīs* had their desires to massage Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's lotusfeet fulfilled.

ūrvoḥ svayo kanaka pīṭhayoḥ kramān
nidhāya padāmburuhe nijeśayoḥ
dve dāsike tac chayanānta saṅgate
dṛg bindubhiḥ pādyam ivopajahratuḥ (11)
udbhinna romāṅkurapālir eva
prāparghyatāṁ kintu tayāpi śaṅkām
tan mārdavālocanayā dadhatyau
pāṇy ambujair ārcayatām ivaite (12)
gandhaṁ tu kastūry amṛta supaṅkair
vaksaḥ-sthala-sthair upakalpya sadyaḥ
niḥśvāsa dhūpair nakha ratna-dīpai
āloka mālyair dhinutaḥ sma nītyā (13)

naivedyatāyāṁ karakāv urojau
saṁsparśanenābhim atau vidhāya
prāṇa pradīpaiḥ smita candra miśraḥ
nirmañchanaṁ prema-bharad vyadhattām (14)

Two maidservants held the lotusfeet of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa on their thighs, that were like golden seats, and worshipped these feet (just as worshippers place their deities on an altar to serve Them items like *padya*, the *kiṅkarīs* placed Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's lotusfeet on the altars of their thighs), offering *padya* (footwater) with their teardrops and *arghya* (handwater) with their hairs, that were standing up in ecstasy. But this frightened them with the thought that Their tender lotusfeet might be hurt by these erect hairs. They worshipped these lotusfeet (by massaging them) with their lotus-like hands, offered scents with the musk and camphor from their breasts, incense with their breaths (although normally incense is offered before the flowers - the lotuses of the *kiṅkarīs'* hands), lamps with their shining jewellike nails, garlands with their glances, foodstuffs with their pomegranate-like breasts and a camphorlamp with their very life-airs, that are full of love and are mixed with the moonlight of their smiles.

hiraṇya rambhopari varti pallaveṣv
āsajya raktotpala korakottamāḥ
bhṛṅgāli jhaṅkāra bhṛto'naṭann aho
tat pāda samvāhanad ambhato'sakṛd (15)
tau vījayantyo valayāni jhaṅkṛti stutaiḥ
prasūna vyajanaiḥ parā vabhūḥ
mūrtair yaśobhiḥ kavi-vṛnda varṇitaiḥ kiṁ
svair adhinvann adhipau naṭī-kṛtaiḥ (16)

Kṛṣṇa's feet were like sprouts on the golden banana-like thighs of the maidservants, whose red lotusbud-like hands massaged them. Their bangles buzzed like bumblebees as they went up and down with the movements of their massaging hands.

Other maidservants fanned Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa with flowerfans, as if they wanted to gladden the poets by having their descriptions of their master's (Śrī Kṛṣṇa's) and mistress' (Śrī Rādhikā's) glories dancing before them in personified forms.

suvarṇa varṇāḥ kramukendu jātī
labaṅga cūrnādy utitāṁśa-bhājaḥ
tāmbūla vīṭīr apare nyadhat tāṁ tad
āsyayoḥ pārśva-gate karābhyām (17)
yau pūrṇa candrāv uditau niraṅkau
tad aṁśu pīyūṣa rasābhiṣikte
sva pallavābhyāṁ kalike gṛhītvā
gāṅgeya vallyau muhur ījatuḥ kim (18)

One maidservant stood on each of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's side, serving Them golden betelleaves filled with camphor, nutmeg and cloves. (In the *nikuñja mandira*) Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa looked like spotless rising full moons, sprinkling two golden vines (the maidservants), that constantly worshipped Them with their sprouts, with Their ambrosial moonbeams.

kante diśaitāḥ śayanāya gantuṁ
ghūrṇad dṛśaḥ samprati svinna gātrīḥ
śrāntih pados teḥ na śamaṁ yayau
ced tad artham etāv aham eva dhāsye (19)

(Kṛṣṇa now wanted to make love with Śrī Rādhikā, so He told Her:) "Dear Rādhe! Look! Your maidservants are very tired! They are perspiring and their eyes are rolling! Let them take some rest! If Your feet are still tired, then I will massage them Myself!"

ity ukti mātreṇa samīhitasyaivārthasya siddhiṁ kila tā viduṣyaḥ
sampūjya devāv iva pūjayitryās tan mandirāl labdha-varā niryuḥ (20)

As soon as the maidservants heard this they left the *kuñja*, like worshippers leaving the temple with the priests after having had their desires fulfilled.

niṣṇāta evātanu tīrtha-sare romāñca
pūrṇaḥ sphuritojjvalāṅgaḥ
smṛtyudbhavāśeṣa viśeṣa dharmānuṣṭhāna
dakṣo rabhasaṁ sa bheje (21)
prārambha evāghabhid astadasyāmṛtaṁ
trir ācamya ta eva yāsīt
śraddhā tayaivāśu vidhir vabhūvānaṅgo
pi sāṅgo nirapāyam iṣṭa (22)
nānopacārān kalayan mudāśā-bandhaṁ
vitanvannapasārya vighnān
sa śāta-kumbhātanu ratna-kumbhe
kṛtvā kara nyāsam upātta kāntau (23)
somaṁ likhitvābhajad eva devaṁ
kṛta dvijācchādana dāna mānaḥ
smitamyannivānanda dhurā taraṅgair
aikyaṁ priyāṅgena sahātmano'gāt (24)

Then Kṛṣṇa repeatedly bathed in Cupid's holy lake, horripilating of cold (or of erotic bliss). His body was made shining (the word *ujjvala* also means eros) by being washed, after which He joyfully engaged in worship, being very eager to follow the different particular religious functions of the *smṛti*-scriptures (*smṛty-udbhava* also means Cupid, who is born from contemplation of the sense-objects). After bathing, Aghabhid (Kṛṣṇa) performed *ācamana* (flushing the mouth) thrice with nectar (In the beginning of the union He had the *śraddhā* (faith or oblation:) "I will drink the nectar of contrary unwilling Priyājī three times!", and then He removed the obstacle of Her opposition by forcibly embracing Her etc. He had His desires fulfilled when He placed His hands on Her breasts and His beloved was obstructing Him and pushing His hands away. He served the *devas*, - *deva* can mean demigods, or -erotic- play.), after which He performed the regulated activities (*śraddhā*) to get a body without hindrance, although He was *anaṅga* (incorporal, or Cupid). At the beginning of His sacrifice, Kṛṣṇa had fixed all the directions with different paraphernalia (or: He was assured of His Priyājī's desires that She expressed with the movements of Her hands, that are explained in the scriptures of Vātsāyana Muni such as the Kāma Sūtra), then He worshipped the demigods by placing His hand on a golden jewelled pitcher. He painted a moon on this pitcher (or: He had His desires fulfilled by carving His fullmoon shaped nailmarks on Rādhikā's golden pitcher-like breasts, placing His hands on them) and gave clothes in charity to the *brāhmaṇas* (bit Her lips with His teeth, that are called *dvija* like the *brāhmaṇas*) after which He became One with the demigods (or: He united with His beloved), smiling and riding on a wave of bliss.

dīvyanti tā me katham evam ālayaḥ
premneti rādhā svagataṁ yadābravīt
tadā prakāśān gamitena tāvatas
tad icchayām ūrapi tena remire (25)

(While enjoying all this amorous happiness) Śrī Rādhikā lovingly thought to Herself: "How can I make My girlfriends share this happiness?" Kṛṣṇa (understanding Her loving purpose) expanded Himself into as many forms as there were *sakhīs* and enjoyed with them also.

yās tv etayoḥ keli vilokanaṁ vinā
naivaśvasanty āsu gavākṣa sañcayaṁ
śritāsu kācin nijagāda paśyatānayor
daśā keyam abhūd ihādbhutā (26)
anyonya doḥ sandita vigrahau kṣaṇaṁ
niṣpandatām etya punaḥ sa vepathū
hā heti vaisvarya bharāsphuṭoditāv
uṣṇāśrubhir hanta mitho'bhyasincatāṁ (27)

parāha hā sva sva karāhatālikā
vāśleṣa muktau śrita sammukha sthitī
ajasramasra śravaṇaiḥ parasparaṁ na
vīkṣya dūnau kṛśimānam īyatuḥ (28)

The maidservants, who cannot live without seeing Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's pastimes, beheld Their play through the windows of the *nikuñja.* One of them suddenly said: "O *Sakhīs*! Just look at Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's amazing condition! They bind Eachother's bodies up with Their arms, lying there motionlessly for a while, then again They shiver and say: "Hā hā!" (cry of anxiety) with faltering voices (out of supposed separation from Eachother), sprinkling Eachother with Their warm tears! Even if They give up Their tight embrace and sit facing Eachother, They strike Their own foreheads and become emaciated out of distress, unable to see Eachother through Their innumerable tears!" (This is called *prema vaicittya*, or separation felt even in union. This takes place when *anurāga* has become very extreme. Even when the beloved stands right before one's eyes one may then think: "Where has My beloved gone, leaving Me? Alas! What shall I do?" This agony is so great that even when the beloved embraces one tightly one is completely unaware of it and simply repeats: "Where has My beloved gone, leaving Me? Alas! What shall I do?" The maidservants know this, but some of them may temporarily lose this knowledge because they are very distressed when they see Rādhā and Mādhava suffering this love-in-separation, and thus being in doubt they may wonder like this).

tat prema vaicittya bharāti vīcayaḥ
pratyūhamānaṅga-rase'tra tenire
dhinvanti dunvanti ca sampado na kiṁ
drāgānurāgyo rasa vakrimormibhiḥ (29)

The high waves of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's *prema vaicittya* obstructed Cupid's *rasa* from flowing through, because those who are rich in passion are easily moved by the crooked waves of *rasa*, both in joy and sorrow.

kṣaṇād athānyā'vadad ālayo'dhunā mā khidyatālokayatānayor mudā anyonyam āliṅgatayoḥ punar dṛśāṁ tā eva dhārā dadhire'ti śītatām (30)

After some time one maidservant said: "O *sakhīs*! Don't be sad anymore! Look! Now They embrace Eachother again and blissfully sprinkle Eachother with cool tears (of union)!"

kvāsīḥ priye mānini hā vihāya māṁ kiṁ
paryyahāsīḥ priya nihnutī bhavam
saṁlāpaṁ itthaṁ rasayantya etayor
ālyo nibhālyollasitā smitāvabhuḥ (31)

"Listen, Kṛṣṇa tells Rādhikā: 'O proud, angry girl (Mānini)! Where have You gone, leaving Me behind?" and Rādhikā said: "O Dear One! Why have You hidden Yourself to joke with Me?" The *dāsīs* and *sakhīs* giggled while they relished these utterances of loving delusion.

ekāha tatra vaikayāpi pṛṣṭhā
siddhāntayantī rasa vastu tattvaṁ
hārddaṁ tayoḥ sarvam iyaṁ vidagdhā
vedhaiva tad bhāva vibhāvitātmā (32)
vaiśleṣaja dhyāna dhurādhirūḍhayoḥ
sphūrtyānayor āśu mithaḥ pratītayoḥ
śleṣārtham utsārita bāhubhir mithaḥ
sparśānubhūtyā virahaḥ śamaṁ yayau (33)

One maidservant said: "Why do these Two feel separation from Eachother? And why do They still meet, although no one arranged for it?" Another maidservant, speaking on the conclusions of the *rasa*-science, said: "These clever maidservants know what is on Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's hearts, that are scented by flowers of *bhāva*! When They are separate, They constantly meditate on Eachother and even when They perceive Eachother They persist in embracing the beloved, but because their perception is false they cannot accomplish such an embrace. Then, when They realize that They mistakenly thought They had attained the beloved They again experience separation. (This is of course so in all cases of separation, but in the case of *prema vaicittya* the attainment of the beloved was already experienced, the beloved is felt to be present on the spot and one has already started embracing the beloved and this embrace is felt as being accomplished, so there are no pangs of separation felt.) O *sakhi*! In this way it is seen that Śrī Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa are absorbed in thinking of Eachother due to strong feelings of separation, and when They see Eachother in a vision They stretch out Their arms to embrace Eachother. Thus They have mitigated the pangs of separation by experiencing Eachother's touch."

paśyainayos tat phalam etad ārād
utkaṇṭhayā koṭi guṇī bhavantyā
punaś ca sambhoga dhurāti-dairghyāt
samṛddhimat tvaṁ rabhasād avāpa (34)

"O *sakhīs*! (Don't think that *prema vaicittya* is simply causing more separation) Look at the result of this *prema-vaicittya*-separation! This separation caused Their eagerness to meet Eachother to increase a millionfold and in this way, remaining stationary for a long time, it also increases the pleasure of Their union!"

niḥsāritācchādanam ātma vallabhau
viyoga bhītyaiva tayetaretaraṁ
ruddhvā bhujaiḥ sva sva hṛd antaraṁ
balāt praveśayatāv iva rājataḥ priyau (35)
dadhāsi mā yatra sadā tad etat viśāmi
madhye hṛdayaṁ vihartuṁ

ity evaṁ saṁlapya kim adya
gāḍhāśleṣair imau tatra vidhau yatete (36)

"Look, the Loving Couple, fearing separation from Eachother, tightly embrace Eachother and remove Eachother's clothes as if They make Eachother enter into Eachother's hearts, softly telling Eachother: "I'm entering into that mind, where You are always keeping Me, to play there! Softly saying this, They enter into Eachothers' hearts while embracing Eachother."

ātmā ca cetaś ca yad ekam etayor dvitvena tanvāstadalaṁ vilāsinoḥ
itīttham ekīkurute'dya kiṁ javād anaṅga evaiṣa manīṣiṇāṁ varaḥ (37)

"It is certainly proper for this enjoying Couple to become One in Their embrace, since They are already One soul and One Mind, but not yet One body. Is this why the greatest of wise men Cupid has, after due consideration, now united Them (in Their embrace)?"

ekaṁ jagaty atra bhavāmi tuṅgaṁ kumbhāv imau māṁ api yaj jigīṣū
tad vāmanīkurva itīva garvād vakṣo harer ardayate kucau kiṁ (38)

(Sakhi, look! Hari's chest is smashing Śrī Rādhikā's breasts! Seeing the vastness of Śrī Rādhikā's bosom, Śrī Kṛṣṇa proudly thought:) "Only I am huge in this world, do these jug-like breasts want to defeat Me? I will smash their pride!" Is this why He is striking them like that?"

dṛṣṭvā smaraḥ śītakarāravindayoḥ sva
mitrayoḥ śātravam abjayor api
parasparāśleṣa rasa grahair balāt
svakāritair maitryam idaṁ sasarja kiṁ (39)

(O *sakhi*! Look at how They drink the nectar from Eachother's lips! It seems as if) "Screams (*sītkara*) and lotusflowers (*aravinda*), two friends of Cupid, are both *abja* (born from the mouth and from the water, resp.), so they should be friends, but instead they are enemies. (This is not proper!) Is Cupid therefore forcing them to embrace eachother and accept Eachother's *rasa* (loving feelings, or juice), when Rādhā (Rādhā's mouth is *aravinda*) and Kṛṣṇa (Kṛṣṇa's mouth is *śītkara)* are kissing Eachother?"

atrojjvalāgādha sarasy udañcatoḥ
kiṁ vā sukhāśleṣanam abjayor idaṁ
kandarpa vātyā janitaṁ yad antare
śītkāra bhṛṅgaṁ dhvanir eṣa lakṣyate (40)

"Or are Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's faces lotusflowers that grow in the lakes of Their bodies that are deep and filled with erotic *rasa*? These lotuslike mouths scream like bees that got stuck in between these two lotusflowers when They are united by the blowing of Cupid's gale."

yau smāra sṛṣṭāv uditau vidhū sadā
pūrṇau niraṅkāv anayoḥ parasparaṁ
vibhāti yuddhaṁ kim idaṁ yad uccalaḥ
pragalbhate bālatamaś cayo'bhitaḥ (41)

(Sakhi! When I see how restless these curly locks of Them are while They are drinking the nectar of Eachother's lips it seems as if) "The moon that Lord Brahmā created is single, not always full and has spots, and therefore Cupid has made two ever-full spotless moons in the form of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's beautiful faces. Have these two moons now jealously begun a battle over supremacy and have Their enemies, Their dark curly locks, now boldly surrounded these moonlike faces, seeing their conflict as a threat?"

kenārpitā candravad atra mañjule
masī saroje'py ahaheti vihvalaṁ
tad añjanaṁ bimba-yugaṁ pragṛhya
kiṁ svenānurāgena tad anvarañjayat (42)

"(O *sakhi*! While Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa were kissing Eachother's eyes Their eyeliner got stuck on Eachother's lips and as Śrī Rādhikā drunk the nectar of Kṛṣṇa's lips Her eyeliner disappeared and made place for Her lipstick. Thus it seems to me as if) After Kṛṣṇa kissed the collyrium from Rādhikā's eyes, Her Bimbafruit-like lips anxiously thought: "Ahaha! Who has put ink on Kṛṣṇa's lovely lotuslike lips like a spot on the moon? Let Me take it away and put the red colour of My chewed betelleaves there!"

ekatra bandhūka catuṣṭayaṁ kathaṁ
maranda luṇṭākam iti niyuddhyate
itīva rājā madanaḥ siteṣubhiḥ kundair
idaṁ vidhyati paśyatāṁ layaḥ (43)

"Sakhi! When I see how They bite Eachother's lips, I think that four Bandhujīva-flower-plunderers are fighting over eachother's honey and that the sharp Kundaflowerbud-shafts (Their white teeth) of king Cupid have pierced these four Bandhujīva-lips!"

śambhū smaraḥ pallava navya pāśa
dvayena baddhvā kim ihārddha candraiḥ
śarair vibhedeti bhayena gaṅgā
pṛṣat śatāthā patitā bhuvītaḥ (44)

"(When I see how Kṛṣṇa scratched Śrī Rādhikā's breasts with His nails and how the pearls from Her necklace are falling on the ground one by one after Kṛṣṇa broke the string while massaging these breasts,) I think that Cupid has pierced his enemy

Śiva (Her breasts look like Śiva-*liṅgas*) with the halfmoon marks of His arrows, after binding them up with two sproutlike ropes. Seeing this, the Gaṅgā, who falls on Śiva's head, became afraid and began to cry, her white pearllike teardrops falling on the ground one by one (as the falling pearls)."

vidyud ghanārci kramiṣāṁ yadopari
smarād dadhāna babale'vālepataḥ
tadā tu jālāni sakhīdṛśāṁ balāj jālāvalīṁ
harṣa jalaiḥ plutāṁ vyadhuḥ (45)

"Look! The lightning is empowered by Cupid and topples the cloud after attacking him!" (Rādhikā was empowered by Cupid to topple Kṛṣṇa, thus reversing Their love-position) Seeing this, the *sakhīs* and *mañjarīs* cried tears of loving ecstasy that showered the windows of the *nikuñja* (through which they witnessed this scene)."

bahis tu yantra vyajananena dāsyas tau vījayāṁ cakrur ajasram asraiḥ
plutekṣāṇāś cukrudhur aprameya premṇe tadātvānavaloka dīnāḥ (46)

The maidservants that stood outside of the *kuñja* pulled the strings of the ceilingfan. They were angry at their tears of loving ecstasy, feeling sorry that they stopped them from witnessing Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's loveplays. (They told eachother: "This *prema* is stopping us from seeing these pastimes and is thus making us feel miserable, let us therefore now not have this *prema*!")

praphulla nīlāmbuja sīdhu candraḥ kāmaṁ papāv ity asahiṣṇu sadyaḥ
tatratyam indindirayor yugaṁ kiṁ balāt tad āyāmṛtam apy adhāsīt (47)

"Did the bumblebees get angry at the moon, unable to tolerate his drinking the nectar of the blue lotusflowers (thinking: "Why is he drinking up our drinks?"), that they now forcibly drink the nectar of the moon?" (During Their reverse pastimes

Rādhikā's moonlike face drank the nectar of Kṛṣṇa's blue lotus-like face, so Kṛṣṇa's beelike eyes, unable to tolerate this, began to drink the nectar of Śrī Rādhikā's moonlike face also, in great astonishment)

abhrāntarudyac cala sūrya-maṇḍale
nanarta muktāvalir ātta sammadā
haṁsāvadhūtāḥ kanakāvalīṁ śritā
vādyaṁ vicitraṁ rabhasād avīvadam (48)
tatrāgata śrī madhusūdanodyad gānaṁ
śruti preṣṭham abhūd apūrvam
yenaiva sabhyā rasikāṅgavallī drautyaṁ
dadhe sveda miṣāt savepam (49)

A string of pearls blissfully dances on the restless sun-globe that rose above the clouds to attain liberation and the golden swans on earth blissfully began to play music with the *avadhūtas* (mendicants). Others could not come on that golden ground and when Madhusūdana came there He sang sweet songs that made the vine-like bodies of all the *rasika* devotees melt of ecstasy (or: Rādhikā's pearl necklace blissfully danced upon the rising sun of the restless Kaustubha-gem that perked on Kṛṣṇa's cloudblue chest. Rādhikā's swanlike (*haṁsaka*) anklebells jingled as they became *avadhūta* (as they began to shake along). Many Madhusūdana-bees came there, attracted to Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's nice fragrance (that increased as Their bodies rubbed together in loving union), and began to sing sweet songs that made the vine-like bodies of the *rasikā kiṅkarīs* melt.

bālās tu kauṭilya-bhṛto'ti laulyād itas
tataḥ saṁsaraṇa bhajantaḥ
śruti prasaktā pratikarmabhātās
tasthur madād aindava maṇḍalāntaḥ (50)

Crooked and foolish people wander around restlessly, attached to the fruitive activities prescribed in the Vedas that will grant them residence on the moon. (Or: Crooked hairlocks swing here and there and become fit for decoration when they are bound behind the ears. Here is another hint at reverse pastimes)

avāryamānāmṛta pāna dṛptayo
vikhaṇḍita sṭhāsaka navya varmaṇoḥ
prayukta cañcad bhuja nāga pāśayo
yūnor jigīṣā samavarddhatarddhibhiḥ (51)

The Divine ever-youthful Couple, that was intoxicated by drinking an unlimited amount of nectar, whose shields of sandalwoodpaste were smashed (by Eachother's nails) and that had bound Eachother in Their snake-like arms, were ever more eager to defeat Eachother through Their ever-fresh desires for union.

tayor mitha puṣpa-śarāji cāturī dhūrīṇatāvedanayā vivādinoḥ
śrāntiṁ svayaṁ kāpi nimantrya tat kṣaṇan
nidrām upanīya samādadhe kalim (52)

(Rasamayī Nāgarī) Śrī Rādhā and (Rasamaya Nāgara) Śrī Kṛṣṇa competed with Eachother in erotic cleverness (in other words, They were very eager to show Eachother how expert They both were in the battle of the flowerarcher Cupid), but Their fight ended when fatigue invited (Their *sakhī*) Nidrā-devī, the goddess of sleep, bringing her to Them. (In other words, Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa fell asleep, exhausted from Their loveplay.)

sanātanaṁ rūpam udīyuṣoḥ kṣitau hṛdād adhāno vraja kānaneśayoḥ
tat keli kalpāgama saṅgatīlitāḥ sadāli vīthīr anurāgiṇīr bhaje (53)

I worship Śrīla Sanātana and Śrīla Rūpa Gosvāmī, who brought the King and Queen of Vṛndāvana, Śrī-Śrī Rādhā Kṛṣṇa, out of their hearts into this world, who revealed Their pastimes from the Vedic literatures (such as Bṛhad Gautamīya Tantra and

Krama Dīpikā), and who are followed by all the *anurāgī* (transcendentally passionate) devotees (with the external body). Second meaning: (With a mentally conceived spiritual body) I worship the passionate (*anurāginī*) girlfriends of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa, headed by Lalitā, who always keep the eternal (*sanātana*) forms (*rūpa*) of the Lord and Lady of the Vraja-forests within their hearts (by always meditating on Them), whose (wish-yielding) desire-tree of pastimes is being praised by The Divine Pair Themselves when They unite, and without whose assistence the pastimes of the Divine Pair's union cannot reach perfection.[1] Third meaning: Holding the eternal forms of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa within my heart I praise the bumblebees that sit in the Kalpavṛkṣa-trees of Vṛndāvana, singing *rāgas* like the Vasanta Rāga[2].

śrī kṛṣṇa caitanya ghanaṁ prapadye
sapadyapa dhvasta tamaḥ prapañcam
pañceṣu koṭy arbuda kāntidhārā
paramparāpyāyita sarva viśvam (54)

I take shelter of the Śrī Kṛṣṇa Caitanya cloud, that showers the whole world, making it drink the stream of His own luster, that is like billions of Cupids so fair, and who destroys the darkness of material existence. (Second meaning: I take shelter of Śrī Kṛṣṇa (Yaśodānandana) who is full consciousness personified, who destroys the darkness of ignorance of anyone who takes shelter of Him, and whose heart-throbbing beauty, that exceeds that of millions of Cupids, inundates the entire universe. Both interpretations stress the fact that only surrendered devotees can become freed from all material miseries and can be blessed with the sweet relish of the Lord's forms, qualities and pastimes. This Caitanya-cloud is a very amazing cloud, because although clouds usually create darkness, this cloud destroys the darkness, viz. the darkness of mundane ignorance.)[3]

so'yam śrī lokanāthaḥ sphuratu puru-kṛpā raśmibhiḥ svaiḥ samudyann
uddhṛtyoddhṛtya yo naḥ pracuratamatamaḥ kūpato dīpitābhiḥ
dṛgbhiḥ svaprema vīthyā diśam
adiśam aho yāṁ śritā divya līlā
ratnāḍhyāṁ vindamānā vayam api
nibhṛtaṁ śrīla govardhanaṁ smaḥ (55)

"By the great mercy of Śrī Lokanātha Gosvāmī, who repeatedly pulled us out of the darkest well of material existence (that we had fallen in so many times because of misusing our intelligence) with the ropes of his compassion and who showed us the path of ecstatic love of God with the hints of his eyes, we have now taken shelter of this path, which is filled with the jewels of divine pastimes and we are residing in a solitary place near Śrīla Govardhana Hill."

In the evening of the fullmoon day of Phalguna in the year 1601 Śāka (1686 A.D.), which is on a thursday and which is also the (200th) Advents-day of Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu, when Śrī Rādhā Kṛṣṇa mount Their see-saw (for the Dola Utsava), this great poem was completed, arising on the banks of Śrī Rādhākuṇḍa and Śrī Śyāmakuṇḍa.

How can I sufficiently praise the honey that oozes from the lotusfeet of my *guru*, that made the bumblebee of my contaminated mind suddenly land on it and promptly forget the terrible intoxication of material existence, making it live permanently near the wish-yielding playvine of Śrī Rādhikā and Mādhava in Śrī Vṛndāvana?

Thus ends the twentieth chapter of Śrīla Viśvanātha Cakravartī's "Kṛṣṇa Bhāvanāmṛta Mahākāvya"

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THUS ENDS ŚRĪLA VIŚVANĀTHA CAKRAVARTĪ'S DESCRIPTION OF RĀDHĀ AND KṚṢṆA'S ETERNALLY REVOLVING DAILY EIGHTFOLD PASTIMES, ENTITLED: ŚRĪ KṚṢṆA BHĀVANĀMṚTA MAHĀKĀVYA.

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[1] This book deals with *rāgānuga bhakti*, hence this verse requires an external explanation as well as an internal explanation. It is taught that externally the *rāgānuga*-devotee should physically consider him/herself to be a follower of Vraja-people like Rūpa and Sanātana Gosvāmī, and internally (in a mentally conceived spiritual body) he/she should be a follower of Vraja-people like Rūpa Mañjarī, and render service accordingly.

[2] With this explanation the commentator specifically reveals a desire to reside in Śrī Vṛndāvana.

[3] The *aṣṭa-yāma līlā* of Śrī Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa can be compared with a *japa mālā*, on which each bead represents one particular pastime. The bead that one commences the practise of *mālā-japa* with is automatically also the one that one ends the string with, and these three first and last verses of Kṛṣṇa Bhāvanāmṛta serve as the Sumeru-mountain, or pivot of the book.